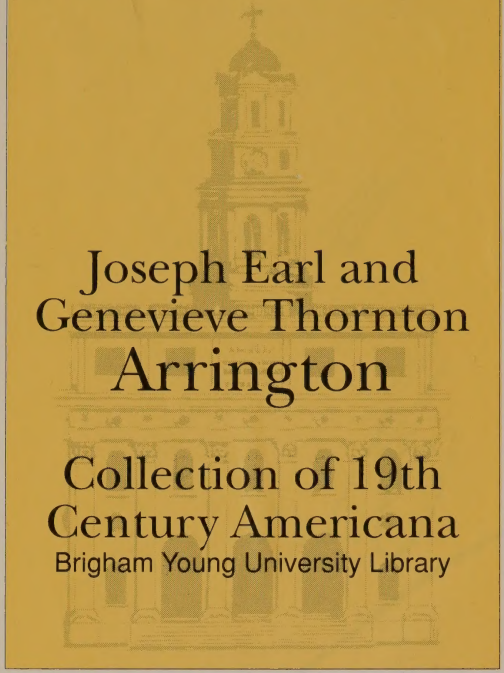


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OUR LITTLE BROTHER

HOME GARNER

GATHERED BY

MRS. MARY C. CLARKE



PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

HOME GARNER;

OR, THE

Intellectual and Moral Store House:

GATHERED FOR THE

FAMILY CIRCLE

FROM THE RICH EXPERIENCE OF MANY FAITHFUL REAPERS.

BY

MRS. MARY G. CLARKE.

Character is mainly moulded by the cast of the minds that surround it.—TUPPER.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

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TO

The Members of the Domestic Circle,

WITH THE HOPE

THAT IT MAY INCITE IN THEIR HEARTS A WARMER ZEAL TO PROMOTE ITS INTERESTS,

AND GIVE A FRESHENED GLOW TO THE ALTAR-FIRES OF HOME,

This Volume is Dedicated

BY

THE COMPILER.

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HOME GARNER.

OUR LITTLE BROTHER.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

"Touch him softly, Margaretta,"
Three-years Annie wisely spake,
Lest his curious, waxen fingers,
In our strong, big hands should break,—
Never was there such another,
As our darling baby-brother!"

"See his eyes, like brook-side blossoms,
And his little parted mouth,
With the soft breath coming through it,
Like the May winds from the South.
Oh, God never made another,
Half so sweet as our sweet brother!"

"I have just been thinking something,—
Something beautiful, if true,
And bend softly, Margaretta,
While I whisper it to you.
Well we know earth holds no other,
Like our darling baby brother.'

"And my thought is, that the Father,
Whom we pray to in the skies,
Just because He loves us dearly,
Just to give us sweet surprise,
Sent His angels, with no other,
Than an angel, for our brother."

A HAPPY HOME.

WHAT heart-thrilling words! A charm encircles them as our eyes trace the letters which form them. They are full of meaning, for they combine circumstances, individuals, thoughts, feelings, habits and actions. They tell of a sanctuary where the better part of our nature is enshrined, into which the turmoil, and bustle, and strife of the great world never come. With what bounding steps would the poor wanderers over life's dreary desert turn, if they could be assured that for *them* there was a *happy home*, on earth. The desolation which settles like a pall on the orphan heart, would be lifted, by the sweet words, "a *happy home for thee.*"

But as we look at the human family, we find that it is not alone the outcast and the friendless who sigh for happy homes. Many homes there are, where unhappiness broods with her long train of wretchedness and discontent. As we reflect upon this we are led to inquire, what constitutes a happy home?

We think of a home as the abode, the resting place of individuals, allied to each other by ties of nature and affection—father, mother, children—all more or less dependent upon each other, but under the control and guidance of some particular member. Locality, commodiousness and worldly means, may do much toward enhancing the happiness, but they do not form the most important requisites in rendering such the abode of peace and joy. Every physical want may be supplied and still the heart be a stranger to happiness. Circumstances are not the almoners of such a bounty. It is confined to no spot or condition. It may dwell with affluence, and gladden the hearts of those who recline on silken couches, and partake of the choicest dainties. It may shed sunshine on the lowliest cot, where only a scanty dinner of herbs is shared by its inmates.

It does not consist in honeyed words and fond caressings, for there are often times when these are out of place and unavailing, or prove but daggers to pierce the hearts of those on whom they are lavished.

To make a home truly happy, it is not necessary that any of its inmates should entirely crucify their own taste and judgment, and serve only the caprices and whims of others, wearing hypocritical

smiles; or for each to close his eyes to, and be ignorant of every blemish which may appear in the others. To increase happiness in any state, the highest perfection should be sought: hence in the family circle one important means to insure it, is to see, and correct in a kind judicious manner the faults of each other. Parents and children sometimes form mistaken views of the basis, on which domestic love and happiness rest. That to be affectionate parents or children and make home happy, they must not for a moment indulge the thought that either can have a fault. We know that full, perfect, complete happiness cannot be enjoyed, only in the entire absence of every imperfection, and this can never be found but in the family of the redeemed, in their home above. "Perfection must not be looked for this side of heaven: the trail of the serpent is over all her flowers." Yet in the present state there may be, there are happy homes.

Confiding love and virtue must be their foundation, but other elements must enter into their superstructure. The husband may truly love the wife, and yet make her the victim of unhappiness, by hasty censure, or thoughtless neglect. The wife may ardently love her husband, and yet render his home a place of wretchedness by her fretful complainings, and inattentions to his wishes or comfort. The sister may love and weep over her wayward brother, yet devise no means to make home attractive to him, or win back his misguided affections to their proper centre. The brother may love his sister and yet chill her heart by cold reserve, and indifference to her warm sympathies. The strictest integrity may characterize the conduct of individuals, and still their home be destitute of every thing that gives a glow and charm to life.

There must be a kind consideration of the feelings of each other, and a harmony of views and purposes. There can be little union where discordant opinions and clashing pursuits are brought in close contact. Their opinions may differ, but they must be kindly expressed, and the contrary ones as kindly heard. Different views may be entertained with a meek conscientious firmness, which will command the deeper love and respect of the opponent. Each member must know not only his own temperament and disposition, but the others; that every word and action may be calculated to produce the happiest effect upon the whole. Each must be willing and prompt to bear his or her share in toil and service, for the

general good. There can be no idle ones in a happy family; none who are intent only upon serving themselves. There can be no wrath, envy, jealousy;—no taunts or jeers. There must be a head to give direction, to control and govern; whom all respect and revere. A ship may be well built and strong, completely rigged, and richly freighted, her sails all spread to a favoring gale, but without a helm how will she keep her course? So in a home, there must be a steady, firm, wise hand on the wheel of action, or it cannot be happy.

We have thus glanced at a few important requisites in the constitution of a happy home. But the most important of all, the crowning excellence, without which there must be a void,—an evanescence to the dearest joys, is Religion; that calm, all pervading, all controlling spirit of faith and love, which gives peace in storms, which lightens care, subdues the wicked propensities of the human heart, and looks upon the present state of being as a preparation for an eternal one of holiness and happiness, in the mansions made by God for those who serve him on earth. No system of morality can compare with that found in the Bible, and the households whose hearts and conduct are controlled by its precepts, are households where harmony and love distil like the dew.

And such happiness is not easily destroyed. Trials and privations may come, but the household of faith are but drawn by them, nearer to each other, and firmer to their almighty hopes. Death may enter and take some of its most treasured loved ones, but their happiness does not depart, for while they weep, they rejoice with a holier joy, that some of their number have been released from pain and sin, and are forever at rest. One by one the stars of earthly hope may set, but they rise in Glory, until the blessed family are all gathered in their *eternally* Happy Home. MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

"Oh, let the deathless link itself with life,
High on the wings of its own love upsoar,
And with the glorious ranks that throng the sky
Drink ceaseless draughts of truth and happiness."

THE NEW YEAR—FOR WHAT HAS IT COME?

BY REV. L. PARMELY.

THE NEW YEAR'S dawn awakens a universal thrill of joy and life through the city and land. The day is ushered in with the rapture of light and merry hearts, and celebrated with festal sweets and friendly congratulations. We bid the new year welcome with a delighted and bounding heart, and leave all else to go forth and pay unto it our glad homage. And all this is proper—it is, indeed, a just occasion for joy; and we may truly say, "a happy new year!" to each other, who are graciously spared to behold its commencement. And we ought, above all, to render thanksgiving unto God, that we are alive to welcome another year.

And now, since we have greeted the new year with our joyful salutations, and these out-bursts of merriment are over, let us draw near, and try to become more fully acquainted with our new friend—the new year. Contemplate the year now before us—for what has it come? What will it bring forth? Does one say, "*It shall be to me a year of health?*" Ah! are you certain—do you know this? Has this year whispered the assurance in your heart, that it will bring to you no days of sickness and nights of distress? Does another say, "*It shall be to me a year without afflictions or sorrows?*" Are you sure of this? Did the herald of the new year bring you the cheering tidings, that none of your friends were to die? that the grave should not close, amid your falling tears, over some near and dear to your heart, and the end of this year find you in deep mourning for those you loved and lost? Does another say, "*It shall be to me a year of life?*" Do you know that? Did this year meet you with the sweet promise that it would not forsake you—that all its days were your own—that all its suns should greet your sparkling eyes—that the breeze of its Spring should fan you—that its Summer flowers should be a garland upon your head—that its Autumn leaves should be the carpet of your joyful feet—that the breath of its dying winter should bless you in the full vigor of life?

Did the year embrace you with the warm and full assurance that it would not cast you from its arms into the cold, dark grave?

In vain do we look for any such promises. The year stands before us in profound silence. We may ask what it has for us, but it answers not—we may cry, "New Year! what hast thou come to do with us?" but all is silent. The year meets us like some mysterious one, wrapped up and hid from view—all its intentions are concealed, and, by searching, who can find them out? Who can tell whether this year has come to crown us with blessings, or to fill us with sorrows? to give us health and life, or sickness and death? We lay our plans in thick darkness. The survey of life's onward path is lost in a wilderness of uncertainty. The year before us is an ocean wherein human calculations can find no soundings—we cast out the anchor of our anticipations upon precarious hopes. We make our voyage without light-house or Polar star. The awful breakers of death may be just upon us. While we are planning to "go into such a city, and continue there a year and buy, and sell, and get gain;" even while we are listening to the siren song, "Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years"—our boat may strike the wharf of eternity, and cast us out into that land where earthly barns and banquets avail nothing.

The year 1856—O, what events shall this date mark? Mysterious figures (1856)—what scenes will they perpetuate? Will they be chiselled upon our tombstone and tell the passing traveller the year our earthly journey was finished? Will "1856" be engraved upon the monumental slab over the sleeping dust of some dear friend?

The departed year is the truest interpreter of the present. Not only the blessings and joys, but also the afflictions and sorrows. The deaths and graves of the old year cast their prophetic shadow into the new, and tell of coming sorrows, deaths and graves. Into whose face does the broad death-shade fall—to whose grave does the finger of doom point? In the dead of 1855 is reflected a long train of every class and age, appointed to die in 1856. Are any of us in this solemn procession—are any of our friends there? Has Heaven's dread decree confirmed, "*This year thou shalt die!*"

"Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play;
But naming *none*, the Voice now speaks to ALL"—
"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

LOOK TO GOD!

BY MRS. A. M. EDMOND.

Of all those who have especial need to look heavenward for grace and strength to bear the ills and cares of life, a mother stands among the foremost. Surrounded by young immortal spirits that shall live when sun, moon and stars expire, and which she has herself been instrumental in bringing into existence, she is conscious of a weight of responsibility which none but a parent can feel.

If she is of a candid, reflecting mind, she will be sensible of a deficiency, a weakness, and often an incompetency for the task of training her children aright: yet she knows God never imposes upon a human being a task greater than can be performed—a duty impossible of fulfilment—for he has provided aid for the hour of need, and ample strength for the day of trial. They who look to God in humility and faith, for wisdom and help, will never look in vain. It matters not how arduous duty may appear, or how peculiar are the circumstances which surround our pathway, if we but look heavenward for help, it will surely come. Yet how difficult is it for the human heart to come in simple faith to God! What cares obstruct, what doubts and fears arise. Yet thus, and thus only can we come if we would expect a blessing.

Look to God! As a child, yes, as one of our own dear children turns its eyes beseechingly upon us for help and guidance, so we, who are but children in spiritual things, must lift our eyes imploringly heavenward, not doubtingly, but with a genuine spirit of confidence and love. Great indeed and glorious is the privilege thus permitted our poor dependent natures, to look upward for help, eternal, unfailing, and ever ready in the darkest hours of need. To whom should this privilege be more precious than to one who is called to fulfil the important duties of a mother. Does she gaze for the first time upon the beloved and helpless being committed to her charge; with earnest, yet anxious love bearing in remembrance the new and solemn weight of responsibility resting upon her? Let her look to God for wisdom and assistance, and no task will be lighter or sweeter than that she is now called upon to fulfil. In after days, is her

patience and love tried by the waywardness of her precious charge, as temptation lures the feet from the right path, and the young heart turns its desires and affections upon things forbidden? More earnestly, more confidently, let her look heavenward, and plead for her beloved one, the restraining grace of the Most High. Is she called to watch beside its couch when, sick and suffering, its wail of pain strikes not only her ear, but the tenderest chords of her soul, while she seems to see, just without the threshold, the shadow of the Spoiler ready to enter and bear her loved one away? Let her look to God in whom is all power to heal and save. Human skill is impotent in this hour of anguish, for in hands Divine alone, are the issues of life and the mandates of death. Is the golden link broken that bound the mother to her child, the life that was so closely linked to her life ruthlessly torn away by death? Crushed, hopeless, and forlorn, does she gaze through her tearful vision on the beloved one arrayed for the tomb? Then, O then, let her raise her eyes to heaven, let her look to God, and behold there her cherished treasure, not lost, but gone before, and forming a new and sweet attraction to the abodes of celestial life and peace. In joy or sorrow, in doubt and weakness, in fear or in confidence, a mother has ever need to look to God.

Glorious, inestimable privilege! never to be lightly esteemed or neglected, for, it is in the power of a mother to achieve through her influence and prayers great and powerful moral triumphs that will be felt and remembered to the end of time, to obtain the choicest blessings for those who are dearest to her heart, in this life, and in the life that is to come, everlasting bliss. Wealth, power, fame and rank will never secure these, they are bought with prayers, and earnest supplications, and glances to the throne of the Most High!

"My boy, as gently on my breast,
From infant sport thou sink'st to rest,
And on my hand, I feel thee put,
In playful dreams, thy little foot,
The thrilling touch sets every string
Of my full heart a quivering;
For, ah! I think, what chart can show
The ways through which this foot must go."

THE CULTURE OF TASTE AN IMPORTANT ELEMENT IN FEMALE EDUCATION.

ITS PERSONAL ADVANTAGES.

BY MRS. M. T. RICHARDS.

TASTE is the power of justly appreciating and enjoying the beautiful, grand, or sublime, whether in the kingdom of nature or of art. It is a universal principle in the human mind, some possessing it in a greater, others in a less degree. In some minds it is active by exercise, in others dormant through neglect. The culture of the taste consists in its exercise and gratification upon its appropriate objects, thereby imparting to it more nicety of perception, and to its possessor more exquisite enjoyment.

As a people we are deficient in the exercise of this principle. The utilitarian tendencies growing out of our formative state of society, have in their excess prevented the developement of our finer sentiments and feelings. The aged, whose earthly race is well nigh run, recognize not the beauties which have been strewn along their pathway during a life-long pilgrimage. Manhood with hurrying step and brow of care passes them unheeded by. Youth, so eagerly grasping for prospective good, stays not to enjoy the present; even our daughters, with their freedom from care, their time for elegant avocations, and the mental organization peculiar to woman, are involved in the general deficiency. Although these are the individuals whom, of all others, we might presume to be exempt from such a charge, yet we are constrained to say that as a class they do not possess cultivated tastes. Certain kinds of taste they do indeed manifest: taste in dress and embroidery, in the painting of flowers, and the performance of piano-forte music, but a taste discerning, correct, and refined, which perceives the beautiful wherever it may be found, which is alive to the charms of nature, appreciates the triumphs of art, and enjoys the excellencies of literature, is not a common attainment among our daughters.

The cause of this deficiency, we think, is two-fold. There is a fault in home education, and by this we mean the ministry of all those influences which are constantly forming the opening mind of

infancy and childhood, and which so surely mould the future character. As a result of the state of society to which we have alluded, these influences are not fitted to develope the taste of the child, or to assist its young spirit in discovering how beautiful is the theatre of existence upon which it has so recently entered. Again there is an error in school education. While provision is made for the developement of the reason, memory, and judgment, the direct culture of the taste is overlooked. The routine of study may embrace natural science, languages, mathematics, and metaphysics, yet often the greatest benefit the student derives from these, is the knowledge of certain facts and axioms which may or may not be of practical advantage to her in after life, and a certain mental discipline varying according to the manner in which her studies have been prosecuted. Now our complaint is not that these studies are pursued, but that they are pursued no further and no deeper. The student commences a department of natural or moral science. Lesson after lesson is recited and the treatise is finished, but of how many new ideas is she possessed? What expansion of mind has she gained? How much greater is her appreciation of the wonderful laws of the material or intellectual world. She may have been hurried from chapter to chapter with such rapidity that scarcely could her intellect recognize these truths, much less her spirit feel their hidden power and beauty. She has not followed them out in their far reaching effects till her mind fully appreciated their wondrous complication, yet inimitable harmony, awakening the rejoicings of her spirit, and kindling the incense of adoration for their Author. This state of things is most deprecated by the teacher, but her task is assigned her. There is a given list of studies to be pursued by her pupils, and a given portion of time in which to acquire them. Hence the natural desideratum, both of teacher and pupil is to make as honorable an array as possible of external appearances, leaving internal education to take care of itself. Like the traveller in the rail-car, the student must not stop to admire the beauties on the way lest she fail to reach the destined goal in season. This error will not be remedied until we are as willing to bestow time and expense upon the education of our daughters as upon that of our sons.

The objects on which taste may be exercised are, in the physical world, as innumerable as are the multiplied gradations from the texture and tint of the rose-leaf, to the gorgeous pavilion of purple

and gold from which the sun descends to his nightly rest; from the plumage of the butterfly's wing to the brilliant arch of the rainbow, hushing by its spell of wondrous beauty, the wrath of the retiring storm. They present in wide contrast the majestic gloom of the starry night, and the radiant joy of the blooming morning, the peaceful sleep of the moonlit lake, and the careering of the storm-wind in the night of his pride and power. In the intellectual world, we behold art, which sits as a handmaiden to shadow forth nature's glory, and attains her highest excellence when she best represents her perfect model. The picture and the statue are beautiful, but cannot rival their originals. In the contemplation, therefore, of the works of Painting and Sculpture, our highest pleasure arises, not from the works themselves, but from the skill of the artist which they display. Music and Poetry are not purely imitative arts, hence the delight they inspire is of a higher order. As we listen to music we admire indeed the skill of the composer and performer, but our chief delight is imparted by the melody of sweet sounds itself, by the touching influence through which the soul melts in tenderness or dilates with joy. Poetry is a representation in language of that which will gratify the taste. Here too we may admire the genius of the poet, but a spiritual response to the sentiments he utters, an imbibing of the spirit of poetry which he breathes, are the elements of intellectual joy. This art presents a boundless field for the gratification of taste. The sparkling brilliancy of Moore, and the gloomy grandeur of Young, the sustained sweetness of Hemans, and the sublime strains of Coleridge, the soaring flight of the youthful Pollok, as on angel wing he advances far into the measureless course of eternity, and the "adventurous song" of Milton, whose lofty genius portrays the wonders of "heaven, earth, hell, chaos," all open as it were interminable vistas of richness and beauty, in which we are privileged to enjoy the sweet and sublime revealings of those gifted ones, who in the inner sanctuary of the soul have held converse with nature, with their own spirits, and with God. The moral world likewise presents objects for the exercise of a refined taste. Religion itself has been styled the poetry of all mankind, and a late writer has justly said, "Every truly religious being possesses indeed the purest and deepest fountain of poetry within him, and the more holy he becomes the more his mind is filled with vast subjects of thought, and his imagination enriched with grandeur, and led to revel amid

the celestial wonders of the upper world, till his conceptions are all habitually expanded and transfigured with glory."

Thus the physical, intellectual, and moral world abound in manifestations of beauty and sublimity. These are the objects of taste, and not more exquisitely is the eye fitted for seeing, or the ear for hearing, than is the spirit of man for receiving enjoyment from these objects. And happy is he who passes on his way with an eye open to the beauties around him, who binds not his soul within the narrow limits of his earthly tabernacle, but permits it to wander unconfined over the boundless arena of nature's glories, and to revel amid her "general dance and minstrelsy." Happy is he who has so cultivated his finer sentiments and feelings that he shall ever feel the presence of the all-pervading spirit of poetry.

Now whether we consider the peculiar mental characteristics of woman, or the paths of intellectual gratification and enjoyment which are fairly open for her occupancy, or the sphere of social life which she may fill, a cultivated taste will be acknowledged an element of prime importance in her education. As one of its most prominent advantages, it multiplies sources of enjoyment. The necessity of amusements as a relaxation from labor and care enters into our mental and physical constitution. "They are," as a beautiful writer has said, "the wells of the desert: the kind resting places at which toil may relax, where the weary spirit may recover its tone, and where the desponding mind may reassume its strength and its hopes." Our beneficent Creator has kindly provided for this necessity of our being. Whatever can delight the eye, or please the ear, he has bestowed upon us with an unsparing hand. Yet how many, having eyes, see not the beauty which meets them at every step; having ears, hear not the melody which is borne on every breeze. How many, forgetting these innocent and rational sources of enjoyment which God has provided, seek gratification in the pursuits of fashion, frivolity and revelry. How many, insensible to these, seem to have no amusement whatever, and hence look upon this goodly earth and all that is thereon, upon life and all its sacred sweets with a jaundiced eye, as if a pall of funereal gloom had enshrouded every sunny object in existence. Not so with the woman of cultivated taste. For her life is full of poetry and beauty. Whether she go forth at morn, at noontide, or at even, all things minister to her pleasure. Unto her, nature singeth a perpetual

hymn, harmonizing all her voices, from the deep bass of the thunder's roar to the soft soprano of the nightingale's song. She lives in communion with those "spiritual beings that walk the earth, unseen both when we wake and when we sleep." She hears the light footsteps of angels as they speed on the wings of the wind, and sees their ethereal drapery in the snowy fleeciness of the summer cloud. Literature pours forth its treasures at her feet, while art imitates nature's glories and reflects them to her view. With such mental companionship she is a stranger to loneliness and discontent, and though ofttimes she may be wearied by earthly toil, yet one smile from the goddess of beauty, shall free her fettered spirit from the shackles of care, and remove the dust of earthliness from her spiritual vision. Her joy shall come in like a flood.

A cultivated taste also refines and exalts the mind. As a fundamental principle, implanted within the mind by its Creator, the taste claims as assiduous a development as does the memory or the judgment. But it should be cultivated not only for its own sake but for the influence it exerts over the other intellectual powers. The mental faculties are sympathetic in their action. They all exert a reciprocal influence. No one can be fully developed without transmitting the effects of that culture to the entire mind. This is especially true of the principle of taste. When it is in exercise, it seems to add a new zeal to every other faculty, to blend the whole into harmonious action, and to shed a grace over the entire intellectual being. The mind likewise, gradually assimilates itself to its pursuits. If these are low and contracted, it will become base and grovelling. If beautiful and lofty images throng the chambers of the intellect, they will exert their transforming influence upon it. By virtue of its progressive nature it will become more boundless in its conceptions, and more refined in its sensibilities. It will rise higher and yet higher in the scale of intellectual being. It will acquire a new consciousness of its native dignity. It will flow forth in whatever is honorable in action, and in those kindly courtesies which fall upon life's pathway as noiseless and full of blessing, as the softly distilling dew.

The affections equally with the intellect feel the transforming power of a cultivated taste. It enables us to discover excellencies whose existence we had otherwise never suspected, and as by virtue of our spiritual constitution we must love excellence as soon as it is

perceived, the sphere of our affections becomes continually enlarged. Though they may have hitherto moved in the narrow circle of selfish interest, they now go involuntarily out after the beautiful and the good till they embrace the wide universe of God. The pleasures of taste are incompatible with selfishness. Their possessor deeply longs for sympathy, and finds the joy but half complete till he share it with a kindred spirit. It is to this principle that we are indebted for some of our noblest works of art. The poet dwells not alone in the glorious ideal regions which his fancy is ever creating, but embodies his glowing conceptions in language, because his joy is expansive. It must flow forth, seeking an answering response in the universal human heart. Hence, too, the painter gives form and coloring to the images of living beauty that float before his mental vision, and the child of music transmits in song those breathings of harmony to which the chords of his spirit are ever vibrating. When the mind is conversant with these lofty pleasures, the heart is rendered susceptible of deeper emotion. It will more readily be softened by pity, penetrated by gratitude, melted by penitence, or thrilled by joy. It will become purified in its desires, and scorning to seek gratification in objects that are sensual and grovelling, will aspire to the excellent, the noble, and the true. We would affirm that a refined taste will produce these effects upon human affections, only as an instrument, guided by one grand principle, that of supreme love to God. Had it been able alone to accomplish them, how many noble minds had been saved to the cause of religion and of virtue.

A cultivated taste likewise imparts clearer views of the character of God. We refer not to His moral perfections but to His natural attributes, as power, wisdom, and creative skill. These are developed in every work of His hand. They who best appreciate and most delight in these works, will have the most exalted conceptions of the Great Artificer. We mean to say that this is the legitimate effect of their just appreciation, yet that it does not always follow, the melancholy examples of Shelley, Byron, and others of kindred character, painfully testify. But the exercise of a refined taste in the Christian will raise higher and higher his conceptions of God, and inspire him daily with new devotion.

Such are the personal advantages of a cultivated taste, extending our knowledge of God, expanding the heart, exalting the intellect,

and multiplying sources of enjoyment. But they terminate not here. If individual improvement and gratification were the ultimate end of a refined taste, then would we cease to urge its attainment upon woman. For so sacred are her relations, so wide and powerful her influence in the social compact, and so great her dependence thereon for happiness, that her great aim should ever be to render her talents and acquirements subservient to the good of others. In determining the real value of any attainment, therefore, she should consider not only its direct effects upon herself, but the influence it will enable her to exert over those with whom she may be most sacredly associated. In the case before us, we would unhesitatingly affirm, that the individual benefits of a cultivated taste are surpassed by its relative advantages, for not only will it expand and gladden woman's spirit, but greatly enhance her attractiveness, influence, and usefulness in every relation of domestic and social life.

TRUE ESTIMATE OF TIME.

BY L. L. H.

"Years rush by us like the wind; we see not whence the eddy comes, or whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet, time is beguiling us of our strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage."

There is no propensity of the human mind more surprising, and certainly none more alarming than that of indifference towards the flight of time. It is to the mind like a lethargic disease to the body —insinuating, deceptive, fatal; and while the one can be conquered only by the most stimulating medicines, the other yields only to the most arousing and undeniable facts. There are days in the life of every person, such as our birth-day, or the anniversary of some solemn event in our personal history, which are made effectual monitors because they strike home to the heart with the energy of individual interest. But, in our ordinary journeyings towards the grave, we feel not the motion that carries us forward, nor cast a look towards

the goal to which we hasten. Like some deluded passenger in a rapid car, arranging bed and board, books and work to make his abode in the narrow moving vehicle—when lo! his journey is at an end, and he is summoned to depart. So we, forever gliding on, forget that we are passengers—forget our place of destination, and prepare to dwell in the transitory scene circumscribed by sense.

There surely will come a day which will close our last year on earth, and there will be left for us only months and days and hours to live. We cannot know that day to mark it. This may be the one, or to-morrow may; and, viewing the subject in this light every day may be considered as the probable close of our last year—yet, such is the infatuation which possesses our minds, that whenever a *perhaps* is admitted the admonition loses its effect.

The knell of a departing year is a voice of no doubtful tone. The certainty that that portion of time which was numbered 1855, has now irrevocably gone—gone—with the years which have swept over countless generations since the world began is a fact which the mind cannot reach. We pause—

> "Our hopes and fears
> Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
> Look down on what? A fathomless abyss—
> A dread eternity!"

We shudder to think of our apathy and exclaim—What am I! Where am I! and whither am I hastening! The past I can never recall. The present mocks my attempts to retain it. The future floats before me in dark impenetrable obscurity. I feel myself pressing onward, and still onward with a velocity which seems to quicken as I advance. Eternity, vast and awful, rolls its broad waves just before me. I *must* break the charm which binds me to earth. I *must* give myself no rest until I feel that I am prepared for that untried state into which I shall most surely soon be ushered.

Yet, unaccountable as it is even to ourselves, if such thoughts are forced upon our minds, and we suffer ourselves thus to soliloquize —the next moment we struggle to banish them, and willingly forget that we are mortal, and is not this infatuation? Is it not insanity itself? In those thoughts true wisdom was beginning to dawn upon our minds. Those were favored moments of our lives, for then we were enabled to regard time in some measure as God regards it

"A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." We therefore conclude that the glance we take of time as we look back over the closing year, or over that portion of our lives already spent, is far the most rational and just view we have ever seen taken of it. True it looks like a vision of the night, or a tale that is told, but thus should future time look if a thousand years are *as yesterday in thy sight when it is past.*

While we cry unto God, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," let us estimate our future years by the just, and holy standard—*a thousand years as yesterday.*

COME TO JESUS.

My Dear Children:—Although I have never seen your bright little faces, yet I would address a few words to you, as one who loves you all, and wishes to make you happy. I would tell you of a dear Friend you all have, who has done more for you, and loved you with a stronger love than even your own dear Father and Mother. The name of this dear Friend is Jesus Christ. His hands and feet have been nailed to the cross, and then he has been lifted up, to hang and bleed and die, that he might make you happy when you die. O how your young heart should melt, when you think of a love so great for you!

I became acquainted with this precious Saviour when I was but ten years old. I thought of his love for me—his bleeding, dying agories, and then of my naughty wicked heart. I wept to think how often I had offended him, and caused his kind heart to bleed on account of my sinful life. My heart was broken. I wept bitterly. I was pained to think of his kindness to me, and then to see that I had given him nothing but wicked thoughts and actions in return. I went away alone and fell upon my knees, and with my face bathed in tears I told him how sorry I was that I had been so sinful, and so ungrateful. I asked him to forgive my sins and make me his own dear child. I asked him to help me to love him, and keep me from sinning against him any more. I thought of him stretched on the

cross bleeding and dying for me. O how I cried to that dear Jesus to wash away those cruel sins that nailed him there; and while I prayed, I thought I could see him seated in heaven, with his head shining like the sun, all robed in white and in glory: and then he seemed to smile as he looked down on me a little child. O how I wept and loved and prayed. I felt so sure my sins were all forgiven. His flowing blood had washed them all away, and when I joined the family group again, I could not cease my singing precious Jesus, precious Saviour, I will love thee evermore. I then wished to die, that I might live with him in heaven; and yet I was willing to live, if it was his will, to try to teach others to love him as dearly as I loved him.

And now my dear children do you not wish to love this kind and loving Jesus? He once lived here on the earth and then he took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." He bids you come. O be persuaded by one who loves your souls, to come to this merciful Redeemer; come now and ask him to bless you; to give you a new and a pure heart, and to make you his own dear children. He has said, "They that seek me early shall find me," and if you seek and find, and learn to love this friend of sinners, he will never leave nor forsake you. Should your dear Parents be taken from you, and the cold grave hide them from your sight, then the Lord will care for you and protect you while you live, and when you die, will take you to himself, to sing his praise, and see his face forever and forever.

Permit me now to wish you all a happy New Year, and may it be made doubly so, by your yielding your young hearts offerings at the feet of Jesus,—is the sincere prayer of your friend

C. H. P.

A PRAYER FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Lord, teach a little child to pray
And love thee more and more:
And take this naughty heart away,
And a pure heart restore.

Send thy good Spirit from on high,
To guide and comfort me;
And let bright angels, when I die
Bear me to heaven and Thee!

ALICE HARTWELL.

A CHAPTER FROM LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A WESTERN PARISH.

MRS. L. H. STONE.

ALICE knew very little of the practical application of the adage, "You must cut your coat according to your cloth." Of the general effect or air of good housekeeping, there was no better judge than Mrs. Hartwell. But of the little items that go to produce this effect, of their wearisome arrangement, she knew very little. She did not know that the title of a good housekeeper, above all other honors, is earned "by the sweat of the brow." How could she know? She had never been behind the scenes. She could not say with Chesterfield, "I have smelt the tallow candles, I have seen the greasy pulleys and the dirty ropes, that move this gaudy machinery."

Her father had sent on an ample supply of furniture for a larger house than the cottage; but, alas! how many of the conveniences of her old home were wanting. How many little kitchen comforts, such as could not be obtained in Newburg, had been forgotten in her outfit. How hard she found it to do without many things of which her mother had said to her, "these will not be worth the charge for transportation; you can get them there." But she found that many of the mechanics in Newburg were men who had "taken up the trade;" and they did not know even the name of the article she wanted, much less how to make it to her order. And soon there began to be a more serious objection to her getting them, than the ignorance of the mechanics. She suddenly found herself at the bottom of her purse.

"Strange," says one, "that trifles should leave traces of sadness or discouragement upon one's face." Not strange at all. Life itself

is made of trifles; and though it take ten thousand little pencillings to complete the picture, yet each mark is there, and makes the whole darker or lighter. Suppose you should take away shade after shade, here a touch, and there, a dark line; what would be left at last? Did you ever think of it? If we did think, how many times should we pause, or sketch with trembling hand and fearful heart. But we cannot take them away. Indelible are they, these little lines, though invisible; and at length we shall see them all and be compelled like Pilate to say, "what I have written, I have written." This delicate tracery, made upon our characters, each day, in the form of duties performed, difficulties met, and overcome; passions indulged, and prejudices fostered, is like those sheets of paper, apparently blank, but which, when brought before the fire, we discover to be filled with words, the symbols of thoughts, ideas and opinions. So, too, life has trials for some of us, which will make all these little invisible lines, gleaming transparencies, which we may look upon with grief unutterable, or read with calm and thankful joy.

Thus it was with Alice. Her mother had been drawing lines upon her character which were now to be brought out by trial, that others might see, if not she herself, what she had written. For a quarter of a century, she had been tracing the softest lines of duty; the most delicate shadings of self-denial. Weariness, toil, hardship, and trial, were words of which she knew well the meaning herself, and in knowing which, she had grown strong; strong for herself, but not for her child. From the manner in which she had trained her, one might well conclude, that she expected she was to be forever exempted from gaining any knowledge of such terms, except as mere abstract ideas. Mrs. Gordon had always thought for her daughter, planned for her; tried every rough path herself, and removed all possible roughnesses, before permitting her daughter to walk in it. All the rough and jagged points of an acclivity were smoothed, by her most tender maternal care, before Alice had been encouraged to climb. If she had ever returned weary from a long walk, a sense of her own weariness had been greatly increased, by her mother's solicitude about it. If she had ever complained of feeling languid or weak, her mother's extreme anxiety about her, had made her feel that of course it was impossible that *she* ever could be strong. Her sighs had all been noted, and her tears treasured in sacred remem-

brance, and very special care taken that she should never have occasion for them again. Her wants had been anticipated by her mother, and gratified by her father, before she scarcely became aware of them herself.

Under such influences Alice had grown up; very amiable, certainly; but a mental and physical parasite of her mother; as unfit to bear up alone, amidst the common storms of life, as would be a frail pleasure boat, to sustain the burdens, and meet the storms of a man of war.

Alas! how many such are mothers, Christian mothers too, sending out into the world. And yet they know, and will frankly acknowledge if you ask them, that they owe their own strength, their power of endurance, more to the crosses, the trials, and the storms of life, than to those intervals of soft sunshine which they have enjoyed. It was not such soft sheltering influences, as Mrs. Gordon had always thrown around her daughter, that developed the strength and energies of those early women of our country, to whom we owe so much. No. Many of them were early inured to toil and hardship; accustomed to discomforts and deprivations of every kind. And yet, in the midst of it all, they grew strong in every virtue; and left their impress upon their country and their age—an impress which it ought to shame us to efface by the sickly sentimentality of the present day.

But to our story. What was Alice Hartwell to do, when she found herself at the bottom of her purse, and yet not nearly all her wants supplied? Should she apply to her father? To this Mr. Hartwell would not consent; for he remembered how timidly the poor student asked consent to transfer that cherished green house plant into a soil less impregnated with gold dust, and less overshadowed with family honors than the one where it had grown. He remembered just how good deacon Gordon hem'd and hesitated and demanded time for consideration, and how reluctantly at length consent was given. For, given it must be, for a deacon, though he was rich, would not refuse his daughter to a minister just because he was poor. He recollected some proud resolutions made at that time never to ask the rich deacon for a cent. He would give up preaching first and earn a living by talents, which he knew he possessed.

"An unholy resolution," do you say, for a minister to make. Pardon him. It was made when in love—a state into which if quite

young men or quite old widowers fall, they are hardly held accountable.

He had some fresher recollections of expressions indicating a mother's fears lest the poor minister might not be able to provide things altogether comfortable for a most delicately reared daughter. And with these recollections was associated the remembrance of some most tender resolutions, to be more to Alice than a rich father and a tender mother both could be. As tenderness and pride are feelings somewhat at variance, it is not strange if they produced something of a conflict in Mr. Hartwell's mind, not quite favorable to study and sermon writing; and if, under influences almost unknown to himself, he became wonderfully discouraged about this time, and came before his people for several Sabbaths with head bowed down somewhat like a bulrush. It will not seem strange to my Western readers either, if Alice did not at all suspect the cause of his depression; but attributed it to the debilitating influence of the climate; and considered these symptoms as sure precursors of the ague, against which she sought to fortify him by pitchers of boneset tea, bottles of cholagogue, and powders of quinine. But she may throw them all away. One real merry, ringing laugh, amidst the jingle of griddles, skillets and kettles, in that little dark kitchen—one that shall reach even to the study in the wing—will do more to fortify the minister, against attacks of the ague, than the united skill of allopathists, homœopathists, Thomsonians, and clairvoyants together.

Suppose we take a peep into Mrs. Hartwell's kitchen, for there are rumors afloat that from there the vapor rises to form the cloud which enwraps the minister's dwelling. At first glance, I see nothing very peculiar to distinguish it from any kitchen, certainly, any Western kitchen. It is low, to be sure, and rather dark; but just now the sun is shining in very pleasantly at the East window, and the warmth of the kitchen stove is so welcome this chilly morning, that I should never dream of this being the atmosphere of clouds.

The presiding genius here is one who presides only nights and mornings, and flits about a little while at noon-day, in the form of a certain Samantha Barton, a country girl, who wishes to enjoy for a few months the advantages of a village school, and has consented

to work nights and mornings, and wash Saturdays, as a compensation for her board.

This is rather a *cloudy* consideration, certainly; for one can easily see that in her absence, some one must preside a great part of the time; and to one brought up as Mrs. Hartwell has been, so much kitchen work must be rather tiresome. But there is no alternative. The country has been scoured for "help," and it is not to be found; and this is the only apology for it, that inquiries, and directions and recommendations have brought to light —to the light of Mrs. Hartwell's kitchen, I mean. And just now she is absent, more necessarily engaged I dare say, learning lessons in orthography, than *she* could be, in cookery.

At this time Mrs. Hartwell is acting as her substitute. It is a new position to her—one entirely unexpected—upon which neither she nor her mother had ever calculated, and for which, of course, they have neither of them ever made any preparation. The clock is just striking eleven, and twelve is the usual dinner hour in Newburg. Mrs. Hartwell has adopted the custom, for the convenience of having Samantha's assistance at that time, more than for the sake of conforming to the Newburg customs; for she is strong in the belief, that in but very few particulars, it would be best to conform to Western ways. A piece of beef has just been put into the stove oven, and Mrs. Hartwell is trying to make a hotter fire. She looks anxious and hurried, for she has just thought that they had decided to dine at twelve, and from her cook book she has learned that such a piece of beef as that will require two hours, at least, to roast. But her fire obstinately refuses to burn. I am not surprised at this; for in selecting her wood, from the box filled with oak and hickory, I see she has had no reference to the kind. She knows perfectly well the class and order to which each belongs. She would tell you in a moment, whether their leaves were digitate, lyrate, or pinnatifid—the oak leaf pattern is her favorite for needle-books—but about the burning qualities of either she has never concerned herself. For who would have thought, when she was studying botany, that to learn this could ever have been of any manner of use to her?

I do not know that this would ever have been presented to any teacher's mind, as a lesson particularly necessary to be taught; but I imagine that if an occasional hour devoted to embroidery and shell

work had been spent in her mother's kitchen, she would have learned this, and many other things, which would now prove highly conducive to her comfort.

But the dinner: that is doing finely now, for Samantha has returned, and "fixed" the fire with a vengeance. She understands the virtues of hickory wood, and they are beginning to be visible to Mrs. Hartwell, in the red heat of the stove; but for all that, she is not convinced that it is not a poor stove—that it has any draft. Of course it could not be expected to have any; it was cast out West.

It is now so late that it will require the active efforts of both to get dinner on the table before Samantha's school bell will ring again; and Mrs. Hartwell has got out her clothes basket, and over her tea-kettle, designing to make a little starch for Mr. Hartwell's shirts, by the dinner fire. She had often heard her mother give directions to do as many things as possible by one fire, to save fuel; and so perfectly is her mother's economy revered, that it would be difficult to convince her that she would not be entitled to just the same credit for practising it, in the article of fuel, here, where wood is one dollar a cord, as in Woodstock, where it was seven.

It is amusing to observe the changing expression of Samantha's face as she peels her potatoes, and at the same time watches Mrs. Hartwell's awkward movements in making the starch. How anxious she looks, as she tries to mash every little, undissolved particle of the starch. And well she may look anxious; for she has just put in twice too much cold water; two spoonfuls would have served her purpose much better than the half-pint that she has used. But Phebe had always made the starch, when she had done up her muslins at home, and she did not know just how she did make starch.

How doubtfully now she looks at the tea-kettle to see if it boils, she has not had experience enough to judge by the steam that pours from the spout, and in attempting to lift the lid, she scalds her hand by the steam. But she is convinced that the water boils, and with the basin of starch in one hand, and the tea-kettle in the other, she is turning round to find a place to set the basin, while she pours in the water. She might have set it on the stove, but every place there is taken up—one with a tin cover which I just saw her place there, and which is now melting. She might set it on the table, there is room enough, but it is too dark there to see when she gets just water enough (for all that it is in just the place where Phebe's was, and

must therefore be in just the right place.) She looks round, with troubled face and smarting hand, and finally sets her basin on the floor, at the same time blacking her drab merino dress with the kettle and bespattering her black silk apron with the starch. She pours in the boiling water; but it does not thicken, but still retains its milky whiteness. "It is miserable starch—she knows it is!"

Samantha sees what is the matter, and a malicious smile gathers in the corners of her mouth, and twinkles in her eye. In a moment the smile changes to an expression something like contempt.

In the meanwhile, time has not waited for the dinner, and the clock strikes one, just as the study door opens. Mr. Hartwell looks more cheerful than usual, but the smile on his face instantly vanishes, when he sees the wearied, kitchen flush on his wife's.

How many pictures of happiness did the poor student once form, of seeing Alice at the head of his own table. But he will not realize those dreams to-day. No, for the beef is burned to a coal, on the outside, and raw on the inside. Yet this does not trouble him half so much as his wife's red, tried looking face, and the tears that are standing in her eyes. She cannot conceal the pain of her hand, for she never concealed a pain from her mother, half a minute in her life. In a moment, Mr. Hartwell detects her blowing and shaking her hand, and proffers the tender inquiry: "Alice, dear, what is the matter with your hand?" It is not the words, so much as the tone of tenderness with which they are spoken, that touches Alice; and she bursts into tears and gives the explanation of her misfortune and its cause, in sentences interrupted by sobs; dwelling with peculiar pathos upon the ignorance and impudence of Western girls; and at the same time most amiably and touchingly alludes to ever faithful Phebe's readiness to serve her.

Mine is not the pen to describe the scene which followed. Perhaps nature has been at fault, and has not endowed me with sensibilities sufficiently exquisite to appreciate its points of beauty; or, from having been so long accustomed to tread the rougher paths of life, I may have become indurated to such tender sorrow and therefore cannot find in a scene like this any thing, either to please or move me.

Suffice it to say, that Mr. Hartwell saw that there was wrong somewhere; and being *bound* to believe that it could not be in Alice,

he laid it indefinitely upon the poor, already overburdened West, somewhere. And you may be sure, that though the starch was not used to stiffen his shirts, it was by no means lost, in its effects upon his feelings; for he bore himself very stiffly, for several days, towards this poor longitudinal division of our great country. Ah! the starch was there—building up more than a pasteboard wall between the young minister and his new people.

An occasional hour spent in the performance of common, domestic duties under the instruction which her mother was so well qualified to give, would have saved Mrs. Hartwell all that she suffered, that day. They would have made of those morning, kitchen cares, easy and pleasant duties—such as would neither have clouded her brow nor ruffled her temper. They would scarcely have interrupted reflection or hindered intellectual or religious improvement. And would they have made her less lady-like? Would they have detracted, in the least, from a single qualification conferring true womanly grace and dignity?

> "Life's cares are comforts, such by Heaven designed;
> They that have none, must make them or be wretched."

THIS HAND NEVER STRUCK ME.

We recently heard the following most touching incident:—

A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid in the lone, cold grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful, even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother did not think it best, but her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it; she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother, through the tears of affection and love, and said, "*Mother, this little hand never struck me!*"

DO THEY MISS ME?

Do they miss me at home? do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know at this moment some loved one
Was saying, "I wish he was here!"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam!
Oh yes! 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches—the season
That ever was sacred to song—
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music,
That's missed when my voice is away?
And a chord in each glad heart that maketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they place me a chair at the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh!
And lamps are lit up in the parlor,
And stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "Good Nights" are repeated,
And each lays them calmly to sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and waft me
A whispered "Good Night" o'er the deep?

Do they miss me at home? do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night,
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcomed,
Are pleasures less hailed than before,
Because one is missed from the circle?
Because I am with them no more?

Oh yes! they do miss me! kind voices
Are calling me back as I roam,
And eyes are grown weary with weeping,
And watch but to welcome me home.
Kind friends, ye shall wait me no longer,
I'll hurry me back from the seas;
For how can I tarry when followed
By watchings and prayers such as these?

REMARKS TO CHRISTIAN MOTHERS IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. ELLEN H. B. MASON.

THE subject of missionaries parting with their children, though it has been long agitated, seems to be still as unsettled, as when the first loved missionary child touched the shores of America. A few years ago a sister wrote back from her native land: "The greater part of those I have met, keep their opinions on this subject to themselves; but show plainly enough by their vacant looks, that they are incapable of sympathizing with a mother in this her deepest affliction. Others express themselves freely, and declare it is not only unnatural, but *unscriptural;* that the Bible instructs parents to provide for,—that is, take care of their own children before others; and if missionaries cannot do this, and discharge their duties to the heathen besides, it is clearly their duty not to have families, or not to go to the heathen."

A New England clergyman's wife, in a letter to a missionary, advanced the same idea, which has been, and probably still is the feeling of thousands. Says the writer, who is a warm friend of missions, "Leaving children does not seem to me quite right; for we say mission families should go out as examples to the heathen, yet they see us willing to rend the most tender ties for education. I greatly prefer a private education. Children are saved from so much evil example. I was glad to hear that Mrs. Judson* had a governess; and I do not see why you cannot have, and so keep your children with you."

Such separations must seem to friends at home almost unendurable, and so they are; and among all who leave their homes for foreign climes I know of none who are called quite to such a trial as the missionary; for though among the military, separations are constantly transpiring between parents and children, yet officers and

* Sarah B. Judson.

their wives expect in a few years to go home, and remain with their children. Moreover, they have the means of locating them almost as they please, so that there seems to be little in common between the two classes.

"But even if such life-long trials may be borne, they are not," say our friends, "according to Bible order." The passage, however, so much quoted to prove the missionary's course unscriptural, is the very one I once heard quoted by a member of a large church—and the richest member too—but who had never paid a dollar for missions in all his life. According to his exposition it was not duty to go to the heathen at all, because there was so much to be done at home; and the missionary could not possibly labor for his own country, and for a foreign people at the same time. Without trespassing upon the theologian's province, one can scarcely see why this Dives commentator, was not as profound a reasoner, as those who expound for the missionary.

It is because the missionary parent desires to provide for his own that he sends them away. Did he not regard the injunction of the apostle, and had he really no true affection, he would assuredly keep them with him; for the mother especially needs the sympathetic attentions of children in a barbarous land. The missionary tries to provide for his children as well as he can with what is committed to his trust; that is, gives them food and raiment, and a Christian education. He endeavors to fling around them such influences as will eliminate strength, self-dependence, and benevolence of soul; so that when thrown entirely upon their own resources as they are at the critical age of sixteen, they may be able to do something for themselves, and to benefit others. This is all he can provide. Houses and lands he has none; flocks and herds he has none; and of gold and silver he has about as much as a Californian would have after washing a dozen years a bed of pyrites, scarcely enough when sickness calls him home to pay his children's passage.

But it is urged we might educate them here—we might employ governesses. Where shall we find them? People sometimes seem to forget the vast difference between the habits and manners of nations. Certainly there are no governesses among the heathen; there are none among the East Indians, of this coast at least; for nearly all of this class who receive any education receive it from the missionary, or from the Church of England's Orphanage, which

has but recently been established. If we look among the European regiments that come and go among us, we might as well seek a governess on the emigrant vessels coming into New-York. If we look among the citizens, what there? Why, Christian women are as scarce as in San-Francisco; and had one half the men wives even, they would have other employment than becoming governesses. If one turns to the officers and civilians, those who have any children are in as much trouble as the missionary: "Now, look there!" said the lady of an English surgeon one day, holding out a note she had just received from her daughter's teacher, "I pay that fellow ten rupees the month just to teach my little girl reading, spelling, and writing, one hour the day, and yet he is half the time absent."

Occasionally a young lady comes out in the capacity of a govern ess, but such persons are very rare on this coast. The one who consented to become governess to Mrs. Judson's children did so because of peculiar trials occasioned by her uniting with the mission church.

But supposing worthy persons to be found, then just picture a missionary family. Four or five months of the year the father labors in the jungles. If he is gone three or four weeks with no one to care for him but an ignorant native, he usually returns sick, having accomplished only a portion of the work that he might have done had his wife been with him; for heathen women will not listen to a man as they will to one of their own sex; nor can he so well adapt himself to their circumstances, or to the capacities of their children. To ensure the greatest amount of good, the wife must accompany her husband, or at least make annual visits to the principal out-stations; establish maternal meetings; teach the villagers order and neatness; and persuade her pagan sisters that they have come to do them good. The women will then come to them in town, and their attendance may be secured in a boarding school. Here are some reasons for the necessity of sending others than celibates to the heathen. Other reasons, such as sickness, loneliness, despondency, &c., it would be superfluous to name, as this is not a sentimental age. Yet it may not be amiss to add the opinion of a *gentleman*, especially that of one who has examined every phase of mission life on heathen grounds. Said Doctor Malcom: "A wife is just as necessary to the missionary as the candlestick is to the

candle—to hold it up, and keep it from falling down, or melting away."

But while the wife and mother is aiding her husband in the jungles what is to become of the governess? Will she go with them from hamlet to hamlet, from mountain to mountain, and live as the parents do, as I have known them, for three weeks together without milk, butter, cheese, vegetables or pastry? By no means. Will she remain in town, and take the whole charge of a family of children, and keep house, in addition? that too, isolated from all congenial society? Were she willing to be a missionary she might do this, otherwise she would not, even should the mother dare leave her family thus exposed to the influences of heathen domestics. All mission families are not so situated, it is true, and there are doubtless situations where it may be practicable, and advisable to employ governesses; but it must be long before such situations become common in Eastern Asia.

DEAL GENTLY WITH THE TIMID CHILD.

After tea, Mrs. Larford continued:—"'Supposing this to be all right, the mother will feel herself from the first the depository of its confidence,—a confidence as sacred as any other, though tacit, and about matters which may appear to all but itself and her, infinitely small. Entering by sympathy into its fears, she will incessantly charm them away, till the child becomes open to reason, and even afterwards, for the most terrible fears are those which have nothing to do with reason; the mother will bring it acquainted with every object in the room or house, letting it handle in merry play every thing which could look mysterious to its fearful eyes, and rendering it familiar with every household sound.'

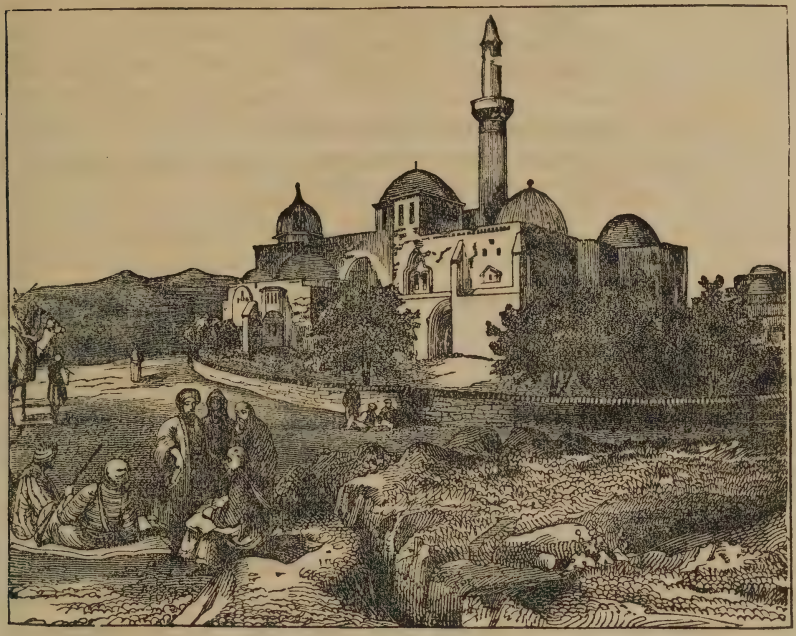
"This is a thought worth remembering," said Mrs. Larford, laying down her book for a moment, "and it reminds me of a circumstance my nurse once told me, relating to a child of hers. The little girl went to visit an aunt, when about ten years of age; and after she was in bed one night, quite alone, she heard the clock give warning of being about to strike. Not having had a clock in her cottage home, and being consequently unaccustomed to the sound, she became

dreadfully alarmed, and when unable to bear the terror of being alone any longer, she rushed to the stairs in the dark, fell, and broke her leg. It *is* of importance, therefore, to make children acquainted with the varied sounds they may hear after they are retired for the night. But to proceed:—

"'Some of my worst fears in infancy were from lights and shadows. The lamp-lighter's torch on a winter's afternoon, as he ran along the street, used to cast a gleam, and the shadows of the window frames on the ceiling, and my blood ran cold at the sight every day, even though I was on my father's knee, or on the rug in the middle of the circle round the fire. Nothing but compulsion could make me enter our drawing-room before breakfast on a summer morning; and if carried there by the maid, I hid my face in a chair, that I might not see what was dancing on the wall. If the sun shone, as it did at that time of day, on the glass-lustres on the mantel-piece, fragments of gay color were cast on the wall, and as they danced when the glass drops were shaken, I thought they were alive—a sort of imps! But as I never told anybody what I felt, these fears could not be met or charmed away; and I grew up to an age that I will not mention, before I could look steadfastly at prismatic colors dancing on the wall. Suffice that it was long after I had read enough of optics to have taught my child how such colors came there.

"'Many an infant is terrified at the shadow of a perforated night-lamp, with its round spaces of light. Many a child lives in perpetual terror of the eyes of portraits on the walls, or some grotesque shape in the pattern of the paper-hangings. Sometimes the terror is of the clack of the distant loom, or of the clink from the tinman's, or of the rumble of carts under a gateway, or of the creak of a water-wheel, or of the gush of a mill-race, Every thing is or may be terrifying to a timid infant; and it is, therefore, a mother's charge to familiarize it gently and playfully with every thing that it can possibly notice, making sport with all sights, and inciting it to imitation of all sounds, from the drone of the pretty bee, to the awful cry of the old clothes' man,—from the twitter of the sparrows on the roof, to the toll of the distant church-bell.'"

We are sorry to break in upon Mrs. Larford's interesting subject, but we like papers as short as possible for busy mothers. We shall hope to listen again soon.—*Mothers' Friend.*



MOUNT MORIAH.

BY MISS S. S. GURLEY.

Clouds brood upon that mountain height,
Where Moslem prayers are said,
No eye beneath can pierce the night
Which gathers o'er its head.

But yet above that fearful gloom
Thy* stars are shining still;
The star that lit the Patriarch's tomb,
And shone on Calvary's hill.

O, glorious beams! they stream afar,
Their light my spirit fills!
And will the bright and Morning Star
Ne'er shine on Judah's hills

* The sacrifices of Abraham and the Son of God which are both said to have been offered on this mountain

Yes, Mount Moriah crowned with light
Again shall rise and shine,
And Zion from her sacred height
Shall give the rays divine.

For lo! on Patmos drear and lone,
Bright visions oft were seen:
The New Jerusalem came down
To shine on earth again.

THE CULTURE OF TASTE AN IMPORTANT ELEMENT IN FEMALE EDUCATION.

ITS PERSONAL ADVANTAGES.

BY MRS. M. T. RICHARDS.

It has been already observed, that the personal advantages of a cultivated taste in woman are exceeded by its relative influences in the various spheres of domestic and social life. As a daughter it will enable her to perceive the manifold beautiful affections that cluster around the filial relation, and to regard her residence in her childhood's home, not as a dull, common-place occurrence, but as a circumstance, involving sacred associations, and heartfelt delights. She will partially discover the shining purity of that silver chord with which God bound her to the hearts of her parents, in the day when the new words "my daughter" thrilled the soul of her mother, and trembled upon the lips of her father with his first paternal kiss. She knows that maternal care has paled the cheek and dimmed the eye of the one, and that the furrowed brow and silvered hairs of the other are tokens of his toil, that she might be reared in delicacy and tenderness; and she feels that all their sacrifices have but strengthened and brightened that indissoluble chord of love. Realizing these things, can she turn away from those whose deepest love she possesses, and coldly seek her selfish pleasure in the whirl of fashion, the glitter of the ball-room, or the street promenade. Nay, for her love of the truly beautiful has taught her, that purer joys linger around her parental hearthstone. And not only will a refined taste open to her the beauty of this relation, but will supply her

with ever fresh means of dispensing happiness therein. It will extend and render more nicely minute her sphere of observation, enabling her to cull flowers of beauty and fragrance from the most common scenes and occurrences. It will furnish her mind with subjects of interest, and themes of conversation, making her society a continual entertainment, and her presence a delight in the family circle. The mental pleasure, derived from the agreeableness of the object with which she is conversant, will shed over her the graces of habitual cheerfulness. This of itself will gladden the hearts of her parents. If she, on whose welfare they have bestowed years of toil and watchcare, advance into life with a spirit of repining and discontent, then will they suffer the bitter regret that their labors of love have been in vain; but if she be happy in the life they have given her; if she rejoice in the priceless boon of existence—then they will receive for

> "The day of wo, the watchful night,
> For all their sorrow, all their fears,
> An over payment of delight."

Her influence likewise as a sister, over the younger daughters of her father's household, will have almost the power of law. If, shunning the pursuits of gayety and fashion, she be devoted to intellectual and tasteful avocations, they will infer that the latter are more worthy and pleasurable. Her character, ensuring their respect and admiration, will become the standard of their own; and as, by virtue of the sympathetic nature of the principles of taste, her acquirements will naturally flow forth for their instruction and amusement, she will gain their warmest love. If she have inspired these sentiments in their young hearts, she may guide them as she will. With one look she may decide for them the propriety or impropriety of any course of conduct, for they will regard her judgment in all matters of maidenly dignity, as the last court of appeal. Her words of sympathy and encouragement will be their greatest stimulus to exertion; her smile of approbation, their richest reward. She may have a brother, young, ardent, and aspiring. Perchance he has just entered on the theatre of active life. He is bewildered by its novel excitements, and charmed by its fascinations. He is daily exposed to temptations, of which the sister, in her sheltered home,

knows nought, and in that sacred retreat should she weave for him a charm which will render him insensible to the syren songs of dissipation and revelry. See to it, sister, that here you realize the power and the responsibility that God has placed in your hands. Why has he so beautifully mingled brothers and sisters in the domestic relation, if not, that their respective characters so finely contrasted, might each reciprocate the influence most needed by the other. And be assured, that a cultivated taste, always excepting a Christian spirit, will be the most fruitful source of that influence, which, on your part, should ever be constant, attractive, and pure. Then may you, with that retiring and winning eloquence, so peculiar to woman, beguile his leisure hours with refined and tasteful avocations. Ascertain his peculiar preferences, and while you gratify those, endeavor to awaken that love of the true and the beautiful, that reverence for the great and honorable, both in principle and action, which may have lain dormant in his bosom. Charm him with the melody of song. People his mind with the rare treasures of your own, from whatever source they may have been gathered. Lead him into Nature's grand temple, and as he catches the inspiration that fills its vast dome of glory, there shall be established between your spirit and his, a sympathy so deep, so pure, that from that moment you may guide him with the silken reins of woman's power. In the bustle of business, the whirl of excitement, and the tumult of passion, your influence will be as an ever present impulse, inviting him to the honorable and the true, and urging him to the attainment of whatever is lovely and of good report.

There are also prospective relations in life, for which every young lady should be prepared. She may become a wife, and in this relation we deem a cultivated taste indispensable to her who would preserve in ever-green freshness, the romance of early marriage. Our maidens have been urged to remember that married life is not one gala day of pleasure, that it is a plain matter-of-fact state, involving arduous duties, weighty responsibilities, and innumerable cares. And this is well. We would have them remember that woman's lot is on them, that they must prepare to bear, each her own part, in the troubles, sufferings, toils, and thousand nameless perplexities incident to the sphere she may hereafter be called to fill. But we would also reverse the picture. We would paint for them in rainbow tints of promise, the romance and poetry of domestic life;

we would reveal the brightness of that golden tissue of sympathies with which God has entwined the hands and hearts of wedded love; we would speak of the untold sweetness garnered in those treasured words, "my home," with its fireside delights, the unrestrained communion of loving hearts, its ever-blooming joys that spring from the relations of parents and children, we would urge upon woman so to develope her tastes and refine her sensibilities, that she may appreciate these things in all their truthfulnesss and beauty, and for the very reason that she will need a counterpoise to the perplexity and care with which married life often abounds. The wearisome routine of the same duties will be relieved to her, whose perception of the truly beautiful, enables her to behold in them only the means for the attainment of a high and worthy object. She will overlook the petty vexations that so often chafe the temper and cloud the brow, because she has mental resources of pleasure, to which she may continually resort. She will have a solace, should she be visited by misfortune: for the joys of a refined taste will dwell with her in lowly cot, as well as in pillared hall; and though poverty may deprive her of access to the works of art, she will but the more faithfully read the deep poetry which is written by the finger of God on the wide entablature of Nature.

And as a companion for her husband, a refined taste will be a most valuable acquisition; for in this relation, she will need not only a disciplined and well-stored mind, but a discerning tact which shall guide her in the use of her intellectual resources. There are few men, whether involved in the cares of business, or wearied by the mental toils of professional life, who would enjoy as an evening welcome from their wives, either a discussion on matters of philosophy and metaphysics, or a statistical account of the various commotions and revolutions of the house-keeping department. But the pleasures of taste are a delightful medium between these two extremes. The wife who can impart these, need not fear of producing weariness and satiety on the one hand, nor inattention and disgust on the other. She has a fund of entertainment in store, which, while it amuses the mind, also soothes the care-worn spirit, and lulls it to the repose of peace. Thus will she diffuse about her an atmosphere of contentment and cheerful delight, which shall make her home a shrine of quiet happiness; whose music of pleasant voices shall reach deeper chords of the human spirit than ever vibrated to the

tones of harp or organ. Surely it is no light mission, thus to preserve in its freshness, the purity of youthful affection, for although most truly and beautifully has wedded love been called "the bright-beaming passion flower of earth," yet it is a plant whose beauty and sweetness are equalled only by its delicacy and sensitiveness. It can bear neither a rough touch, nor a rude breath. It can thrive only in the atmosphere of cheerfulness, where it may reflect the sun-light of smiles, and absorb the ever-distilling dews of kindness and courtesy. To supply these influences is the peculiar lot of woman. She can derive them from no foreign source. They must flow forth in look, word, and action, from the perennial spring of her own heart.

Once more. A cultivated taste will be of inestimable value to the mother. To her is committed the training of young minds, which she must indelibly enstamp with the impress of her own. Her mental influence over them will be immortal. Its laws are established by Him who created the mind, and she has no power, either to alter or reverse them. The tone of her voice, the impression of her smile, the light of her eye, will each perform its sure ministry on the susceptible minds of her little ones, moulding them like herself. God has thus placed in her hands an unbounded power which she may use for her children's weal or woe. And besides this influence, there is implanted within her, a desire for their happiness, which ever burns as a vestal fire on the altar of her heart; a love, which, for its constancy, strength, and purity, is comparable to nought on earth. As it dawns upon her soul, she lives a new existence. Her life is no more her own; it is merged in that of her child. In its danger, she trembles; in its sorrow, she weeps; in its joy, she rejoices. For its welfare she cheerfully resigns the bloom of her beauty, and the dew of her youth. But with all this extent of influence, and depth of love, the mother often fails to secure her children's truest happiness, because she has not the ability to supply the material requisite for its attainment. If she live with an eye and ear, insensible to the beauties and harmonies of this green earth, her children will be her living portraiture, so dim in mental vision, and so obtuse in heart, that they will see no charms in Nature, nor feel the silent eloquence of her teachings. They will advance into life with a misanthropic spirit, neither receiving nor dispensing happiness. Not so with the mother whose sensibilities are ever alive to the lofty and

the truthful. From the hour that she first feels the freshly springing tide of a mother's love, gushing up from the inner fountains of her being, she will rejoice in the thrilling prospect of revealing to an immortal spirit, the startling sublimities of its being. She will daily seek to unfold that poetic element, which is innate in the mind of her child. In the gorgeous drapery of autumn, and stern garniture of winter,—in the joyous spring time, and balmy summer, she shall open for his spirit a communication with Nature, by which he shall learn her ever-varying language. He will rejoice in the brilliancy of the early sunbeams, or melt in tenderness beneath the stilly moonlight. He will hold converse with the song of birds and the fragrance of flowers, till "every such sound shall take a sweet odor by the hand, and thus walking hand in hand through the open door of the child's heart, shall hold a joyous dance therein." As the current of his life widens and deepens, then may the mother reveal to him the deep mystery and poetry which enshrines his spiritual being, which shall inscribe every fresh leaf from the tablet of his heart, with deeper sentiment and softer feeling. When our mothers thus truly educate their children, not only arming them against the world's fierce temptations, by the panoply of high principle and firm resolve, but preparing for them the lighter habiliments of beauty, in which, after its conflict, the weary spirit may repose, our country shall rejoice in the sons which are "as plants grown up in their youth," in the daughters, that are "as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

If then God has garnished his whole creation with beauty, if he has implanted the principle of taste in our natures, and has formed the objects about us to gratify that sentiment, so that there is a perfect adaptation of the one to the other, if he has made the benefits arising from its due development, a necessary element of our social happiness, we may certainly infer, that in cultivating our tastes we are so far fulfilling the designs of God.

With this enumeration of the advantages of a refined taste, we would make one reservative remark. A cultivated taste is not religion. There are those who seem to imagine that there is something meritorious in the exercise of the fine sensibilities of their nature. They will speak of the delight they feel in viewing a beautiful landscape, of their meltings of soul under the charms of music, of their lofty conceptions while contemplating the stupendous works

of God, of their deep sympathies in all the relations of social life, as if they thought they were thereby offering all that is required for an acceptable sacrifice to the Deity. But these are only the natural exercises of an intellectual faculty. They have no more religious character than have the operations of the memory, or the reason. Religion is a matter of the will, a change of the affections, not the exercise of any one mental principle.

But more. A cultivated taste is nought without religion. The most refined sensibility, if unbaptized in the love of a crucified Redeemer, will prove a curse, rather than a blessing to its possessor. It may gladden the pathway in this brief existence, but there is a future world, and who can conceive the misery of the gifted spirit in the abode of the lost. With all its vivid conceptions of loveliness, it must dwell forever in a world where no ray of beauty ever lingered, no note of harmony ever breathed. With all its keen susceptibilities to pleasure or pain, it must forever hopelessly mourn over the wreck of its noble and immortal being.

While then, we urge upon the maiden, in the dew and freshness of her youth, the attainment of a cultivated taste, we would also bid her remember that, to be desirable, it must be sanctified, must be consecrated to God. Then, in the exercise of that living spiritual communion, which springs from faith in the Divine Redeemer, will she be able to say concerning all the glories of this material creation, "Lo these are but parts of His ways, how faint the whisper we have heard of Him." And thus only may she rejoice in the promise of an everlasting inheritance in that better land, whose radiant glories

> "Eye hath not seen.
> Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy,
> Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
> Sorrow and death may not enter there,
> Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
> Beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb."

THE STRAWBERRY EXCURSION.

WINTER and Spring had passed away, and it was now the charming month of June. Our young friends George and Harriet, and their cousin Adeline, who had come to spend the summer with them, were starting early one afternoon to search the fields for strawberries. "Come, girls," cried George, "get your baskets and let us be off. Come, Spring, you shall go; we'll have a good race over the fields, won't we, Springy?" Spring jumped up, and licked his little master's hand. That was the best way he could answer him; and it was a good way, for George knew it meant, I love you, master, and I shall have a good time if I go any where with you. In two minutes the little party were tripping across the meadows behind the house; but there was another member of the family watching their movements, and thinking he should like to have a good race too—this was the white rabbit. He looked after them an instant, and laying his long ears flat on his head, he began to leap away to overtake them. George saw him, and said, "O, Beauty means to come too, and so he shall, for he never went a strawberrying in his life."

"No, no," said Harriet, "he will run away in the woods. Mother told me not to take him when I went to walk."

"I'll venture that," replied her brother. "Don't you think he knows who his best friends are?"

"Well, he loves to be in the woods, mother said so," returned Harriet; "and perhaps he will find some rabbits out there, and then he will forget all about us."

"No he won't: will you, Beauty?" said George, stooping to take his little favorite, who had just reached them, in his arms.

The nursery group now hastened on with health and animation sparkling in their countenances. George led the way, shouting now and then, "Forward—march—keep the step—now single file:" and by and by he pointed over to a distant fence, saying, "Yonder

is the strawberry field—a first-rate one. We shall have some bouncers there, I assure you."

The little girls laughed aloud, and Adeline said, "I hope I shall find a bouncer to carry to cousin Eliza."

"If I find one, I'll carry it to mother," said Harriet.

"I'll find a dozen," cried George, "and carry them all to father."

The berries were as plenty as the wild strawberry is generally found in New England, but the little folks were obliged to look about slowly and carefully, and keep very busy for two or three hours, when they found their little baskets pretty well filled, and here and there was one laid in, large and ripe enough to be a special present to "Father, mother, and cousin Eliza."

While the little girls were bending over the vines one of them looked up, and said, "Where is George?" "Away yonder," exclaimed the other, as they both ran to the fence, where they could climb up, and look after him.

"O, dear, dear!" cried Harriet, "there is Beauty scampering away into the woods, and George is running after him as fast as he can run."

"Now he will lose him," said Adeline: "he is almost to the thick woods."

"O no," cried Harriet, clasping her hands, and catching her breath with fear and anxiety.

"There! brother has caught him:" and they began to clap their hands, and laugh and shout loud enough for George to hear them. The merry boy came bounding back, boasting that "the sly little rogue could not outrun him."

"Well, George," said his sister, "was not mother right, when she said the rabbit would love the woods?"

But George had a little too much self-complacency to own that his mother even was wiser than he, and he answered, "I don't know about that: perhaps he only wanted to have a good race."

L. L. H.

PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Religion, is not in reality, a gloomy, unintelligible thing; a principle, which, when admitted into the human mind, is destructive of intellect and happiness. It is the direction of natural energy into a worthy channel; the devotion of mind to subjects immortal as itself. Religion is not a thing of Sabbaths and sermons, creeds, and commentaries; of separate acts, and distinct observances; it is a life-giving, life-pervading spirit, intended to exercise over our motives just that guiding, quickening, controlling influence, which the mind exercises over the body. True religion is cheerful. Whilst its highest joy is derived from the contemplation of God, in his word, works, and ways, in his threefold character of Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier—whilst it feels that he, and he only, has a right, because he, and he only is worthy, to be loved supremely—it infringes upon no duty which we owe to our fellow-creatures; upon no pleasure which accords with right reason. True piety is active. A life wholly contemplative, is not a Christian life. It is necessary to follow a thousand pursuits, it is lawful to indulge a thousand tastes, which in themselves have entire and simple reference to this world:—but, however unconnected with religion in the act, there is nothing which may not, which ought not, to be connected with it by the motive. Herein consists one chief comfort of this principle,—it affords a new stimulus to exertion—it supplies a sufficient motive. Others may actuate us, but eventually they fail both to satisfy the judgment, and animate the heart.

Self-aggrandizement, abstract ideas of duty, desire of self-complacency, and even desire to please, are not only wrong in their principle, but in their retrospect and reaction really induce sorrow. Self is the grand centre in every unrenewed mind; the sun, around which, at a greater or a lesser distance, every feeling revolves. Self, in some shape or other, is the root from which every action grows. I admit, that a person may, even after religion is received into the

heart as a regenerating principle, do precisely similar things, in a manner precisely similar to what he would have done before. The difference will consist in his new motive; and that motive will be a hearty, honest, constant desire to glorify and serve God, and to benefit his fellow-creatures for the sake of God; a perpetual reference to the declared will of God, as a standard of duty; a constant eye to the approbation of God, in the place of his former desire of the approbation of his fellow-men. This may, and generally will have some influence even in the present case, but it is no longer the grand object of his regard; it is a secondary consideration; if it ensues, well and good; if not, as "thou God seest me," was his motive, so will it be his consolation.

If God has endowed us with faculties for serving him, and if it is solely by his merciful care that these faculties are preserved to us, is it not just that to his service they should be devoted? And if, in order to make his yoke easy, God has so constituted our minds, that our happiness is bound up with this first great duty,—if, future considerations apart, peace even in this life is only to be found in the way he has appointed—is it not expedient, as well as just, that we should devote ourselves to his service? But there is one error, of so harassing and deterring a nature, that I think it must be a common hindrance suggested to young and inquiring minds—it is the looking upon religion as a dry, abstract code of laws; a series of observances, of requirements, of penances, and self-denials; a system of negations; a something, that is to induce gloom and imbecility of mind; to blight our prospects, wither our joys, and transform the garden of life into a "howling wilderness." When once a sincere and influential desire to love and serve God has entered into the heart, new tastes and new affections, new views of every kind, spring up spontaneously: duty becomes choice; obedience a service of the will rather than of the conscience: and the natural language of that heart is, "Oh, how I love thy law!" Then, religion is seen in its true light, its native lustre; as a renewing principle, introducing order into chaos, light into darkness; imparting strength to those points of character which before were weak; softening what was harsh; taking away the false glory which invested some old pleasures, but presenting in their stead, new and better ones, and bestowing fresh grace and beauty on those which were innocent and allowable. I do not think that any person, however high his natural

genius and sensibility, can *fully* feel the glories of nature, unless he be the subject of renewing grace. He may be a poet, he may be a painter, but the unlettered Christian who can

> "Lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And smiling, say—'My Father made them all,'"

enjoys them with purest zest.

God, is as sufficient to satisfy the heart, as he is worthy to occupy the mind. It is good to be laid upon a sick bed (if he bless it) to see the vanity of even the world's best and fairest! What is poetry to the languid ear? What are pictures to the aching eye? or praise, or music, or gayety, to the sick and sinking heart? Where is the mind itself, with all its boasted resources?—Yet, when the thoughts are confused, and the fancy fevered; the judgment weakened, and the memory faithless—even then, the words which God speaks in his gospel, are spirit and life. Just where the world leaves us, He takes us up. Look at the images under which he is figured, and think whether they will apply to any other object in the universe?—A "Strong hold in the day of trouble"—a "Light to them that sit in darkness"—a "Refuge from the storm"—a "Shadow from the heat"—"Strength" in weakness—"Wisdom" in perplexity—a "Comforter" in affliction:—a Sun, a Shield, a Fortress, a Deliverer, a Portion, a Father, a Friend, a Saviour—in all a GOD! Oh! it is base ingratitude to forget this Being, "who daily loadeth us with benefits," until he remove some of those benefits!—to put off thinking of Him who is worthy of the highest powers of the highest mind, till we can think of nothing to any purpose! It is not enough that to the world's blinded vision, our temper, conduct, and character, seem fair and free from blemish; God regards the heart far more than the action; his eye pierces through motives, thoughts and desires; and estimates them solely as they have regard to himself, his glory and his will. It is sufficient condemnation if we *forget* God.—*Light for the Young.*

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

At the close of the year 1851, while thinking of the many changes that had taken place during its rapid flight, of the many circles that had been broken by death, of the many hearts that had been made to bleed by the sundering of the tenderest ties; the question arose in my mind, will my family, which has for many years remained an unbroken circle, still remain such for another year?

My heart beat languidly in reply, as I held in my arms a lovely child, who, though active and cheerful, seemed

> Like an opening rose-bud,
> Blooming far from native bower,

and I feared its early blight might demonstrate,

> That earthly clime was too ungenial,
> To expand so sweet a flower.

But, as the mother's heart is ever animated with hope, so I still indulged the thought, that the *precious one* might *possibly* be spared for usefulness, and perhaps, become the solace of declining years. But alas!—how vain are earthly hopes!—Ere spring had returned to bless us with her cheering influence, that "precious bud" had been plucked from its parent stem, and to our *unassisted* vision, left to wither and decay. Yet *faith* lifts the veil of obscurity, and unfolds to view that "lovely opening bud," transplanted to a fairer clime, where its sweet petals will never cease to unfold themselves beneath the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, where briers and thorns shall never intrude, and no rude hand shall sever.

Although there is something lovely and beautiful in this view of the early and happy translation of a dear object of affection;—yet who may paint the feelings of the fond mother, as she beholds a part of her very self, sinking, gasping, dying, and laid in the cold, silent tomb? Maternal affection must weep.

But however painful may be that trying hour, and painful indeed it was to witness the last imploring look from those lovely eyes,—to receive the last well-known token of assent, to the inquiry "does my darling love her mother?"—to receive the last kiss from those sweet lips, already touched by "death's icy hand,"—and to close the scene, the light of life fades from the eye, and the quivering lips cease to move;—however painful, I say, all this may be, there is a power sufficient to afford consolation, even in this hour of bitter grief:—

For when the first wild throb is felt
Of anguish and despair;
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think "*My child is there!*"
This best can dry the gushing tears,
This give the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a Mother's grief.

And now, should these lines meet the eyes of any who may be sorrowing for those who are "not lost, but gone before," permit me to say to you, weeping mothers, as one who has tasted the bitter cup, I most deeply sympathise with you in your bereavement, but let me entreat you not to mourn immoderately, but humbly submit to the will of Him who "doeth all things *well*," and who has an undisputed right to demand at His pleasure the "priceless jewels" He had committed to our trust, *only* for a *short* season, that He might thereby prove our fidelity to Him:—and let us ever bear in mind, that while God's sovereign right of disposal, should be the primary ground of our consolation, there are other consoling circumstances which should not be disregarded:—our little ones have been taken away in the purity of infancy, ere sin had marred the symmetry of their moral natures, and they are spared all the trials and temptations of a sinful, selfish world; perhaps a life of sin, and a death of despair. Also, our Heavenly Father has spared us the anxiety attendant upon the obligation of training them up for Him—and, perhaps, He has spared us other children who are not as well prepared for death as were the dear ones He has taken, that we may labor for their conversion, and rejoice in seeing them grow up to piety and usefulness.

Therefore, let these considerations console our hearts, and excite

us to renewed vigilance in watching over our own hearts and lives as Christians, and in the discharge of the responsible duties devolving on us as mothers, that at the "Last Great Day" we may, with our unbroken families, be found among that happy number, who, through the merits of a Saviour's Blood will be permitted to surround the throne of God, to sing the song of redeeming grace and dying love to all eternity.

A Bereaved Mother.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN

DERIVED FROM THE GERMAN PRACTICE, AND ADAPTED TO THE AMERICAN POPULATION.

The great difficulty in this country is, that we try to do too much for our children. If we would let them alone a little more, we should do better; that is, if we would content ourselves with keeping them warm and clean, and feeding them on simple, wholesome food, it would be enough.

They will take exercise of themselves, if we will let them alone, and they will shout and laugh enough to open their lungs. It is really curious for a scientific person to look on and observe the numerous and sometimes, alas! fatal mistakes that are constantly made. You will see a family where the infants are stout and vigorous as a parent's heart could desire, and, if only let alone, would grow up athletic and fine people; but their parents want to be doing, so they shower them every morning to make them strong —they are strong already!

Then, even before they are weaned, they will teach them to suck raw beef; for what? Has not their natural food sustained them well? An infant will have teeth before it wants animal food.

But all these courses they have heard were strengthening, so they administer them to the strongest, till excess of stimulants produces inflammation, and the natural strength is wasted by disease. Then the child grows pale and feeble; now the stimulants are redoubled, they are taken to the seashore, kept constantly in

the open air, and a great amount of exercise is insisted on. By this time all the symptoms of internal inflammation show themselves: the skin is pale, the hands and feet cold, dark under the eyes, reluctance to move, &c., &c. But no one suspects what is the matter; even the physician is often deceived at this stage of the process, and if he is, the child's case will be a hard one.

I mention particularly this course of stimulants, as it is just now the prevalent mania. Every one ought to understand, that those practices which are commonly called strengthening, are, in other words, stimulating, and that to apply stimulants where the system is already in a state of health, will produce too much excitement. The young, from the natural quickness of their circulation, are particularly liable to this excess of action, which is inflammation. This general inflammation, in time, settles into some form of acute disease, so that in fact, by blindly attempting to strengthen, we inflame, disease, and enfeeble to the greatest possible degree.

If we look at nature—at the animal instincts that are around us, what a different course does it advise! The Creator has taught the lower races to take care of their young; and if some accident does not happen to them they never lose one; just as they manage to-day, just so did they do for them a thousand years ago. Man is left to his own reason, I had almost said to his caprice; every age has produced different customs, and in consequence different diseases. More than half of the human race die under five years old; how small a portion live to the full "*three score and ten.*"

Morally and intellectually, man may advance to an almost unlimited extent; but he must remember, that physically he is subjected to the same laws as other animals. Is it not quite time that we should bow our pride of reason, and look to the practice of those animals that raise all their young, and live out their own natural lives? How do they manage? We need not look far; see, madam, the cat; how does she contrive to rear her young family? Who ever saw her give one of them a shower-bath? Who ever saw her take a piece of meat to her nest, that her little ones might try their gums on it, before their teeth had grown? Who ever saw her taking them out of a cold winter's day for exercise in the open air, till their little noses were as red as those of the unfortunate babies one meets every cold day? Not one of all these excellent fashionable plans does she resort to. She

keeps them clean—very clean, warm—very warm indeed. The Creator sends them to make their way in the world dressed completely, cap and all, in a garment unexceptionable as to warmth; there is no thick sock on the feet to protect from chills, and the head left with the bare skin uncovered, because reason had discovered that the head was the hottest part of the body, and that it was all a mistake that it should be so; therefore it was left exposed to correct this natural, universal law of the animal economy. Pussy knows nothing of all this, so kittie's cap is left on, coming snug over the little ears; and who ever saw a cat deaf (but from age) or a kitten with the ear-ache? Yet the first thing that strikes a stranger, in coming to our land of naked heads, is the number of persons he meets, that are partially deaf, or have inflamed eyes. All this sounds like a joke, but is it not a pretty serious one? Is it not strange, that men do not look oftener in this direction? It is not the cat alone, every animal gives the same lessons. The rabbit is so careful, that lest her young should take cold while she is from home, she makes a sort of thick pad or comforter of her own hair, and lays it for a covering over them. We do not hear that the old rabbits, when they go out into life, (in our cold climate too) are any more liable to take cold from having been so tenderly brought up. In fact, I doubt whether they ever take cold at all, young or old; while with man, to have a cold seems to be his natural state, particularly in the winter season. I have heard some persons go so far as to say that a cold does not do a child any hurt; but it is not true, let who will say it; every cold a child takes, makes him more liable to another; and another and another succeeds, till chronic disease is produced.—*Mrs. Whittelsey's Magazine.*

To prevent Iron and Steel from rusting.—Heat the iron or steel till it burns the hands, and then rub it with a piece of pure white wax, and polish it with a piece of cloth or soft leather. This simple operation, it is stated, fills the pores of the metal, and defends it entirely from rust; even though it should be exposed to moisture.

INFLUENCE OF PARENTS.

Coleridge, speaking of religion, says, "It is associated with your mother's chair, and with the first remembered tones of her blessed voice."

Blessed, thrice blessed is the child of whom this is true. Happy the man, who, looking back to his childhood's years, remembers his mother as a Christian: not from the fact of seeing her take her seat at the communion table; not that she was always running to this or that meeting, or talking about this or that eloquent preacher, or boasting of her good works and good feelings, or disputing about the doctrines and peculiarities of her own or other churches. These things may all be done, and yet the recollections of our children be any thing but pleasant, and lead them any where but to the rewards of Heaven.

If we desire to have our children recollect us as Christians, let us be daily careful that they see in us, such tempers as become the gospel of Christ. Let an atmosphere of meekness and patience be about us. Let the law of kindness dwell upon our tongue, not only toward our friends, but toward all mankind. Let our hearts be continually lifted to God, for ourselves and them, that we may together be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Let our instructions to them, be in the spirit, as well as the words of the gospel. Let our government over them be firm, yet mild; strict, yet gentle; steady, yet tender. Then may we hope that the earliest recollections of our children will be of holy things, and that their later reflections will only confirm them in the belief, that the only path to happiness here and hereafter, is the path of true religion. H. S.

"Life is but a day's journey; shall we spend its best hours in gathering flowers, or chasing butterflies? Again when tried by cares, sorrows, and temptations, let us draw comfort from the same consideration."

AN INCIDENT.

In the management of children, I feel that truly a great responsibility rests upon the mother, and also the father: that each may second the wishes of the other; that all family government may be mutual. We may often err in leniency, and as often in not appealing to the child's views of right and wrong. I will relate briefly a little incident, which came under my own observation.

A little, blithe, bright-eyed boy, of some four or five summers, whom we will now call Edwin, had disobeyed his mother. He saw it in her countenance, and was grieved; and when asked what must be done, said: "You may punish me, but I want you to pray for me, mother, that God may forgive me. Whenever he had done wrong, there was nothing that would subdue his feelings like prayer, and then he would ask his mother to forgive him. May we not hope that such an one may be brought into the kingdom of God, although years may intervene. Yet we need to study each child separately; even the members of the same family cannot be influenced by the same motives. Therefore, we are commanded to work, while the day lasts; to "sow thy seed in the morning, and withhold not thy hand in the evening, for thou knowest not which may prosper, this or that." M.

"'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can."

A CHRISTMAS LETTER,

ACCOMPANYING A PACKAGE OF STATIONERY.

Christmas Eve.

My Little Friend Lucia :—To-night, how many hands are busy in carrying out the purposes of fond, loving hearts? How many little hearts are beating with expectation of what to-morrow morn will bring to them!

Some, perchance, have grown so wise, that they smile contemptuously upon such scenes, and exclaim, "childish! childish!" But, my little friend, if it be childish to find pleasure in these busy preparations; childish, to watch the expectant throbbings of young hearts on a Christmas or New Year's day; childish, to muse upon the peering look and inquiring smile of that little face that disappeared so slowly and reluctantly from the family group to-night; then I acknowledge that I am grown a child.

And I do not see that the experience of a life of care, whose burdens, daily increasing in weight, come crowding thick upon me, are ever likely to make me one whit less childish.

O, how I love to go back to the days of my childhood,—to sit in their sunshine till the shadows and cares of riper years are chased, one by one, from my clouded brow! How I love to think of those seeds of love, and truth, and virtue, smaller than a grain of mustard seed, that sometimes came with these periodic tokens, and were dropped by some kind hand here and there along my pathway. My life, dear L., has been a changeful one. "With varying hues of light and shade," it has been characterized. Much hurrying to and fro have I seen, and of many of its ever shifting scenes, I doubt not, I have lost sight forever. For they were like the mile-stones along the railroad path, of which we catch a glimpse as the car rushes by, but they serve no other purpose than to tell us that we are rapidly receding from one point, and impetuously hurrying to another.

But not so, to me, have been these little way-marks of love. Seeds have they been, which have sprung up and borne fruit, some an hun-

dred fold. And now often times when I am weary with care, and ready to faint beneath the scorching sun, from which to-day's path affords no shelter, I go back and sit in the shadow of those trees, the product of those little tiny seeds dropped in my childhood's path. And, musing upon the kind Providence that caused them to fall when and where they did; which sent the soft sunshine to warm them into life; the gentle dews and falling rains, to promote their growth, and to soften the soil that their roots might spread wide, and strike deep, ere they should need to resist the cold winter storm. Musing upon these things, I say, my heart grows warm and fresh, and young again, and weariness drops from me like an old garment, or like the shell from the chrysalis, and I emerge, not a crawling worm, but a winged butterfly, fitted for a new voyage of discovery into regions unexplored before; endowed with new energies, to meet life's many exactions, and provided from the storehouses of the past with sustenance for the future.

Looking back along life's pathway, I see here a tree in whose shade I have often sat down wearied, but risen up refreshed, and whose perfumes have often revived me when sick and fainting. How well I remember the little seed dropped upon a birth-day, from which it sprung. Ere long, the dews of death glistened in the morning sun upon the little hillock where it was embedded; for the hand that dropped it would sow nor reap no more. It was quietly folded on the breast, and resting from its labors forever. That seed germinated through the watering of bitter tears, but its blossoms were all the sweeter for that. Pluck off carefully, a leaf of that rose geranium that grows in your window there. It is not very odorous, but crush it in your hand, and it becomes delightfully fragrant. Just so it is with earth's fairest blossoms. In their beautiful freshness they often yield little perfume; but crushed and broken by some rude storm, they become fragrant with lessons of wisdom.

Again, coming along up life's pathway, I am prone to rest a moment under the spreading branches of another tree. The germ is of school-days' memory. The seed fell among thorns of envy, and briars of jealousy; and for a time, they well nigh choked it. But a kind Providence was guarding its growth. Some good angel was sent to part the envious branches, hither and thither, and the slender stem shot up, sickly at first, but gaining strength with time, and now I often come and gather of its leaves to cure the heart-ache.

But here I fancy that I see my little friend look up, and her face says, if her lips do not, "I wonder what all this means. I cannot understand it." Well, lay it by, and mark it, "Musings that I cannot understand." But on some future Christmas eve, when you shall have learned some of life's hard lessons of discipline; when some winters that are followed by no spring, shall have passed over you, then go to that old drawer, in which are stored away childish Christmas tokens, and read these musings of a friend, and perhaps they will then speak to your heart, as they now come from mine.

It is a very simple Christmas gift that I have chosen to accompany these musings. Perhaps you would not need any to tell you that I love you; but it would be a pleasure to me to acknowledge very many little timely kindnesses that I have received from you, by a gift that would afford a gratification proportionate to that which I have received from my little errand girl's favors. But I have at hand nothing but a simple package of stationery. On one sheet, I fear I have already written "Some things hard to be understood;" but let us see if we cannot attach some more intelligible thoughts to another.

First comes up a half quire of large sheets, closely ruled. —"What are these for?" asks my little friend, and in the same breath she answers, "O, I know, these are to write to brother E. upon." Just so. She meant that in twelve months, that far off brother should receive twelve good long letters—letters that shall make him feel that, whether at home or abroad, there is no wandering from a sister's love. The sheets are large enough to contain Fred's, and Charlie's, and Henry's, and Willie's message; a kind word from cousin Mary; a business postscript from father; one word of admonition and two of encouragement from mother. O! a sister's letters should be full and fragrant with, "Home, sweet home." A sister's love should be a silken cord, but one which the strength of manhood cannot break. Five brothers' hearts to guard; their home to brighten with your smile; their fireside to render cheerful and attractive by your kind words; their wants to lessen by your cares. What a mission! And what a reward will it be in after years to have manly hearts and sincere lips bear testimony to the faithfulness, and purity, and gentleness

of your love; to have them record of you, that for their welfare "she hath done what she could."

Next comes up a package of smaller sheets, gilt edged, but plain, and of the purest white, with the best Parisian stamp upon them. "Honor to whom honor is due;" and grandmother may expect a New Year's greeting in your very best hand upon one of these. The Paris stamp will be nought to her, but she could tell you of a stamp about which her father stormed, and over which her mother wept; and she will tell you too, that it stamped the love of freedom upon her young heart. To her childish ears, the story of stamped paper was familiar, and of mourning and funeral bells, and flags at half mast on account of it. "O," she would exclaim, "what a treasure such a Christmas gift would have been to me, in my young days! A year's supply of paper, and liberty to write as much as I pleased! Why, I never dreamed of such a luxury at your age." And most reverently would she charge her grandchild to remember, that "the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places," and that hers was "a goodly heritage."

At the bottom of the package, you will find some fancy sheets and note paper. Good in their place are these, when they contain *meaning* rather than *unmeaning* compliments; but far, far below a brother's interests, and that dear old grandmother's gratification should they be placed. At fourscore years of age, few pleasures remain, but while her dim eyes may, let them have the pleasure of reading frequent messages of love and duty and reverence from my little friend.

Yours in much love,

L. H. S.

Poison Antidotes.—For oil of vitriol, or aquafortis, give large doses of magnesia and water, or equal parts of soft soap and water. For oxalic acid give magnesia, or chalk and water. For saltpetre, give an emetic of mustard and water, afterwards mucilages and small doses of laudanum. For opium or laudanum, give an emetic of mustard, and use constant motion, and if possible, the stomach pump. For arsenic, doses of magnesia are useful, but freshly prepared hydrated oxide of iron is best.

SHOWERS.

BY CORNELIA M. DOWLING.

Drops are falling, drops are falling,
Softly through the waving trees,
Tiny buds and flowers bedewing,
As they glitter in the breeze,
And we dearly love to listen
To the rain, in glade or bower,
And all nature smiles a welcome.
Though 'tis but a summer shower.

Drops are falling, drops are falling,
Softly, sadly, still and slow,
But the heart they bathe is withered,
For those drops are drops of woe.
And though quietly they're stealing,
Still the spirit feels the power,
Which they wield o'er broken heart-strings,
In a dark and bitter shower.

Drops are falling, drops are falling,
Ever sparkling, ever bright,
For 'tis *kindness* which hath started,
Showers which fill the heart with light,
Heal the sad and broken-hearted,
Shed their rich and glorious dower
O'er earth's wounded stricken children,
In a very sunny shower.

Drops are falling, drops are falling,
Ever in this world of ours;
Drops of darkness and of sunlight,
Bathing *hearts* as well as flowers
But the dew of *love and kindness*,
Falling for one little hour,
Will dissolve long years of sadnes
In a pure and heavenly shower.

LITTLE WILLIE AND HIS SHILLING.

Willie Alston was a very happy little boy: he had a nice home, kind parents and little sisters, and a baby brother, whom he loved very much. One day Willie's Uncle Charles came to see him, and gave him a new bright shilling. Willie was very much pleased with his shilling, and he determined to buy a little missionary box with it, and save something in it for the poor heathen. So he gave it to his mother to keep for him. The next day as Mrs. Alston was sitting at her work, Willie ran in, exclaiming, "Oh! dear mother, do give me my shilling! please mother give it to me." "Very well, my son," said his mother, "but do not be in such a hurry, for see you have upset my work-box, and my things are all scattered about." "Never mind, mamma," said Willie, "I shall soon come back, and then I'll pick them all up nicely." Mrs. Alston placed the shilling in the eager little hand held out for it, and she wondered what use Willie would make of it. She went to the window and saw her son place his shilling in the hands of a rather dirty, but certainly miserable looking man; silently musing, she returned to her work. The little boy soon entered, and for some time busied himself picking up the various contents of his mother's work box. She waited to hear him speak of his shilling, but as he said nothing, she said, "Willie, what did you do with your shilling?" "I gave it to a very poor man, mamma," said the little boy. "How did you know him to be a very poor man my son?" said his mother. "Oh! mamma, he was so very ragged and dirty, and had nothing to eat," said Willie, earnestly looking up to his mother.

Mrs. Alston paused; she wished, yet dared not show to her child the difference between true and false charity. Willie was naturally of a warm and sympathising disposition, and she shrank from the task of showing to one so young and trusting, how much he might be deceived by the many, who have ever at hand a tale of wo to tell—then, how could she check the generous impulse springing up in that young heart? Might it not, sickened with the prospect before it, wither and die away altogether?

But on the other hand, with a false notion of charity, and no

other guide save his own impulsive heart, how much injury might he not unavoidably commit, and how much of real want would be passed over unnoticed? Thus she reasoned, and calling her child to her she clearly explained to him the difficulty of relieving the real wants of the poor in this way; the possibility too of his alms being used as a promoter of vice instead of relieving misery as he intended it should. Willie listened attentively to his mother, and resolved in future always to ask her advice about giving away money to poor persons, for he saw clearly how much harm his gift might do, unless it had fallen into the hands of a deserving poor person.

"Come Willie, get your hat, and I will take you with me," said Mrs. Alston to her son. Willie was soon equipped and ready to accompany his mother, who gave him a small package to carry, and they proceeded on their way. After walking a few squares, they turned into a small street, and stopped at the door of a poor looking house. Mrs. Alston rapped at the door, which was opened by a surly looking old woman, the expression of whose face changed instantly on seeing the character of her visiters. "Does Mrs. Wilson live here?" asked Mrs. Alston. "Yes, in the third story back room," was the reply. They entered the filthy room, which seemed to supply the place of kitchen, chamber, and parlor: two or three dirty children were playing about the floor, and Willie could not help comparing their begrimed faces and matted hair, to that of his sisters, Fannie and Mary, always so neat and tidy. He followed his mother up two flights of narrow creaking stairs, and they stopped at the door designated by the woman. Mrs. Alston tapped on the door which was soon opened by a tidy little girl who ushered them into a room which strikingly contrasted with the one below. A feeble looking boy was seated by the window, propped up with pillows. Mrs. Alston spoke to him, and he held out a hand so thin and pale that Willie was surprised to see it; he also perceived that he was blind. The room was scantily furnished, though it was the picture of neatness. A small fire burned in the little cooking stove, and the warm October sun casting its cheering rays on the invalid, and lighting up his pale features, presented an aspect worthy an artist's pencil. There was no carpet on the floor save a small piece of well worn rag carpet, which covered the centre, but the rest of the floor was very white, and every thing, though poor, looked clean and pretty. "How do you feel to-day George?" said

Mrs. Alston, taking the thin hand in hers, "and where is your mother?" "Mother has gone to Mrs. B——'s to take home some sewing," said the boy, "and I feel much better, I think this warm sun makes me feel stronger. I think I could be well again if I could only go out," he added, raising his sightless eyes to Mrs. Alston's face. Tears gathered in Willie's eyes, and he remembered that he had never yet thought of thanking God for health and strength to walk, and run about, and the gift of sight, that he might behold all the beautiful things that he has made. "Do you not get tired of sitting here all day?" asked Mrs. Alston. "Oh! no," said George, "but I often wish I could do something for mother to help her along, as Mary does; but the time passes very pleasantly, for mother or Mary is always with me, and sometimes mother reads to me of an evening, or on Sundays, and I love it *so* much," he added, with much animation of manner. During this conversation, Mrs. Wilson entered, and Willie was astonished to observe that in spite of her apparent poverty, she possessed that true refinement of manner which ever characterizes the well-bred. She greeted Mrs. Alston cheerfully, and patted Willie's head. Willie could not but notice the sad expression that crossed her fine expressive face as her eye wandered in search of her blind boy. Mrs. Alston inquired concerning her work. "I still have some to do, with which I manage to get along, but I could do much more if I had it," she said sadly, "but," she added cheerfully, "you know I still have Him who feedeth the ravens to go to."—"I have brought you some sewing," said Mrs. Alston, "for which there is no positive hurry, still I would like it as soon as convenient." Mrs. Wilson said nothing, but *Willie* caught the look of gratitude which was sent up to heaven. "I am truly obliged, and it shall be finished as soon as possible," she said, after a pause, as she took the work from Mrs. Alston's hand. They now rose to depart. Willie placed his hand in that of George's, which the latter grasped in his thin pale fingers. "Shall Willie come and read for you sometimes, George?" asked Mrs. Alston; "he would like to," she added. "Oh! yes, ma'am, if you please," said George, while his mother's face brightened up, and even little Mary looked highly gratified. "Then I will come to-morrow," said Willie, joyfully. Mrs. Alston smiled an assent, and they departed.

During their walk, Willie could talk of nothing else but the Wil-

sons, he asked his mother many questions respecting them, which she answered by telling him the following simple sad story:

"Mrs. Wilson was like many a one, who, on setting out in life had a comfortable home, and a kind indulgent husband, but the demon intemperance came, and with the gaming table, deprived her of her home and happiness, and finally, laid her husband in the drunkard's grave. Thus the heart-stricken widow was left to provide for herself and four small children, one of whom had been blind from its birth, she removed into a single room, the one in which we found her, and contrived to gain a scanty pittance by sewing for various stores. Death entered it and took her two youngest children, and although this might seem to some, to have been a relief, yet who can tell the feeling of that wo-worn mother as she laid her infants in the cold, cold earth? But Mrs. Wilson had learned to look higher for help than earth, and she rested calmly in the hope of meeting her loved ones above."

It was then that Mrs. Alston became acquainted with her, and when hope had well nigh failed in the heart of the widow, God had sent her this friend in her hour of direst need, and who would have doubted how deeply she realized this blessing as coming from his hand, could they have seen with what heart-felt thanks she raised her eyes to heaven, as Mrs. Alston and Willie departed, and said, "He never leaves or forsakes."

Willie asked and obtained permission to take any of his books and read for George, and he was just thinking he would take "Bible Stories," before "George Somerville," when suddenly on turning into a street near the one in which they lived, their steps were arrested by the appearance of a considerable crowd, and a couple of police men who were leading or rather dragging along a drunken man, who was making some resistance, besides swearing in an awful manner. Mrs. Alston shuddered, and in crossing to avoid the crowd, they obtained a sight of the unfortunate man. It was the same one to whom Willie had given his shilling in the morning! "Mother," said Willie, as he returned the next afternoon from reading to George, "Mother, I think I understand the difference now, between true and false charity."

Willie has now a little mission box, and saves five dollars every year for the poor heathen. Will not our young readers "Go and do likewise?'

ELLA.

"THE ONLY CHILD OF HIS MOTHER."

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

Written on the occasion of the burial of a very interesting child, eighteen months old.

Not to the dim, cold churchyard,
Not to the narrow grave,
But give the mother's treasure
To the keeping of the wave.—
The wave so soft and sunny,
So beautiful and free!—
Oh, sweetly will he slumber
In the bosom of the sea!

Yet look not there, young mother,
Strange shadows throng the way,
And faithful is the Warden
That guards his precious clay;
But ask a clearer vision,
Then turn thine eye above,
And seek among the blessed,
The treasure thou didst love.

Not by those pale, sad features,
Thou'lt know thy darling now,
Nor by the look of suffering,
On his sweet patient brow;
Life, life is springing round him,
Joy flashes from his eye,
And his little form is radiant,
With the beauty of the sky.

Yet thou art sad and lonely,
But now he seemed thine own,
And, treasured in thy bosom,
To him thy heart had grown;—
Weep on! young mourning mother!
Thy Saviour wept in love,—
And he looks in pity on thee,
From His glorious throne above.

Bow meekly in thy sorrow,
Before the mourner's Friend,
That His loving hand may lead thee,
On to thy journey's end;—
On, and forever upwards,
Till in the realms of joy
Thou'rt welcomed by an angel,—
Thy beautiful fair boy!

NOVEL READING.

THE mind of man is so constituted as to receive deep and lasting impressions from surrounding objects, being not a mere recipient, but rather a powerful engine, acted upon in a great degree by outward influences. It is a generally acknowledged fact, that the society in which an individual moves, moulds his character, and in his intercourse with the world even his very thoughts become assimilated to those of his companions. If then the associates of man, in his social intercourse, exercise such an influence in the development of his mind, it necessarily follows that books, the companions of his more thoughtful moments, should be still more powerful in forming his morals, and establishing his principles.

Our object in reading, is not, or should not be merely to afford amusement, or to while away time, but to gain from the vast storehouses of the wisdom and experience of ages, ability to perform our part in the world aright, and to prepare our souls for the great realities of eternity. A mother, who would give her child poison merely because it was pleasant to his taste, would be pronounced insane; and yet there are mothers, aye, hundreds of them in our own community, who administer, or at least allow their children to feed upon literary poison, which kills not only for time but for eternity.

If there were no other books than the novels of the present day, we should wonder that mothers permitted their children to peruse them; but we wonder still more, as we enumerate in our minds hundreds of works which might be read by the young, with advantage. Let the novel reader open and examine the Bible, and he will there find beauties of speech and character, not to be discovered in the works of a Bulwer, a Scott, or a Cooper. Inspiration guided the pens of the Bible, but worldly-mindedness controls the hearts and pens of all novelists. What novel can boast a more beautiful character than Ruth? What fictitious work contains more real poetry than the Psalms? and in short, where can be found more thrilling descriptions of prowess and adventure, than in the Bible?

Mothers, I appeal to your judgments, is not *this* the book for your children? Would you, if your child were dying, dare to read

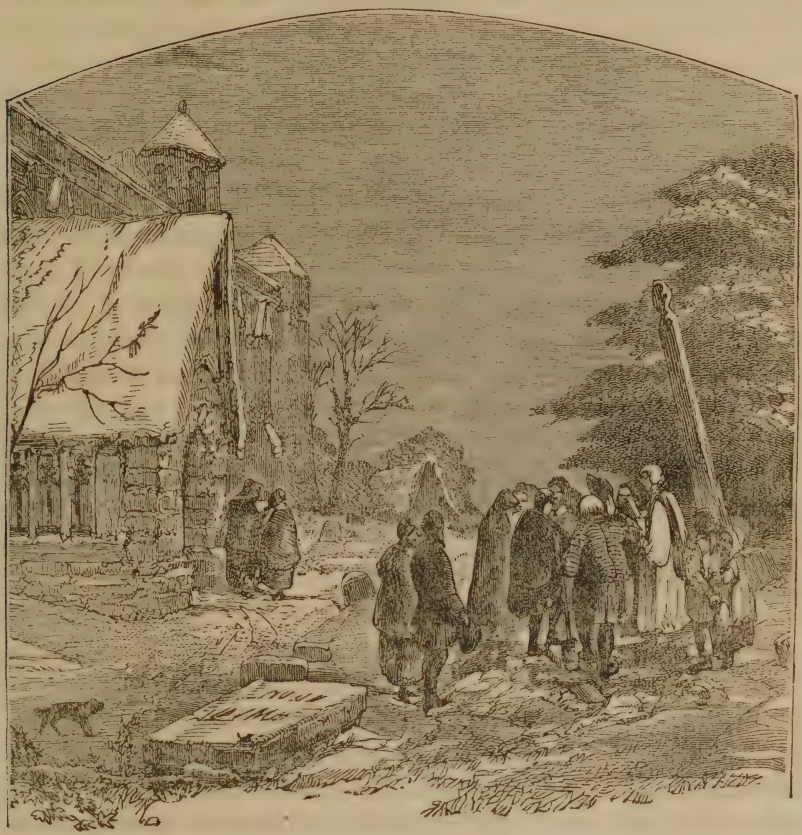
to him a passage from a novel to calm his last agony? Would you, if *you* were upon your death-bed, call for a frivolous novel to be your last earthly companion? You must acknowledge you would not. But, mother, remember that novel which your child is now perusing may be the last book upon which his mortal eye shall rest—to-morrow eternity may claim him, and then what will the ideas and views derived by him from George Sands, or Madame d'Arblay, or Eugene Sue, produce? Mother, are you allowing your charge to feed his immortal soul upon poison? Remember, your child is a loan from God, and to him are you awfully responsible for your watchfulness. Your child has a soul which can never be annihilated, which is capable of the highest joy, or of the deepest woe, and that soul is entrusted to your care. What an overwhelming responsibility is yours!

I, for one in multitudes, have felt the poisonous effects of novels, and therefore feel it to be my duty to warn others against their pernicious influence.

Perhaps some of my *young* readers have acquired the habit of perusing these dangerous works. If such be the case, allow me, as a friend, as one who cares for your best interests, to entreat you, to abandon what must ultimately unfit you for life in this world, and in a future. Life is too much of a reality to be trifled away in the perusal of fiction, or in the chase of dreams.

It may be, through my pen I speak to some *novel writer*. If it is so, let me remind you of that dread account, that you must give, of the manner in which you have employed your talents. God has given them to you and he justly demands their influence in his cause; but now, Satan controls your powers and uses your works as a mighty engine in winning men from godliness and plunging them into misery. Oh! consider well your awful responsibility, for the ideas which you indite are imbibed by countless multitudes, who, if you do not meet them on earth, will stand with you before the bar of God, and there witness against you. Beware of the overwhelming wrath of that God who hath said, "that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

S. F. F.



PASSING WINTER.

BY S. S. GURLEY.

Cold Winter has gone with his icicle hair,
Like a lion he's roared, and laid down in his lair;
Full many a loved one he's chilled with his breath,
Alas! they are gone to the regions of death.

But Winter's not dead, he has laid down to sleep,
Those friends too are living, then cease ye to weep;
In Spring never ending they're blooming and fair,
The frost and the chill cannot wither them there.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

It is with some hesitancy that we name this subject, knowing that it is exciting public attention at this time, having its advocates and opponents, into whose lists we have not the effrontery or desire to enter. Where talent and argument are displayed, let them be met with talent and argument. Of these we do not boast, yet feel constrained to let the pages of the Home Garner speak on a subject involving not only the best interests of society, but the highest dignity of woman. We feel the more reluctance in defining our views, knowing that they are, on some points, contrary to those maintained and disseminated by many of our own sex, whose intellectual superiority we acknowledge with deference. Yet, with one of old, we claim the privilege, while we feel it duty, "to show our opinion."

With those who discard, or disparage the teachings of the Bible on this subject, as the opinions and maxims of men just emerging from barbarism, whose commands and instructions were warped by the long established usages of the society in which they had been educated, we have nothing to do. We hold the Bible as the standard not only of faith, but *of practice*. The book for *all* time; for *every* place. Oh, with what adoring love and reverence should woman clasp the Bible to her heart, as she kneels at the shrine of Christianity! Its teachings have taken her from beneath the foot of man, where she was his menial,—the slave of his will and passions, and placed her by his side as his companion and friend. Does she seek a higher place?

But what are some of the rights, which are so earnestly and eloquently demanded for woman, by the reformers of society at the present time? Among other things an acknowledgment of equality of talent is claimed. That woman has intellectual capacities equal to man, is so universally conceded, that, for her to argue it, seems an implied admission of conscious inferiority. But those capacities were given her for the accomplishment of different purposes;—to be cultivated, not for a less extensive, but a different sphere; to inves-

tigate oftentimes other subjects, though not the less important for the general good.

The right of suffrage and civil office are the most strenuously urged, and with some apparent reason. Where the obedience to, and claims of law are demanded, a voice in their formation and manner of enforcement, seems but just. But on the same ground man might claim equality with his Maker. For this assumption of right, Milton represents the angels as being cast out of heaven. But what saith the Scriptures: "The head of the woman is the man." "The wife is to be in subjection to her husband." "I suffer not a woman to teach or to usurp authority over the man; for Adam was first formed, then Eve." "As the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their husbands." On this subject the teachings of the Bible are very explicit. They have clearly defined the bound of the female sphere. And will Christian women seek to disannul the word of God? Are they wiser than He? Had not He who formed them a right to assign them a particular place? And because the Great Lawgiver has relieved them of the responsibility of managing the affairs of state, while he has given them in sacred trust to a stronger sex, to be cherished and cared for as tenderly as their own flesh, will they complain of being subject to law? That females sometimes suffer wrongs, cruel wrongs, we do not deny. But will those wrongs be redressed, by assuming an equal position in the public arena, and entering in person, the strifes, debates, and bustle of the moral, political, and business world? Will the men who are brutal tyrants be made less so, by being confronted at the ballot-box by female votes? Will those men who regard females as inferior—as being intellectually the "weaker sex," be inspired with respect, and a full appreciation of their worth, by claims to public office and emolument? Will they have a stronger admiration of female character, and learn to honor it more, by her mounting the rostrum, and setting forth her own ability and right to sustain an equal position with them in legislative and business transactions? And what becomes of the "rights" of the ordained head? Where is the deference and respect due to that? As well might the heart assert its right to a place as conspicuous as that of the head, because of its importance to the human system, thus destroying not only the order and perfect harmony of the physical organization, but its power and life. That organ, though unseen and noiseless, except to the most attentive lis-

tener, is the seat of life, sending vitality and warmth to the extremities of the whole body. And while it throbs faithfully on in its sphere, it enables the head to will with reason.

If equality in every respect is claimed, then certainly there must be equality in the division of labor and privations: and who of us, after all the equal rights are granted, would be willing to take our chance amidst the turmoil, impudence and neglects of the great multitude. Who of us would forego the thousand offices of kindness, the polite attentions which are constantly shown us by men because we *are* females, and occupy a different sphere from them? The little incident which is told as recently occurring in a railroad car, when a man refused to give up his seat to a woman, saying, "she is an advocate for the woman's rights system, let her take her chance," revealed volumes in regard to the light in which woman would be viewed, and the manner in which she would be treated, if placed on a common level with man.

That woman has intellectual capacities sufficient to meet and discharge the duties of public life we do not deny. That she has capacities to explore the profoundest depths of science, it is vain to contradict. And who has forbidden her research? The fountain of knowledge is as free to her as to any. Neither nature or revelation utter a word against it. She may wield the pen of the ready writer—she may make the canvass glow with life, or the statue speak,—she may climb the mount of song:—all these and more she may attain, and not for a moment lay aside her feminine delicacy and dignity. In the realm of literature, science and art, she may sit as queen.

That she has capacities (which if cultivated in that direction alone,) to climb the mount of fame, to legislate for nations, to control empires, and lead armies to battle and victory, is no disputable fact. History furnishes abundant proof that females can accomplish all these. But are they specimens of amiable, virtuous characters, which we would hold up for our daughters to copy? Do the age and times in which they figured bear marks of intelligence, refinement, and social and domestic happiness? Do not these instances appear as contortions on the page of history, marring what otherwise might have been symmetrical? Who would covet the fame of a Dido, a Jezebel, an Anne Boleyn, or Queen Mary? Who would not rather be noted as the mother who trained her *sons*

to shine in courts and sway sceptres of righteousness?—as the teacher—the mind-former of statesmen and divines?—as the sister who with gentle, loving hand held back her noble daring brother from leaving the path of virtue and true honor? The domestic circle and the school-room are the provinces over which woman reigns, and may reign supreme. Here she lays the basis of future government. Here she instils the principles, which in a few years will be inwoven into the texture of public sentiments and laws by which herself will be governed. Just so much bad influence and wrong teaching as she gives, just so much of oppression and evil doing will be wrought out, when the boy becomes the man. Would that while females are contending for more power and enlarged privileges, they would seize vigorously upon what is already granted them. And we do contend, that while the Creator has made them subordinate to man, He has given them an exalted position: that while He has loaded them with peculiar responsibilities, He exempts them from facing the severe storms, and bearing the heavy burdens of life. While He withholds from them the reins of public power and the right of dictation, He has placed them on an eminence, and covered them with a panoply of protecting love from which it is sin to depart. And what would be attained were the right of suffrage and the chair of office granted to woman? What, but an increase of clashing opinions, and emulation for public favors? No separate ray of light or political tactics could be expected to fall on the female mind, but each would adopt the sentiments of some party, and strenuously maintain them, if not at the point of the bayonet, at the point of the tongue, and what would be gained?—What, but the privilege, shall I say? of depositing a vote in the ballot box, mingling with the rabble, inhaling the smoke, listening to the bets and oaths, and witnessing the fights and rows of a town-meeting day, at the expense of wounded delicacy, and neglected duties in other relations.

The right to medical knowledge is another which is strongly urged at the present time. This we would urge too. Who, if not the mother, needs to understand the physical constitution, the laws by which it is governed, and the remedies to be applied, when that constitution becomes deranged or impaired? Physiology should be a leading study in all our schools, while every proper opportunity for gaining medical knowledge should be improved by females. But to

the study of medicine, with a view to its practice as a profession there are some of the same objections as to their taking any profession or occupation which will make them conspicuous actors before the public, and bring them in contact with the rougher elements of society; beside the exposure of health consequent upon such a profession. It is argued "that females make the best nurses"—true, "and hence they would make the best physicians." In this as in the other instances named, we venture no doubt of the competency of the female powers to acquire the knowledge, and carry to complete success the practice of medicine. Things may be lawful which are not expedient, and it is *possible* for females to accomplish what does not seem lawful or proper. The most delicate susceptibilities become hardened by the contemplation of scenes and subjects which at first made them writhe. The keen sensibilities and finer feelings which are so prominent in the female character, and which so admirably fit her for her peculiar relations to society, must be tortured, if not entirely overcome by the study and every-day practice as a physician. While the soft hand, the kind nursing, and patient endurance of woman is indispensable in the sick chamber, the feelings shrink from one who can nerve herself to go voluntarily to the dissecting room, or lead her to look the most revolting scenes of distress in the face, as the business of life. Where duty and necessity call let woman prepare herself to go, if it be to fell the trees of the forest, or meet the lion in his lair. There are sometimes extreme cases which require extreme efforts to meet their demands. But God made man with greater physical strength and less susceptible feelings, to meet the great emergencies, to perform the public drudgery, and fight the battles in the out-door world—to be the shield and protector of her who is to cheer, and beautify, and bless the world within; to be the dew of life, noiseless but refreshing:—unseen amid the storms and winds which sweep over society, but glistening in the sunlight, and exhaling the odor of flowers. And in a country like ours, where there are men of intelligence, and of virtue sufficient to meet these emergencies and perform the heavier toils, does duty call females to the same posts?

Medical knowledge seems necessary for the wives of our missionaries to the heathen, as they go where there are few, if any physicians, and are obliged to prescribe for body as well as soul; and special provisions should be made for them to attain this knowledge.

There is still another phase of this subject which we wish to look at for a moment. The argument, which is used to show the importance of having female physicians, that it would be more consonant, many times, with modesty and delicacy, has weight: yet how does this accord with the efforts and arguments, to have our medical colleges thrown open to female as well as male students; where they must of course promiscuously attend to the investigation and illustration of the most delicate subjects. And again, what martyrs to delicacy, for the benefit of the sex, those females must be who, even with no male students around them, are daily receiving instructions on these subjects from male professors, and these not their fathers, husbands, or brothers either. Consistency is a jewel, wherever found.

But most to be repudiated, is that sickly false delicacy, which leads multitudes of females to listen to lectures and explanations of the human system from men, if not of doubtful, yet unknown character, while they would blush to consult their virtuous, faithful family physician on the same subjects. These lectures are advertised as "*expressly for females*," as though the most profound respect for modesty and the largest desire to impart necessary information, dictated the whole movement, when it may be questioned whether it is not for the gratification of a sensual purpose. Some may receive instruction which is useful to them. But is it not to be feared that such familiar exhibitions of subjects which, in some respects, ought to be kept estranged, tend to weaken the barriers of virtue in the mind, especially of the young. If we must have this knowledge, let us have it from minds that we *know* are intelligent, and lips that we *know* are pure.

After all the investigations and discussions as to the proper sphere of woman, we come to the conclusion that that sphere is *home;* for that let her be *educated.* Not educated in the lowest sense, to make a mere *place*, where a family may *stay*, to eat, drink and sleep, but a *home* for the intellect and affections—a sacred shrine where are treasured the purest, sweetest joys of earth. There she will find the secret of her power. There she can wield an influence far more important for the good of her country, and more honorary to herself, than to share in its legislations or acquire any of its public distinctions.

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

THE accompanying lines, penned for a dear brother in the ministry, are a memorial of a beloved mother now in heaven, SARAH THOMAS HUNTLEY, to whose prayers and pious instructions the writer is indebted, instrumentally, for a hope in Christ, and who was for more than thirty years the faithful wife, and assistant laborer of a Gospel Ranger, now the revered pastor of a New Hampshire Baptist church.

She was born in the metropolis of England, but cast in childhood by a capricious fortune in a wild, picturesque vale of the Green Mountains. A gay lover of the world and seeker of pleasure, she became at the age of twenty-six a lover of Jesus, and a zealous seeker of souls. She had been sprinkled in infancy in St. Paul's, and carefully educated in the ritual of the Church of England: but after her conversion, united with a Baptist Church, and remained such until her death. Possessed of uncommon energy and quickness of parts; cultivated manners and powers of conversation, with a warm heart, she gave herself up, as a devoted missionary to the poor and neglected among the highlands of northern New England. And during the first seventeen years of her self-denying toils, untold sufferings and sacred joys, she was engaged with her husband in more than twenty precious revivals; during which period her husband received no stated remuneration, for theirs was emphatically a mission to the *poor*, and many a thrilling instance might be named of her having been compelled to walk by faith, trusting her little ones to Him who commissioned the ravens to his beloved.

Though Mrs. Huntley travelled extensively with her husband, and labored unweariedly in Bible classes, in sabbath schools, in benevolent societies, in tract distribution, in prayer meetings, in inquiry meetings, and from house to house—yet the rights of hospitality; the sorrows of the mourner and distressed; the small social charities of every-day life, or the home comforts of her own household were never forgotten or neglected. And she managed to train up with care a large family of children, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" every one of whom who arrived to an age of responsibility, she lived to see members of the Christian Church.

Her works lie sealed in the hidden past, but a treasured name lingers still, not only in the hearts of her children, but with nume

rous others who, through the blessing of God, we have reason to believe were brought to saving grace by her fervent prayers, and labors. Many who, no doubt in the resurrection morning, will rise up from the hills of Vermont, the vales of New Hampshire, the hamlets of Canada, of New York; and the Isles of Lake Champlain, to sing, with her the song of the Lamb, in the regions of bliss.

MOTHER.

She pressed me to her heart-strings
 Which throbb'd,—Oh! painfully—
But Jesus bade me leave her
 And speed far o'er the sea.
And say'st thou, O my brother!
 The loved has passed away?
Say'st thou for us no mother
 Now lives to watch and pray?

Yet peace,—the heaven—harps whisper,
 While soft their tremblings stray,
And round me seem to linger
 To woo my tears away.

Long years we saw dear mother
 Grow pale in want and care;
With weary heart and wandering,
 Our father's toils to share,
And oft, did sorrowing trial
 Her path with shadows strow;
For pain and self-denial
 Th' Evangelist's wife must know

But still thy name shall waken
 On green New England shores
A sweet, a holy fragrance
 From mem'ry's sacred stores,
Nor shall thy pitying labors
 On northern icy plains,
Be all untold by angels
 Who marked thy prayers and pains.

No, no, my holy mother!
 While here we sadly bow,
A wreath of starry brilliants
 Adorns thy sainted brow.

Yet thou art there all radiant,
Mid sweet symphonious choirs,—
Bright sister bands triumphant
O'er earth's annealing fires.

Then hark,—O hark, my brother!
That voice that floats along;
"Gird faith—be strong—nor falter—
Wake, wake the slumbering throng

ELLEN H. B. MASON.

THE RABBIT'S INSTINCT.

AFTER George's rabbit had once run away, and come so near making his escape in the woods, his little master kept very close watch over him, showing that he felt a little jealous, and a little fearful that he had not the first place in Beauty's heart after all his boasting talk.

I cannot tell you exactly how the rabbit felt, but I suppose that though he loved George and Harriet, and felt perfectly contented with them; yet, when he got out in the fields, and smelt the air of his native woods, and heard the wind rustling among the trees, a recollection of something he had almost forgotten came over him, and he began to call to mind his old home and old companions; then, perhaps, he said to himself, "I will just run over there, and see how I like it." If he had fairly got into the woods, and found companions there, it is very probable he would soon have forgotten the kind little boy and girl who loved him so much. When at night he lay down among the leaves, he would not have cared a fig for the nice, new house George had built for him; and when he was getting his breakfast among the tender plants, running about to nibble here and there a juicy leaf, just to suit his appetite, he would not have once wished for the piece of bread and cup of sweet milk, which Harriet used to bring him.

And what is the reason that bunny would not miss these comfortable things? Because he was formed to live without them. God has given every little creature he has made enough to make it happy. The Bible tells us, "His tender mercies are over all his works."

He made the birds to fly in the air, and their wings and the air are so nicely fitted for each other that they move in it with pleasure, and that makes a part of their happiness. So the fishes love the water, and the little ants the sand, and the mole to be digging under ground; and all this because God has fitted each of them for these places, and the places for them. Then, perhaps, you will ask, "Is it not very cruel to take them from the place they love, and confine them where they do not choose to stay?" Not cruel, I think, if they are well provided for. It is wrong for a child to *torture* any creature for the sake of amusement; but to give them a new home, and teach them to love it, is a very different thing. This may be done without inflicting much pain, for they have not the memory, and the tender sensibility of children; yet it would not be right to take any thing from their comfort if it would be of no benefit to any one. The inferior animals were made for the service of man, and if to be a companion of some gentle, beautiful creature, which God has made, will make a child more gentle and affectionate, then the little creature considers it one of the highest purposes for which it was created.

George's parents saw that he had a restless, daring spirit, and they wished to make him more gentle and domestic. In the course of a few years he became much more quiet, contented, and home-loving, and the companionship of Spring and Beauty, with all other means of enjoying home which his parents were careful to provide, had the effect which they desired.

"I see now," said his sister Eliza, who was three years older than he, "how wise father and mother are, to allow George to have plenty of amusements at home, and just such as are suited to his taste. James Morton and Charles Wilder, both had the same tastes and dispositions, but they had no pleasures at home which they really enjoyed, and one of them followed the circus riders off, and joined their company, and the other has gone to sea without the consent of his parents."

L. L. H.

"Verily they are all thine; freely mayest thou serve thee of them all. They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kindness. Gratitude to their God and thine—their Father and thy Father."

THE LITTLE GIRL'S HEART.

A MOTHER has sent the following for insertion in our volume. She says, "My little Harrietta, who died three years ago, was so captivated with it, that she cut it from a paper and placed it in the family Bible, where it has remained until now."

"PA," said Maria suddenly, one day after she had been thinking for some time, "Pa, what does heart mean? When you talk about my heart, I can't think of any thing but those gingerbread hearts that we eat."

"You know, dear, that your heart is not any thing which you can see."

"O yes, pa, I know that, I know my heart is not like those, but I want to know what it is like."

"You know there is something within you, which loves and hates; this something is your heart. So when God says, 'Give me your heart,' he means, 'Love me.'"

"Pa, it seems as if I wanted to love God, but I don't know how."

"You know how to love me, don't you?"

"O yes, papa."

"But I never told you how to love me."

O, but that is very different."

"Different—how?"

"Why, papa, I see you, and know all about you, and you love me."

"Do you love nobody that you have never seen, Maria?"

"I don't know, papa; yes, to be sure, I love grand-papa, and uncle George, and aunt Caroline. But then I have heard you talk about them, papa, and I know that you love them, and they have sent me presents."

"So I have talked to you about God, and you know that I love Him, and he has made you more presents than every body else in the world. Besides, you love people sometimes who have never given you any thing, and whom none of us have ever seen. Don't you remember little Henry and his bearer?"

"Yes, papa, I love Henry, I am sure."

"You see then it is possible to love the characters of people whom you have never seen. Now, the character of God is infinitely lovely; He deserves to be loved more than all other beings together; and if you love those who have been kind to you, only think what God has done for you. He gave you parents to take care of you, when you could not take care of yourself; he has given you food, and clothing, and health, and friends; he has watched over you by night and by day, and when you were sick he has made you well; and now, when he comes to you, after all this, and says, 'My daughter, give me thine heart,' you say, 'No, I can't, I don't know how; I can love my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, but I cannot love God, who gave them all to me.'"

"O, papa, I will, I do love him," replied Maria, with fervor.

"Perhaps you think so now, Maria."

"O, I shall always love him, I know I shall."

Her father smiled.

"Papa, you cannot see into my heart—how do you know that I do not love God?"

"Suppose you should come to me every day, and say, 'Dear papa, how I love you,' and then go right away and disobey me—could I believe you?"

"No, papa."

"Well, dear, how can I believe that you love God, when I see you every day doing those things which he forbids?"

Maria could not reply to this, and so the conversation closed. She was obliged to confess to herself that her father had spoken the truth, but still she thought it no evidence that she did not love God. "I never thought," said she to herself, "that when I am cross to George, or any thing like that, I was sinning against God; at least, it never seemed as if He minded any thing about it; and I did not think about His being so good either; but now I remember it, I shall never do so again, and then pa will *see* that I love God."

"I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

THE SUNSHINE OF HOME.

BY H. W.

"We must say our prayers, Ella," said little Mary, as her sister, already undressed, was about to lie down in their little bed.

"I am not going to say my prayers any more," replied Ella.

"Not going to say them any more? Not say 'Our Father!'" exclaimed Mary, as she stopped untying her shoes, and looking at Ella in amazement. "How shall we go to heaven if we do not say our prayers!"

"I don't want to go to heaven, if Aunt Martha is going to be there," said the child, "and if it is going to be always Sunday. Oh I'm so tired to-night, and I wish it would never be Sunday again."

"When dear mamma was alive," said Mary, "the Sundays used to seem different to me, for now they are very long; but we shall never see dear mamma unless we try to be good, never, never!" Ella burst into tears. "Do come and kneel down with me, Ella dear," continued Mary, "and we'll say our prayers together."

With quivering voices, and blinding tears, the two little ones knelt together, and offered their evening prayers. They had just lain down when Aunt Martha came for the light. Seeing the tears on Ella's face, she enquired "what she had been crying for now." There was no answer at first; and the question was sharply repeated.

"At first she did not want to pray," said Mary, "and then,—"

"Crying because she did not want to say her prayers, eh?" interrupted Aunt Martha, "and then we talked about our,—"

"There stop your crying, and go to sleep, and don't let me hear of such doings again; if you do, I'll whip you," said Aunt Martha.

"Such depravity in such a child," said she to her brother, as she went down stairs. "That Ella has been crying because she didn't want to say her prayers. I don't know what will become of her."

The little girls, with their arms about each other, wept themselves to sleep. Mr. Sinclair was a man of business, and since the death

of his wife, two years before, had been most of the time away from home. He had secured Aunt Martha, an elderly maiden sister, to be housekeeper and guardian to his motherless little daughters, mainly because she was capable, and prudent, and withal a woman who prided herself on 'minding her own business' and abjuring what she considered new-fangled notions. She was a professor of religion, and strictly observant of all its outward forms, but had not a tithe of that "Charity which hopeth all things." She believed with Solomon, that the rod was indispensable in training perverse childhood; but she did *not* believe in that love which blesseth little children, and saith, "of such, is the kingdom of heaven." Mr. Sinclair saw that his children were quiet and subdued; the house was orderly and still; he knew that they were taken to church, and that the commandments, and the catechism were studied every Sabbath; he saw nothing wrong in their demeanor, and beyond these, he thought or cared little.

Ah! there was much that he could *not* see. The bright hopes and aspirations checked, the desires and impulses thwarted, the gushing waters of affection's fountain, turned harshly back to their source; the sunshine of life shut out of those young hearts, and the beautiful religion of love and hope, which Jesus taught, made to appear cold, and dark, and gloomy.

Mary was seven years old, conscientious and thoughtful, quiet and gentle in her way. Ella was five:—an impulsive, lively, affectionate little creature, perverse under harsh restraint, but whom the finger of love could guide where it would.

It was the week before Christmas, and many a young heart beat lightly, and sober faces were growing bright in prospect of the cheerful gatherings and gifts of the festal day. In Mr. Sinclair's house, however, Christmas was no different from other days. He was too busy to attend to it, and Aunt Martha said that "this making so much parade about Christmas, was contrary to her bringing up, and she should not have the children's heads filled with such 'notions.' On the present occasion, however, a little schoolmate of the children's, was to have a Christmas tree, and the matter was talked over, and dwelt upon at school, with the keenest delight. At last a note of invitation was sent to Mary and Ella, and delivered to them at school. The joyous exultation with which it was read, soon changed to apprehension.

"Aunt Martha will not let us go!" said Ella.

"Oh, perhaps she will, if we are *very* good," replied Mary "At any rate I'll ask papa, and *perhaps he'll let us.*" With more than childish prudence and tact, the note was concealed till dusk, when "father" came home. Seated together in a corner of the sofa they waited an opportunity when Aunt Martha should go out of the room to see about tea, to present it. How long she sat and knit vigorously as ever, while the domestic was bringing in the supper; and how their little hearts beat, lest she should not go at all! At last, however, she reached the "middle of the needle," and laying down her knitting went out of the room. But father was reading the newspaper. Should they interrupt him? for that was a forbidden thing. The impatient little Ella, however, could brook no longer delay. She slid off the sofa, and approaching him, said softly, "Father!" He still went on reading. "Father," she ventured again. "Be quiet, child, I'm reading now," he answered. "But won't you read a note that we've got to show you?" persevered the child.

"A note! where is it?" said Mr. Sinclair. Mary eagerly brought it, and the two children stood by his side. He finished the article he was reading in the paper, and then laying it down, proceeded to unfold and read the note. The two children looked at each other, as his eye glanced over it. Just then the door opened, and Aunt Martha entered. "What is that?" said she, seeing her brother reading the note, and observing the children's interest.

"Only an invitation for the children to attend a Christmas gathering, at Mr. Russell's," he replied.

"May we go, father?"' asked both the children at once. "Just as Aunt Martha thinks best about it," he replied.

"They are going to have a Christmas tree," said Mary. "And we should have such a beautiful time!" added Ella.

"Hush, children!" said Aunt Martha, "you won't go, so there's an end of the matter. Now sit down and be still, and say no more about it!" With Aunt Martha, *stillness* was one of the cardinal virtues.

They seated themselves at the table. "Why do you think they had better not go, Martha?" said Mr. Sinclair.

"Because, it's the ruin of children going to such places. The more they go, the more they'll want to; besides going out in

evenings makes children sick and cross, and I've enough to do now without having 'em sick. They'll be wanting a Christmas tree themselves next year, if they go to that. It was no longer ago than yesterday that Ella was asking me, if she were to hang up her stocking Christmas Eve, if Santa Claus would come down the chimney, and fill it with presents! A pretty parcel of such wickedness they pick up at school!"

This speech was delivered before the children were helped, but the food now placed on Ella's plate, remained untasted. A look of sorrowful disappointment shaded Mary's face, but Ella's grief was keener; and at the sharp question, "why don't you eat your supper, child," the tears which had been gathering in her eyes, rolled down her cheeks, and she burst into a passionate fit of weeping. "Go up stairs, this instant!" said Aunt Martha, and the child withdrew to her room, and throwing herself on the floor, sobbed hysterically. "There, John," said Aunt Martha to her brother, "now you've seen a specimen of that child's temper when she is crossed; you couldn't believe she was so bad, but now you see for yourself!"

TWO IN HEAVEN.

"You have two children," said I.

"I have four," was the reply; "two on earth, two in heaven."

There spoke the mother! Still hers! only "gone before!" Still remembered, loved, and cherished, by the hearth and at the board; their places not yet filled, even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where *their* dying heads were pillowed. "Two in heaven!" Safely housed from storm and tempest; no sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures; tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold. "Two in heaven!" Earth less attractive! Eternity nearer! Invisible cords, drawing the maternal soul upwards. "Still small" voices, ever whispering *come!* to the world, weary spirit. "Two in heaven!" Mother of angels, walk softly! Holy eyes watch thy footsteps, cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth taint; so shalt thou "go to them," though "they may not return to thee."

THE CURE FOR FEAR.

BY E. S.

On the 10th of October, 1846, I sailed from New York for London. The steamer which brought home the delegates to the Christian Union Convention had just arrived in port, after a perilous voyage, during which they had at one time given up all expectation of life; and in the near view of eternity had committed themselves into the hands of the God whom they feared, and who they felt was "able to keep that which they committed to him against that day;" but in his good providence he caused the storm to abate, and they arrived safe, thankful that they had not found a watery grave.

The morning was fine, the wind fair, and the vessel, the good ship Mediator, sound, the captain kind and gentlemanly; and in high spirits we hoped for a safe and speedy voyage. While the pilot steamer accompanied us, every thing was exhilarating, but no sooner had she left, than the waves of the sea, dashing and foaming from the late storm, occasioned our vessel to pitch and roll violently, and the passengers betook themselves to their berths. The wind rising, increased the motion of the vessel, and repose was impossible, Sea sickness attacked us, and we all felt sleepless and fearful. But little was said, and that little any thing but comforting. The hatchway was closed, and the waves beating violently against the sides of the vessel, and dashing on the deck, made us feel that there was but a plank "between us and death."

My little daughter lay beside me, and I heard her gentle whispering voice, repeating the Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I will not fear." The words gave a sudden turn to my thoughts, and *thankfully*, *rejoicingly*, I united with her in repeating the same. An excellent Christian friend who was near, joined us. The 91st, commencing, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty—I will say of the Lord He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in him will I trust," was repeated, with many other of the precious passages in God's word, calculated to inspire confidence, hope and peace. Our

minds became not merely calm but joyful, and our voices were raised in singing

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

And again—

"The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas.
This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love
He will send down his heavenly power
To carry us above."

Sweetly encouraged by these sentiments, a heavenly calm pervaded our souls, and we felt willing to "pass through the sea to glory," if such our Father's will. Our singing drew the attention of our fellow passengers, and when we ceased, four Germans, with voices harmoniously attuned, commenced an anthem. We understood not the words, except the precious name of Jesus was oft repeated. The music had a soothing influence on all, so that we shortly fell asleep, and rested as well as when at *home*.

Such was the result of an idea suggested by a child. I trust my young friends who read this will treasure up in their memory the promises and precepts of God's word, and as a Sabbath School Superintendent used to say, "lay them on shelves, that you may know where to find them in time of need." But for the gentle whisper I have mentioned, we should all probably have passed an anxious, sleepless night. But "God giveth his beloved sleep." Those who trust in him are kept in "perfect peace," in every circumstance and trial of life: and it is only when we take the eye of faith from Jesus, and cast it as Peter did on the dark clouds, and still darker waters, that we begin to sink in despondency. The remainder of our voyage was pleasant with a few days exception, and we arrived in London on the 4th of November, thankful to our God for his mercy, who had brought us to our "desired haven."

THE VALUE OF THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT TO SOCIETY.

BY REV. I. BEVAN.

It is common for some persons to trace all the evils now existing in society to its established forms of organization. The present structure of society is with them a kind of Pandora's jar, from which in all their diversified but ugly forms, issue every species of misery by which man is afflicted in his varied relations and conditions in life. This is the bitter fountain, the source of all poisonous streams, whose waters, instead of producing health and fertility, bring with them suffering and death in all their course. Man is ignorant, debased, vicious, and discontented, because the machinery of his social relations is not properly adjusted, or is disjointed and deranged. *Man*, the abstraction, is a very good sort of being, but ruined by *society*. The *raw material*, man, is of prime quality, but the *manufacturer*, society, with his clumsy and ill-adjusted machinery, turns out a bad article. *Man* is a beautiful being, but *society* a deformed monster. *Man* is the incarnation of goodness and innocence, but *society* a demon of evil and crime.

For all the evils and sufferings of the human race these individuals can discover but one remedy—the reconstruction of the frame work of society. This is their specific—the sovereign panacea—for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Let society be right in its organization, and man will be right. Let the machinery be well adjusted and made to work with philosophic precision and regularity, and the manufactured article will be as good as the raw material. Thus worked he will be a fabric of great worth and beauty. He will be as good in his life, as he is in his birth. He will be as virtuous and pure in his development, as he is in the spring and germ of his existence. Let society but do its duty in untying the hands of man, and how wondrously and admirably will he work out his own destiny. Let the tyrant, society, but remove those clogs and weights it has hung around the neck of man, and he will at once stand up in all his noble dignity as a redeemed humanity. Let society remove the seal which it has placed upon the hidden fountain

of man's goodness, then will flow out in exhaustless bounty the streams of all virtue and happiness. Let society but draw aside the curtain of its own sable night, and then the world will speedily burst into the broad day of a glorious millenium. Then will men be free, and will be as gods, knowing good and evil.

Theorists of this character may mean well. They may have some claims to our respect (at least in some instances,) for decided excellences of character. They may be distinguished for superior abilities, considerable intelligence, persevering industry, and honesty of intentions. Justice requires that we should accord due credit to them for whatever is deserving. But it will always be found that their philosophy is "falsely so called," and in reference to man's individual or social interests, is derived from any other than its own pure source—the Bible. Hence they come ultimately to discard that book as antiquated, and denounce all its institutions as worse than useless, standing in the way of modern progress. They are to man, *socially* and *morally*, what empirics and quacks are *physiologically* and *hygeianly*. They are very much like men who, when they find traveling rendered somewhat inconvenient and uncomfortable by mountains and valleys, should wish to have all the inequalities of the earth reduced to a dead level. This should be the grand remedy for all the evils of traveling.

The foundations of man's social relations as they now scripturally exist, are as indestructible as man himself in his present form or state of existence. To make a radical change in these relations, it would be necessary to introduce him into a new and different state, and mode of being. The only *true improvement* to society, and the only remedy to its evils that will be correct and effectual, must, therefore, rest upon, and be in perfect harmony with these same foundations. Nothing can be really true or safe that aims to sap, or in the least to disturb these. The family, including the marriage and parental relations, is the natural and divinely instituted *social organization*. Communism, the unnatural and human. The church, not as a hierarchy, but as a simple local institution, is the divinely constituted *associational organization*. These are the two great organized sources of good to man as a social and religious being. These are fundamental and permanent, and as they have preceded, will out-live all others. Man's true elevation and happiness require that these should be preserved sacred and inviolate.

All others, really to benefit man, must be in perfect harmony with these. All others without, or in antagonism to these, must always prove inimical to man's best interests, and can not but ultimately fail. These act reciprocally upon, and in harmony with each other in conserving and promoting all that is true and good in man's social condition. It is where these exist in their true simplicity, and in their greatest purity and power, undisturbed by other and doubtful organizations, that man attains to the highest degree of personal excellence, and of social virtue and happiness. It is, therefore, safe for us to decide upon the true character of every attempt made to benefit society, whether organized or unorganized, by the relations it sustains to these.

Such an institution as the Sabbath-school comes between these, not to divide but to unite; not for evil, but for good; not to assume the responsibilities of parents, nor to release them from duty, nor to presume for a moment to occupy the place of the church. Each of these is left in its own natural and divinely ordained state, unimpeded and uninterrupted in the exercise of its own power, and in the flow of its own duty and influence. The church, when pure and scriptural in its organization and character, is the clear mountain lake, and the Sabbath-school one of its outlets. The Sabbath-school is a nursery to the church, and a fruit-yard or garden to the family. Its relations to society are, therefore, most valuable and important, because so natural and harmonious, so friendly and subservient to the great designs of its true organization. It is a natural offshoot or adjunct of the church, by which it seeks to diffuse in society the religious element, and, therefore, exists only for its highest good.

What does society need for its most beneficial and successful development? What does man need to render his social relations and condition healthful, pleasant, and happy? We may say, that he needs the means of subsistence—employment well remunerated—business that is productive and profitable—education, intelligence, and freedom, under a well organized form of government. He needs good laws and faithfully administered. But he may have all these, and yet be socially debased and unblessed. Society, with all these, may be any thing else than peaceful, virtuous, and happy; and by its deterioration may soon greatly endanger, if not effectually destroy all we have stated.

What then is its greatest want? What is of highest social value to man? Is it not another and more important element than any of those just mentioned? Is it not an element that can give healthful power and efficiency to all others, and the only one that is adequate to do this? And what element is that but the religious? That which is found to consist in the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ whom He hath sent into the world. The element that is implanted as a divine seed in every regenerated soul: that is combined, nurtured, and embodied in every church, that by its prayerfulness and activity, the purity of its faith and consistency of its practice, possesses and developes the true scriptural life. It is the element of health and power which such a church labors to distribute through all the ramifications of society. Religion thus contemplated comprehends the proper recognition of God's claims, and a due regard for the rights of man: a reconciled submission to God as the great Sovereign and Lawgiver of the universe through Jesus Christ, and true love to all mankind. In the case of every man who truly possesses it, God finds his true place, and is supreme; His will is law, and that law imperative. Man is a brother, and the object of brotherly care and affection. The fear and love of God, faith in, and submission to Christ, become at once governing principles, and controlling man in all his relations to society. Religion gives to man the true knowledge of all his relations to God and to his fellow-man. It also imbues him with the true sentiment and spirit of all these relations. It vitalizes in his mind the great idea of *right* in its reference to his Creator and to his fellow-creature. It gives living energy and control to the spirit of loyalty, and to the sentiments of justice and goodness. It redeems him from selfishness, lust and passion. It makes him free—a freed man indeed, as in Christ he is regenerated, pardoned and justified—free to do and to enjoy good. The law is put in his mind, and written upon his heart, and it is the law of love. The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus makes him free from the law of sin and death. He has his freedom, but by the power and as the subject of this law. He possesses and enjoys it in the bonds of filial love and genuine allegiance to God; in the spirit of simple and childlike submission and obedience to Christ: in the cords of fraternal affection and friendship to man.

Here then is the true power of the religious element in man. It

is the power of knowledge—the highest knowledge. It is the power of redemption from sin in its dominion and penalty. It is the power of law, in its noblest and best form—of love. It is the power of God in all his justice, holiness and grace in and over man. It is the power of Christ in saving and blessing man by turning him from all his iniquities and winning him to truth and goodness. This throne of power it sets up in the individual man. It restores and re-establishes in the empire of his own soul the rightful authority and government of God. It applies the remedy at once to the real and radical cause of all that man suffers or can suffer individually and socially—*his selfishness.* As is its true efficacy in man, so does he become unselfish and noble. So does he become like God, his Heavenly Father, and like Christ, his precious Saviour. And so is he moulded and fashioned after the true model for all the duties and relations of social life. The religious is the most valuable and important element to society, because it is the only regenerator of the individual man. In this way it promotes most certainly and successfully its order, peace, usefulness and prosperity. It is the great power to conserve and advance its true and great interests without any loss or detriment to any of its institutions. It subverts and destroys only that which is evil, but confirms and sustains all that is good. Its work is a radical and foundation work in the individual, and through its individual members it aims to leaven society with its own godlike and ennobling principles. It casts the salt of its own truth and grace into the living human springs to heal their deleterious waters.

What a weight of responsibility rests upon religious parents, Sabbath-school teachers and other Christians in their relations to society. They are the living depositaries of its great element of health, of virtue and true happiness. They are the agents God is pleased to employ to confer upon society its highest benefits, by the diffusion of this element. They by their active and consistent course, are to give to churches their strength, beauty and efficiency. It is thus the ordinances and ministry of churches are sustained and made a blessing to the world.

It is placed in the power of Christian parents and teachers to confer this benefit upon society through the young, by imbuing them with the great and living principles of the Bible. With the promised blessing of God, they can graft the religious element upon

the young shoot or tree, and secure *good fruit*, as its first fruit. They can sow the good seed in the virgin soil of society. Let them feel the magnitude of this truth, and be animated by a noble consciousness of the inestimable good, God has made it possible for them to accomplish. Let them with humble but firm reliance upon the Saviour, gird themselves anew to the work as God's husbandry, as God's builders in society. Let them have a sleepless care for the young, and sow in their hearts the seed of all that is honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report. Let them do their part of the great work of laying broad and deep the foundations of society, and of rearing the most ample and durable fortifications. It is thus they will succeed in raising the strong barriers that shall effectually restrain vice and lawlessness, and in wielding that arm of power that will suppress riot and rowdyism, and that will protect property, person and character. Thus they will employ the mighty cords which will bind men together in all the relations of the social state in the most peaceful, honorable and happy manner. And they will do all this for society, when its members are in their forming state. They will accomplish a work for society which the best of statesmen, and the wisest of legislators will find themselves wholly inadequate to bring about, as they will bring up its juvenile members in the "nurture and discipline of the Lord."

The *moral* are the highest and greatest wants of man in all his relations. These it is wise and of the greatest importance to meet in the earliest stages of his history and progress. Let them be neglected or but imperfectly attended to, and the uniform result is that society becomes increasingly corrupt and disorderly. Its foundations will be easily destroyed. Its relations will too generally be the fruit of passion, and formed in haste. They will, therefore, hang loosely together, and will frequently end in sad and disgraceful dissolution. The family will be the scene of perpetual disorder, and home the arena of bitter and endless strife and bickering. The contagion will spread, and our streets will be the scenes of lawless violence, of noisy brawls and of deadly feuds. We shall look almost in vain for filial duty, for purity of love and conjugal fidelity. We shall find man every where regardless of the rights of his fellow-man, and a depredator upon all the sources and elements of his social peace, purity and enjoyment. The evil is inherent in every human heart. It is only to let it alone uncared for, or not

suitably attended to, and it soon developes itself. It soon becomes rampant in its growth of passion and lawlessness. Its harvest of vice and misery will speedily ripen.

Our great work then is to meet the moral wants of man in his infancy and youth. We possess the requisite means. It is only for us to use them with skill and fidelity, looking to God for his blessing. We have the great element to meet all these wants. The element of religion, of God's word, which He by his Spirit employs in making of depraved and guilty man a new creation. We are, therefore, to seek the earliest and most effectual application of this saving and reforming element, in the genuine conversion of the young. This must be our high aim. With nothing short of this can we be reasonably satisfied, as the friends of society, because thus alone can the correct mould and truly safe direction be given to its individual members. It is thus alone we lay the true foundation of character, of usefulness and happiness. Man in this way is made what he should be in his earliest developments, in his first and highest relations, those he sustains to God. If right in these, and supplied with a knowledge of his duties, and with the continued means of religious culture, he can but be right in society, and society can not but become as a fruitful field or the garden of the Lord.

WANTED: AN HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS BOY.

An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it, boys; will you answer this description? Can you apply for this situation? Are you sure that *you* will be wanted? You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—are you *honest?* You may be capable—are you *industrious?* You may be well-dressed and create a favorable impression at first sight—are you both honest and industrious? You may apply for a "good situation"—are you sure that your friends, teachers, acquaintances, can recommend you for these qualities? O, how would you feel, your character not being established, on hearing the words, "can't employ you." Nothing else will make up for the lack of these qualities. No readiness or aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious—must work and labor: then will your "calling and election" for places of profit and trust be made sure.

MY MOTHER.

BY W. G. BROWNE.

A deeper shade than that of earth
Rests on my weary soul to-night;
Dear Mother! thou who gav'st me birth!
Where dwell'st thou in the world of light!

I watched thy last expiring breath,
And almost heard thy victory-shout,
As in the silent sea of death
Thy flickering lamp of life went out!

Upon the rugged mountain's brow
Thy form with kindred dust we laid;
One green tree waves above thee now,
Like that thy memory ne'er shall fade.

I've marked yon stars with lingering gaze,
I know thou sing'st to-night with them,
O might I catch one note of praise,
One song that tells of Bethlehem!

In vain, in vain—no mortal ear
May learn their holy hymns of love,
No eye may see the forms they wear
Beyond the pearly gates above.

Yet often in my midnight dreams
Thou com'st, as when on earth, the same;
Mid wonted haunts, by childhood streams,
I take thy hand and call thy name.

My Mother! other forms may sleep
Forgotten in death's silent sea;
One treasure in my heart I keep,
Thou never wilt be dead to me!



THE ACCEPTED OFFERING.

BY J. BELCHER, D. D.

Matt. xxvi. 6–13; Mark xiv. 3–9; John xii. 3–8.

She loved her Saviour, and to him
 Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
 No gift too rare she thought.

And though the prudent worldling frowned,
 And thought the poor bereft,
Christ's humble friend sweet comfort found,
 For he approved the gift.

ANON.

We turn to it,—as to a thing
Gentle, compassionate, pure, holy, good,
And the heart's better feelings as they cling
Unto its memory, lead us, as they should,
To genuine virtue's most congenial mood;
Not taught by speculative creeds, which draw
The mind's attention from its heavenly food;
We feel this truth impressed with holy awe,
That LOVE is in itself, fulfilment of God's law.

BARTON.

WHO has not felt deeply interested in what we may call the pastoral visits of the Lord Jesus? Joyfully would any of us leave the public procession, with all its gay pageantry, to hear him converse for half an hour with two or three friends. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in her inimitable "Mayflower," introduces the lovely picture as delineated by her old friend "Father Morris," of the visits of Jesus to his favorite family, some two miles from the city. "The great bustling city of Jerusalem first rises to view, and you are told with great simplicity, how the Lord Jesus 'used to get tired of the noise;' and how he was 'tired of preaching again and again, to people that would not mind a word he said;' and how, when it came evening, he used to go out and see his friends in Bethany. Then he told about the house of Martha and Mary: 'a little white house among the trees,' he said, 'you could just see it from Jerusalem.' And there the Lord Jesus and his disciples used to go and sit in the evenings, with Martha and Mary, and Lazarus."

Would it not have a happy influence on social Christian parties if the question were sometimes asked, 'How should we spend the evening if the Lord Jesus were present?' Assuredly not in gloom and moroseness, and as certainly not in levity and guilty mirth. Let us look for a moment or two at a pleasant evening spent in the house of a man at Bethany, named Simon, whom Jesus seems to have recovered from the loathsome disease of leprosy. As our Lord and his friends sat at supper, enjoying the cordial hospitality of their host, a female friend stealthily entered the room, carrying in her hand a sealed flask or bottle, containing not less than twelve ounces of a rare and highly valued perfume, called *Nard*, and, breaking the seal, she poured it on his head, and washing his feet with her tears, she wiped them with her hair. This woman was none other than Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, of whom we read else-

where as choosing a seat at the feet of Christ in preference to making preparation for a feast. The event took place almost immediately after the Lord Jesus had raised her brother from the dead, and was probably intended to testify her gratitude to him for that great act of his powerful mercy.

The immortal Bunyan, in his "Jerusalem Sinner Saved," identifies Mary with the penitent sinner, who performed a similar act at the house of Simon, a record of which we have in the seventh chapter of Luke; and in his own graphic style describes his former character, the efforts made by Martha to hear Jesus of Nazareth preach; how she heard him preach on the lost sheep, the lost piece of money, and the prodigal son; how she thought he looked at her, and "sat sobbing and crying all the rest of the sermon;" and goes on to describe her change of dress and manner, her visit to Simon's house after dinner, the conduct she pursued, and the manner in which her course was defended by the holy Redeemer. But the limits very properly assigned to this article will not permit us to turn aside, even for another moment from the accounts we have now before us.

One great fact with which we are struck as connected with the transaction was, that the disciples of Jesus looked on with disapproving surprize. He whose life had been marked with poverty, and who had not unfrequently suffered greatly from hunger, now permits perfume to be used on this single occasion, valued at somewhat more than forty dollars. How could this be accounted for? All were surprized and somewhat angry, but the avaricious, dishonest treasurer, Judas, became absolutely indignant, and, indirectly, at least, reproached his Lord with extravagance. See, Christian sisters, the possibility of your most decided acts of devotedness to Christ being misunderstood. Judas especially, and all the disciples in part, were incapable of forming a just estimate of Mary's feelings. They knew not how fit an emblem that precious perfume was of the gratitude of her heart, which was ready to break with intense holy love for the blessings He had conferred on her. They could not read, as could their Great Master, how fully, not only the ointment, but every power and emotion of her soul were given to him.

Mary spoke not. She very wisely left all her defence to Jesus, who, she knew, read her soul, and could if he thought proper, testify to the purity of her motives and conduct. She was aware, as well as they, that such conduct had never before been shown on the part

of woman, even to the mightiest king or conqueror. But then no such man had ever before been seen on earth, none of the sons of men had ever such power to move the soul, to forgive sin, to give the beginning of heaven on earth, and to conduct his followers to its eternal joys hereafter. No precedent could guide her conduct on this occasion, but the ingenuity of holy love could devise a plan in which that love could be made manifest, and which she was quite willing should be misunderstood and misrepresented by others, provided only that the object of her supreme love was pleased. O! with what anxiety would she look and wait to know how he approved or rejected her offering.

She had not to wait long. The gentle look he gave her, and the tone of the commencement of his reply to Judas and the others, assured her heart that all was right. He knew how near was his burial, when it was customary to show respect for the dead by anointing the body, he knew too that Mary, and others of the same name and character would be miraculously prevented from doing what they would intend, and particularly spoke of this act in reference to his funeral, a fact occurring but once, and therefore not possible in any considerable degree, to injure the poor. Moreover, there is an implied censure on their interference in this matter. It is the duty of every follower of Christ to show his love to his Lord, but no fellow-disciple has a right to dictate the manner in which it should be done. If we have money, who shall tell how much of it, or in what particular manner it shall advance his glory. This woman spent her forty dollars to show her love to Christ, in a different manner than her brethren would have dictated, but her Lord approved, and rebuked their wrong.

But we are most of all struck with the fact that our blessed Lord has stamped immortality on this act, and appointed that "wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there also this, that this woman hath done, shall be told for a memorial of her." And wherefore did he make this arrangement? Assuredly he would impress on the community of every succeeding age the grand truth, that nothing is so powerful to move and elevate the soul as Christianity; and, moreover, that no teacher of philosophy or religion has ever proved so ready to receive the homage of woman, and to place her on a level with man as he himself. These are doctrines we would wish to see fully wrought out, but have not now either time or space for

the work. We are not disposed to place the Jewish women in a degraded state, but rather consider them the most dignified in the world to this day; but Christ brought woman still nearer to moral greatness and happiness; and if one class of mankind owes more to the gospel than another, and is under greater obligations to extend it, it is *woman*. Well, Christian sisters, may you labor as you do for your Lord and Redeemer, for you owe him much, yea, your own-selves also. Emulate your elder sisters in the church of Christ, and give to him yourselves, your children, your wealth, your labors, your all; and like the beloved Mary, you shall find that what is given in faith, humility, and love is an acceptable offering.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

God! thou all-pervading Spirit! all wisdom and might are thine. The most subtle essence acknowledges thy presence—the minutest animalcula is full of thee. The ephemera of a summer's noon that enjoys for an hour its sunny existence, then passes away forever, owes to thee its surprisingly delicate mechanism, its brief vitality. The systems on systems of planets and suns which hold on their ceaseless circuit through interminable space—the stupendous machinery of the universe—is but thy handy-work. Thou art the circumference, the centre, the soul of all that is vast and illimitable in power, of all that is sublime and incomprehensible in intellect. God! the righteous and holy—the absolute—the Eternal! God! the shoreless and fathomless ocean of mercy and love! before thee let cherubim and seraphim cast their crowns—let the whole angelic hosts ascribe to thee honor and power, and dominion and glory forever—and from the recesses of a lowly heart in the deepest vale of humiliation let the ransomed sinner say, 'Alleluia to the Lamb who hath bought him with his blood—alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.'

MATERNAL INFLUENCE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

BY REV. JOHN BERG.

"In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear,
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live."

It is a grand truth proclaimed by inspiration, and confirmed by a close observance of society universally, that "none of us liveth to himself;" that mind has a singular and perpetual influence upon mind, and character upon character; that no member of the human family, however solitary and isolated, is entirely destitute of power, either for good or evil:—that each person living and moving in this great world, is the centre of a circle, from which emanates some influence, operating it may be noiselessly, yet as certainly as the magnet on the needle: and in proportion as his position becomes prominent, will such influence, whether salutary or pernicious, be increased. If this statement be true with reference to society in general, it is specially so, with regard to some relationships and affinities in the present state of existence. And amongst these, none is so distinctly marked as that of the maternal bond. The tie which binds mother to child is so exquisitely tender, and yet so strong, that nothing in the material universe can fully and entirely illustrate it. Maternal affection is almost omnipotent, and God himself has condescended to make use of it, as a figure to express the exquisite tenderness, and undying love which he bears to all his erring children. Now if a mother's love is so potent towards her child, there is also a corresponding power which under God she can wield, so as in a great measure not only to mould the character of her loved one, but to govern its future destiny, in time, and throughout the revolutions of eternity. Perhaps no mother realizes fully the whole of the responsibility which attaches itself to the maternal relationship, and comparatively few are aware of the amount of influence they can exert in the formation of human character. To

them specially is the admonition applicable "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." A father's influence is great, but a mother's is mighty; the one may resemble the rough north wind which compels the tall sons of the forest to bow their heads, while the other is as the gentle delicious zephyr with its enchantment, sweeping over the delicate flowers of the garden. The one as the heavy shower deluging the earth, the other as the silent fertilizing dew which imperceptibly carries life and health to all vegetation. The one as the solemn tones of thunder, the other as the aromatic perfume of the violet insinuating itself mysteriously where sternness and strength cannot force themselves. Christian mother, there is no teaching like yours, no lessons so forcible and indelible as those imparted by you, when accompanied by the warm gushings of maternal solicitude and affection.

In this article, which shall be as brief and concentrated as possible, we wish to impress it upon the mind of all mothers who are readers of the Journal, that to a very great extent it depends on them, what the character of their children shall be. That to them is committed a great trust, for which they are responsible to God. That on them the eyes of this great Republic are steadily fixed for the training of virtuous, enlightened, patriotic sons, and gentle, amiable, lovely, and intelligent daughters, which shall be an honor to their country, and a blessing to the world, when the present actors shall have left the stage, and are sleeping in the quiet sepulchre.

There are several departments in the training of a family, over which a mother's influence is to be exerted, and which should call forth her constant and intense solicitude; all these however may be classed under the three following: Physical health, Mental culture, and Piety.

With regard to the first of these, in expressing a few thoughts and suggestions, we do not wish to take the professor's chair of Pathology, or to offer any lengthened remarks, but merely to remind mothers that it ought to be one of their first concerns to look, vigilantly and closely, to the well being of their children in this respect: to study the laws of health, and see to it, that no infraction of those laws be allowed. For the want of this, many a child is like a delicate flower nipped in the bud, and never after able to develope its vivacity and strength. In consequence of the neglect of this great

duty, many are sickly all through life, and never attain to robust health, and therefore their qualification for usefulness is considerably diminished. There has unquestionably been much wrong training with regard to physical health; disobedience to natural laws has entailed severe penalties, and as a consequence, many are weak, who might have been strong, many are feeble, instead of sturdy, dejected and desponding, instead of cheerful and joyous. Oh why should the roses so soon fade from the cheeks of so many of the fair daughters of America, and why should the fire that kindles in the eye so soon become dim, and why should so large a proportion go to the cold dark grave ere reaching the meridian of life? Without going into the secret purposes of the Almighty Creator, there must be some natural cause which we think is a matter for the serious consideration of all mothers. How many young ladies are there, who like delicate flowers pent up in a hot house, never "sip the morning dew," and scarcely ever have one single invigorating breeze of heaven waft over them during the day. How many are martyrs to nervousness and dyspepsia, when they might be healthful and vigorous. How many who are the slaves of fashion are destroyed by the caprice of that destructive demon. How many permit the damp of death to come to them through the thin soles of their shoes. How many die when they might have lived. Much has been written on this subject, but it is to be feared after all that mothers are not fully alive to their responsibility with regard to this matter.

It is more however with the intellect and the heart that we have to do in this article, yet if the above hints are regarded, some good at least may result therefrom. Mental training is an extensive and vastly important subject, and has long engaged the attention of the most accomplished and sagacious minds. But it ought not to be forgotten, that mental training commences in the earliest stages of infancy, for "with his mother's milk the young child drinketh education." The first and most influential teacher is the mother. At that early period

"His eye is quick to observe, his memory storeth in secret;
His ear is greedy of knowledge and his mind is plastic as soft wax.
Beware then that he heareth what is good, that he feedeth not on evil maxims,
For the seeds of first instruction are dropt into the deepest furrows."

Consider this important truth Christian mother, and fail not to take advantage of it. At that interesting time, you can impress the susceptible mind of your little ones, as the warm wax is impressed by the seal. But remember, that "Truth like medicine must be qualified for the weak and infantine," and therefore "In the honied waters of infant tales, let them taste the strong wine of truth." Like the great Teacher himself, you can convert every thing around you into a perpetual source of religious instruction, you can shew them the sun shining in the heavens, and then inform them of the Sun of righteousness, whose glory fills the earth. You can point to the brilliant stars which sparkle in the clear blue sky, and then tell them of a brighter star which rose in Bethlehem and set on Calvary. You can accompany them to the garden and direct their attention to the beautiful blushing roses which diffuse so sweet a fragrance, and then speak of the incomparable rose of Sharon. You can give them a description of the gems, and precious stones considered so costly and valuable, and then refer them to the "pearl of great price," more precious and superlatively valuable than all the jewels of this world. Oh in this way you can render religious instruction simple, attractive, efficient and durable. But forget not that your own life must be one grand lesson, or every other will be useless. Above all, neglect not to teach them by example, as well as precept, how to cultivate the sanctifying habit of secret devotion.

"Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling.
Let him see thee speaking to thy God; he will not forget it afterward:
When old and grey will he feelingly remember a mother's tender piety.
And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin."

One great error into which a mother is apt to fall is that of neglecting to exercise sufficient authority over her child in the early stages of infancy. We have often seen children in a fair way for ruin, by the mistaken kindness of the mother, and by failure in this respect. "On the mode in which a child is trained," says Dr. Dick "during the first two or three years of its existence, will, in a great measure, depend the comforts of its parents, and its own happiness during the succeeding periods of its existence. The first and most important rule on this subject, and which may be considered

as the foundation of all the rest, is, that *an absolute and entire authority over the child, should, as early as possible, be established.* By authority I mean a certain air and ascendant, or such a mode of conducting ourselves towards children as shall infallibly secure obedience. This authority is to be obtained neither by age nor stature—by the tone of the voice nor by threatening language; but by an even, firm, moderate disposition of mind—which is always master of itself—which is guided only by reason—and never acts under the impulse of mere fancy or angry passion."

How many great and illustrious men are there, who have ascribed the cause of all their distinction, to a mother's judicious training, and solicitude in early life. George Washington never would have been what he was, but for a mother's wise and skillful training. Oh mothers! how much dépends on you: what a potent influence can you exert, and what fearful responsibility attaches itself to your position in society. It depends greatly on you, whether your home shall be a happy one, or desolate and miserable. Whether your children shall be virtuous, or vicious, whether your family circle shall be the abode of peace and loveliness, or whether it shall be the arena of conflict, where ferocious passions mingle and exhibit their fury. "It matters little," says Lamartine, "on what story in the street, or of what extent in the country, may be the domestic hearth, provided that it be the refuge of piety, of integrity, and tender family affections, which are there perpetuated. The future fate of the child depends not on the house in which he was born. His soul is nourished, and grows above all, by the impressions which are left on his memory. Our mother's look is a portion of our soul, which penetrates into our being through the portals of our eyes. Which among us is there, who, on seeing that look again merely in a dream or in thought, does not feel a something descending on his soul, which soothes its trouble and diffuses serenity around it?" "Let your children," says Dr. Hamilton, "feel how fondly you yearn towards them, and what a delight it is to you to see and make them happy. This affection is a logic which the dullest can understand, and it will ensure the swiftest compliance with your wishes. This cord of love is of all chains the longest lasting, the most vicious cannot break it, and even when you yourself are mouldering in the clay it will moor the wayward spirit to your memory, and keep it from much sin. And then by the attraction of your own tenderness,

seek to draw them into the love of God. If your own be the right religion, the living God will be your chiefest joy. You will look up to Him as your Father and Friend, and will desire to move through your dwelling, and travel through the world in the light of his constant complacency, and if you have got this length,—if through the great atonement you have got unto the peace of God,—there will be Bible lessons in all you do, and a living gospel in your gentle looks. Your children will perceive that to love God is the true way to be happy, and whatever else it may accomplish, they will learn to associate the religion of Jesus with a dear parent's shining face and blameless walk." Who that has read the beautiful picture of a happy home, drawn by the fair authoress of "the Pearl of Days," has not been charmed with the sublime influence of family religion, and the efficient mental culture of her children by a mother, in obscurity, and surrounded with the difficulties attendant on poverty. Never can the writer forget the beautiful home he has frequently visited of a Christian lady who was a widow. In early life her husband, an honored minister of the gospel, was called from the toils of earth, to the repose and felicity of heaven, leaving behind two noble boys with their mother, who shortly after the solemn event, had a little girl added to the number of her responsibilities. At first and for a little while the youthful and bereaved widow bowed her head sorrowfully, though meekly, under the stroke; like some delicate plant on which a fierce and overwhelming tempest had spent its fury; but though cast down she was not destroyed. Instead of sinking in despair, with all her energies paralyzed, she nerved herself for duty; with an unshaken confidence in him who is the "father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow." Though with exceedingly limited means, she at once sought to educate and provide for the children whom God had given her, nor did she seek in vain. Means were soon afforded for carrying out her plans and intentions. Though stricken and afflicted she still pursued cheerfully the journey of life, taking care judiciously to train up her infantine trio for heaven and God. At the commencement of each day that little circle gathered around the family altar, and sweeter than the perfumed breath of the morning, rose the incense of prayer and praise; and at the close of the day the evening sacrifice was likewise offered. Such a course as might be expected secured the divine approbation and smile, and confirmed the truth

of that consolatary promise contained in the sacred volume." "They that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing." Two manly boys are now growing up in the fear of the Lord, one of them at least exhibiting distinct evidences of true and personal religion, and a lovely girl with the sweetness and gentleness of her mother, pervading her spirit and gracing all her deportment. Oh say not Christian mother, should you be placed in circumstances of the greatest difficulty and trial, say not "I cannot exert a salutary influence over the children committed to my trust," but see to it that you strive to "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and the divine blessing will crown your efforts. And when all discipline on earth shall have closed, and life's fever has passed away; through distinguishing grace, in a higher and more glorious state of being, you shall meet your loved ones perfected; and with transporting joy and gratitude exclaim, "Here am I, Father, and the children which thou hast given me."

"We have a mournful presentiment that many Christian parents are sowing the seeds of indulgence and negligence which will bear sorrow for themselves and ruin for their offspring. But while nothing can relieve fathers and mothers from *their* responsibility, something may be done to alleviate the effects of their folly by a thorough system of intellectual and MORAL training in school. Let our teachers remember that character is the first thing, and the second thing, and THE thing in education. That to read and write and cypher is not half as important as to be honest and truthful and kind! Let them regard the school-room as not a "packing house," where the memory is to be "crammed" with facts; or a "hot house," where the mind is to be forced to a sickly precocity—but as a nursery, where immortal spirits are to be cultivated for the duties of this life, and for the solemnities of eternity. Then much would be done toward alleviating and removing this crying evil of the day. Teachers, will you think of this?"

THE SUNSHINE OF HOME.

Alas! that Mr. Sinclair had so little love for children *as* children; that he so little understood the secret springs which move the human heart. As it was, he had a sort of consciousness that the child was more grieved than angry, and more to be pitied than blamed. He did not reflect that the manner of the refusal had wounded more than the refusal itself, and so he turned to his newspaper again and tried to forget it.

Mary did not dare to follow Ella, to try and comfort her, and she sat mechanically swallowing the food which almost choked her.

Bridget, the Irish servant, with whom the child was a favorite, hearing her cry, stole softly up stairs. Lifting her gently from the floor, she held her in her arms, and soothing her, soon drew from her the story of her distress.

"Och! darlint, now don't be afther frettin'," said she; "it's cross enough yer aunt is, sure, and more's the shame on her, and you a poor little orphan like, but Biddy'll look out for ye at Christmas, and bring ye home candy and all, only ye mustn't let yer aunt know, or she'll take it from ye intirely."

"Oh, Biddy, you're very kind, but I don't care so much about the candy, or seeing the fine things, and the Christmas tree, if they'll only love me. I know you love me, and so does Mary, but father says, 'Go away child,' when I go to him, and aunt Martha scolds me and tells papa how naughty and bad I am, and sometimes I don't care if I *am* naughty, and I want to be dead, and down in the ground with my own mamma;" and she burst into another fit of hysterical weeping.

Bridget kissed the child, and would have escaped to the kitchen, for she heard Aunt Martha's tread upon the stairs, but the door opened, and the girl stood confronted by her mistress.

"What are you here for?" demanded the latter.

"Sure ma'am," replied the girl, "I heard Miss Ella crying, and stepped up here jist to see if it was hurt or sick she was."

"Go down to the kitchen and mind your work!" The girl obeyed. Two lessons of deception were given poor Ella that night, in the ignorant but well-meant kindness of Bridget.

A smart whipping succeeded Bridget's departure, and the child was then sent to bed, with every angry and malignant feeling roused to its utmost extent.

Aunt Martha went down stairs satisfied that she had done her duty, and sent Mary up to bed.

Mr. Sinclair could not utterly forget the occurrence, and it opened his eyes to observe other little things, which had hitherto passed unnoticed. He observed that the children's obedience, though uniform and implicit, was not the obedience of a cheerful will, but of fear or harsh and cold restraint. He felt that there was a wrong bias somewhere in the government of them, yet he knew not how to correct it. They were well clothed and fed, taught order, morals, and religion, and that he thought, ought to be enough; he did not see that the sunshine of love, that makes dark places light, and rough ones smooth, was wanting for the children; though he felt its want himself, as keenly as the very week when his beautiful Mary had first gone home to the angels. Occasionally he brought home a toy or book to the little girls, and they were gladly received, but not with such sunny faces as he would have seen, had he taken them upon his knees, laid his cheek to theirs, and talked lovingly with them of their hopes and disappointments, their plans and successes. Weeks and months passed on, and most of the time Mr. Sinclair was away from home.

A change was to come, for he had seen and loved a gentle young being, and was soon to make her his bride. Aunt Martha was indignant. "It was a shameful thing," she said, "for John to forget his wife, and bring home a step-mother to his children; for who would do for them as she had done, and train them up in the way they should go? She'd never stay a day in John's house to be under a mistress, a young upstart, she dare say, and she guessed John would see the difference when she was gone!"

He did. It was Christmas week again. A year had rolled by, and we will look again in Mary and Ella's room. The two little girls were kneeling side by side. Mary repeated her prayer in solemn, gentle tones. "Mary," said Ella, when the "Amen" was spoken, "I'm going to say, 'Our Father,' and then I'm going to

thank God for taking away Aunt Martha, and giving us such a darling mamma." And she did in her own childish words.

The door opened in a few minutes, and the "darling mamma" entered. She saw the little ones safely and warmly covered, and sitting down on the bed-side, she heard them repeat a beautiful hymn they had voluntarily learned, and talked to them of the gentle and meek Saviour, whose mission and teachings were love. Many were the questions asked, and the telling of childish thoughts, lovingly listened to, until the conversation turned upon Christmas. "What is Christmas for?" "Is it wicked to keep Christmas-day?" "Does Santa Claus truly come down the chimney, and put presents in little girls' stockings?" were eagerly asked, and almost in a breath.

The origin and present observance of Christmas were briefly and satisfactorily explained to their eager ears, and the promise made, that on Christmas eve they should hang up their clean stockings, and in the morning they should find them filled with gifts, though Santa Claus would not descend the chimney to bring them. Many a good night kiss was exchanged, and then the little ones were left to their quiet slumbers.

They could scarcely go to sleep on Christmas eve; and oh, such joy as came with the morning, they who have never been harshly restricted, and deprived of childish delights, can little imagine. No Christmas gift, however rare or beautiful, could have carried such pleasure to that mother's heart, as the exclamations of joy, which reached her already wakeful ear, in the dim light of that Christmas morning.

And when evening came, and little invited guests played merrily with Mary and Ella, in the sitting room, and the parlor door was presently thrown open, and the group ushered in, and the Christmas tree, with its pendant gifts and colored illuminations, seemed to their enchanted senses like a vision of fairy land, the father was almost as happy as the children.

"How animated Mary has grown," said he; "and how lovely Ella looks to night," as his young wife stood beside him.

"It does children good to make them happy," she replied. "Love and sunshine are as necessary to them, as light and air to plants."

"I think Sundays have grown shorter," said Ella, to Mary, one

Sabbath night, not long after; "they used to be such long, dull days, and now I wish Sunday came twice a week instead of once."

The secret of this lay with the "darling mamma." Beautiful illustrated Scriptures on the table, were no longer forbidden fruit; the Sabbath School welcomed them each Sabbath morning, and delightful books from the library offered them a rich feast; and when evening came, and mamma listened to their prayers, and hymns, and talked with them, and told them beautiful and true stories, as they lay in their little bed, it was no wonder Ella thought that "Sunday would make it seem happier in Heaven."

There are more homes and families, it is true, where the children (like Eli's) are not restrained at all, than where they are restrained too much, but there are some even now, where a mistaken sense of duty shuts out all the sunshine. Those homes are happiest, where most of order and religion reign, directed by the hand of affection.

LITTLE THINGS.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.
A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.
Work and despair not; give thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free!

THE LITTLE GIRL'S DREAM.

BY MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

Mother, last night before me,
Arose, so very near,
The pearly gates of glory,
I could the inmates hear.

And as the saints were passing,
Clad in "bright array,"
A soft, sweet voice was asking,
"Will sister come to-day?"

In breathless haste I nearer
Those glorious portals drew;
And then in accents clearer,
That voice I heard and knew.

It was my sister Mary,
Beside an angel fair;
She looked like some sweet fairy,
With roses in her hair.

A jewelled crown was sparkling,
Upon her glorious brow;
And songs that she was harping,
Methinks I hear them now.

Again with loved ones shining,
A raptured seraph passed;
She looked, and said, so smiling,
"Has sister come at last?"

Mother, I longed to fold her
Within these arms of mine;
But soon an angel told her,
I had not reached that clime.

I woke, but oh, how dreary,
This dull, sad earth did seem;
I longed to be with Mary,
Were it but in a dream.



FOR YE HAVE THE POOR ALWAYS WITH YOU. MATH 26.11.

EARLY CULTURE OF CHILDREN.

BY G. M. J.

THE truth of the old proverb "That first impressions are the most enduring," has been too frequently proved to be disputed. "Train up a child in the way he should go," is a law as imperative in the 19th century, as when first uttered by the lips of the wise man. Mothers are the natural executors of this law to their daughters. Nothing but the most unavoidable and pressing force of circumstances, should wrench this power from their hands. Who will guard with a mother's jealous eye the health, habits, morals, and religion of this most delicate part of creation, which is emphatically bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. How often I have been pained to see mothers place those delicate plants in the nursery with servants, whose tastes, feelings, morals, manners, and language are but a little removed from the lower animals of creation; there to receive impressions, and imbibe habits, which will grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, until like the branches of the giant oak, they shall expand and deepen into a shade that will forever conceal the parent stock. Then from this unnatural nursery, they are transferred into the boarding or public schools, or placed under the tuition of strangers, which although far superior to the nursery institution, is still wanting in the warm sympathy tender and delicate attention, patient and persevering effort, and the mild and forbearing spirit which are alone the natural product of a mother's heart.

The food, clothing, exercise, and temperaments of children should be directed by none but a careful and judicious mother, as the health of our daughters is the foundation on which the complete structure of this fair edifice is reared. To indulge our children in highly seasoned meats, (which the Apostle hints are for man and not for children,) is prematurely taxing the stomach with an unnatural load, which will oppress and weaken; while a simple diet of vegetables and nicely made bread, seasoned with some light accompaniments, would strengthen and invigorate the system. There is still a greater

temptation to girls in fruit, cakes, rich paste, and the whole category of sweetmeats, which ingenious Frenchmen, and Yankee inventors manufacture from a paste of flour and grease, such as might be condemned in the manufacture of merchantable soap; filled with unwashed fruit, and daubed with sugars, painted in all colors from poison substances, in every conceivable device of animals, from the stately elephant, down to the creeping insect, and of the beautiful fruits and flowers, which tempt the eyes and feast the sense. Very many of our children are almost toothless, (or better be) than to be suffering from the pain of decaying teeth, and fœtid breath, occasioned by an extravagant use of these delicious poisons, which have come to be the accustomed reward to every little favorite, for a kiss or pleasant word. If the little one be dressed to walk, or ride, she is no sooner on her way than she is accosted by half a dozen friends perhaps, who are well freighted in pocket and satchel, not with the staff, but the destroyer of life. And then the drapery, the fingers, the face and the hat are alike adhesive to each other. And if the child have a delicate stomach, loss of appetite ensues, there is no relish for the regular meal.

Then there must be large purchases on holy days. The children must greet their stockings full of dogs, cats, birds, biddies, drops, sands, mints and juleps. There must now be a sufficient stock provided for the consumption of months until the next holy days, in addition to the daily donations of friends.

With these clogs upon the life-springs of our children, is it surprising that they are feeble, sickly, susceptible to bowel complaints, nervous temperament, nausea, headache, dyspepsia, fevers, rheumatisms and gout?

"There is an old saying, which was often repeated to me in my youth: '*Can do* is easily carried about with you.' And really I think it amounts to a duty to attend to this saying; for we hardly ever learn to do any thing that we do not find the advantage of at some time or other. Much may be gained by observation, and a desire to learn, from whatever source."

A MOTHERLESS STUDENT.

From the midst of an affectionate family circle a young man usually departs when he enters college. Home, with its thousand endearing associations, is fondly remembered. As the transplanting of a tree, or even of a flower, shows how widely the roots have spread in the congenial soil from which it has been removed, so does the entrance of the young man upon a college life occasion many keen feelings of regret at his separation from those so dear to him. He has now commenced a new and momentous period of his life. Strangers are around him. Friendships will be formed which will influence his whole future life. His character for time and eternity is probably to be shaped mainly by the few years of his college life. Under such circumstances of thrilling interest, how sad is the situation of *the Motherless Student.* The heart of the mother who yearned over him and once pillowed him on her breast, is hushed in the grave. Others receive the cheering letters from a beloved mother, mingling affection and advice, but for him no mother's hand traces these glowing words of encouragement. Oh, how important and unspeakable in value to the motherless student are the prayers of one whose visits were frequent to the throne of grace. Perhaps memory recalls distinctly the scene of her departure from earth, so that he says:

> I do remember, and will ne'er forget,
> The dying eye!

Or perhaps when he was an unconscious babe that praying mother was called to her eternal rest, and others have told him, of the scene, so beautifully described in Pollok's Course of Time:

> She made a sign
> To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her placed.
> She looked upon its face, that neither smiled
> Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon't; and laid
> Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
> For it, with look that seemed to penetrate
> The heavens, unutterable blessings, such

As God to dying parents only granted,
For infants left behind them in the world.
"God keep my child!" we heard her say, and heard
No more. The Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

The memory of such a mother is a treasure incalculable.

Pious Mothers! the main object of this article is to awaken in your hearts a spirit of prayer for the motherless students, and especially for those who are the unconverted children of pious mothers who have fallen asleep in Jesus. Perhaps that mother was a regular attendant at the female prayer-meeting and at the monthly meetings of the Maternal Society. Hereafter your son may be in this class, when your lips may be closed in death. Feel for the children of others as you will wish that praying mothers should feel for yours, in such circumstances.

The Annual Concert of Prayer for our Colleges and Academies on the last Thursday of February has just passed, and many petitions ascended in one column of supplication. Several of those, who were converted in the same college revival with myself, were like the writer, without a mother. Prayers which had long remained unanswered were accomplished, and then we could feel like David in reference to one whom he could not call back but to whom he expected soon to go. Oh, what a meeting will that be, at the feet of Jesus, when the son who was impenitent when his mother's last prayer was uttered, but was afterwards awakened and renewed, shall see his sainted mother, and hear her exclaim, with rapturous joy, "Here am I and the children whom thou hast given me!" Thanks be unto God for the legacy of a mother's prayers, the daily incentive of a departed mother's example, and the hope, through unmerited grace, of a meeting in glory!

GRANVILLE.

THE TABLE-CLOTH.

Lucy. I do not know any thing about Object Lessons. Mamma, what are they for?

Mamma. First,—To teach you to observe minutely. More than half the knowledge which men possess, they get by carefully noticing things.

W. That is easy; we are to use our eyes, I suppose.

M. Yes, and other organs also; you do not observe sounds with your eyes.

W. No; I use my ears.

M. And how do you notice different scents?

W. I observe them with my nose.

M. And the differences in taste—between the taste of milk, and milk and water, for instance?

W. I find that out with my tongue.

M. And if you want to know whether your plate is hot or cold?

W. I can tell that by feeling.

M. So you have several organs to observe with.

W. Yes; organs for seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling,—there are five.

M. They are called the *five senses.* These senses are, all day long, bringing some knowledge or other to your mind. The Object Lessons will lead you to use them more carefully and slowly,—and afterwards to form words for *expressing* your observations with exactness.

In the course of time you will learn many things. You will have to look at two or three objects together,—and to notice in what they are alike and in what they differ—to *compare* them as we say. Then you will learn to find out the *reason why* they differ—*to reflect;* and when you can observe, compare, and reflect carefully, you shall learn to *arrange* your objects in classes.

W. Oh, I do not understand that at all, mamma! Please where is an object to begin with?

M. There are plenty of objects every where. Here on the break-

fast table is a good stock of lessons. The piece of bread and butter you are eating—you have never noticed it half enough.

L. And the milk, and egg.

M. Yes; we will talk about the bread, butter, sugar, milk, the egg, the salt, coffee, papa's cocoa, the boiling water, bacon, knife and fork, plate, tea-cup, spoon, coffee-pot, the table-cloth, and the mats: one object every Thursday morning at breakfast-time.

We shall not have time for a long lesson now—suppose we begin with the table-cloth. Now, Willie—take great notice with your eyes, and tell me all its parts.

W. My eyes tell me it has no parts at all;—it is one large piece.

M. Then you must have very bad eyes, Willie—look again.

Ion. Here is the *corner* of the cloth in my lap. This is one part, is it not? The table-cloth has corners.

M. Quite right, Ion. Now, move your finger from that corner to Lucy's corner, without taking it off the cloth, and you will find that it may travel to her in four directions.

Ion. I can move my finger along this edge, or the other—in two directions.

W. That is *another* part—the edge. The cloth has corners and *edges*—two parts.

Ion. Or, instead of going round the edges, I may move my finger across the face of the cloth to Lucy.

M. Do not say "the cloth's *face*," say *surface*. Your finger may travel in another way across the *under surface*—that will make four directions.

W. Ah, then, the cloth has four parts—the edges, corners, upper surface, and under surface. And I see another! In what part is the urn placed?

Ada. In the *middle;* that is another part.

L. Here is another part, which I made myself—the "hem" round it.

Ion. And then you made some *stitches*, they must be parts of the cloth.

M. So they are.

Ada. I see some flowers marked all over it.

W. But they are not *parts*.

L. I think the flowers on it must be called parts, because if the cloth had not any patterns on it, it would be a sheet.

W. Very well. It has a border—that is a *part.*

Ion. Oh! oh! I am so pleased. I have found thousands of parts all at once. Look!—while I pull out some in this place, where it is "unravelled." They are little threads, or "ravellings."

M. They are called *fibres* properly.

Ion. Where do the fibres come from, mamma?

M. They grow in the fields. In Yorkshire, Ireland, and Flanders, you may see fields covered with plants, bearing a pretty blue flower: they are called *flax plants.* After the flowers are dead, the plants are pulled up. The seeds are then beaten out; the stalks are soaked in water, and dried, and beaten, and combed, and bleached, and so on, until they become bundles of fibres fit to make into a table-cloth.

L. What is done with the seeds?

M. They are sold to the chemists, and others, and are called linseed.

W. So my linseed-tea, and the table-cloth, came from the same plant.

L. And the linseed-oil which Jane rubs the furniture with.

M. Goods made from the flax-plant are called "linen" goods. They are manufactured in Leeds, Dundee, Dunfermline, and the north of Ireland. You may look for these places on the map. Come, Willie, try if your eyes are any better now. Can you tell me the parts of the table-cloth?

W. Yes, mamma, I can see them now. May I make up the lesson about it?

Object Lesson No. 1.—THE TABLE-CLOTH.

(1) *Our Table-cloth is a piece of linen with four edges—four corners—an Under Surface, Upper Surface—Middle, Hem, Stitches, Pattern, Border, and Fibres.*

(2) *The linen is procured from the stalk of the flax plant, which is grown in* YORKSHIRE, IRELAND, FLANDERS, &c.

(3) *Table-cloths, are made at* LEEDS, DUNDEE, DUNFERMLINE, *&c.*

Pleasant Pages for Young People.

HOME'S BRIGHT STAR.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Knickerbocker thus writes:—"Though helpless and dependent, a little child has enough brightness in his eyes and gaiety in his prattle to fill a household with joy. When he awakes first at the 'peep of day,' and imprints kisses on his parents' lips, their fragrance is sweeter than that of the morn. The music of his voice is like the song of birds at the approach of light; his smile more sunny than the first entrance of sunbeams into the room. His little arm-chair on high stilts, is scrupulously placed when the fast is broken, and he is no unimportant member at the family board. During the day, how pleasant the pattering of his feet on the stair-case, his voice in the court-yard, his frequent bursting into the room with some new tale! At night he kneels down whitely clad, as before some holy altar, at his mother's knees, and his little prayer goes straight to heaven from a child's heart. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, THOU hast ordained praise." Not unfrequent, when he sleeps, are the mother's pilgrimages to his couch, while under his long lashes and sealed-up lids, the spirit of a cherub seems to dwell. But O, if God, in His wise providence, should change that repose into the sleep of death, and the white flowers are placed upon his breast, in his little clasped hands, the tears which sparkle on his brow are bright, but perhaps the bitterest ever shed. Dear little C. is dead! I remember the last time I saw him was on a beautiful evening in autumn. We all sat in the summer-house. The moon arose, and the stars twinkled, and were reflected in the waves which beat below the cliffs. The child looked up to the brightest star of all, and said:

'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!'

His seemed like a prophetic voice. But a few moons have waned, and little C. is now a star in heaven. Before he died, he sang the very strains which had delighted him, and he now sleeps in peace near the river's brink, where in spring-time the flowers shall bloom above him which he so much loved, and where they will not cease to be watered by a parent's tears." How many a bereaved heart will be touched by this!

IS THIS TRULY A PRIVILEGED AGE FOR CHILDREN?

It is a question worthy of the careful consideration of parents and guardians, whether the wonderful facilities for gaining information by sight-seeing and story-reading which our age affords, are indeed a blessing to the rising generation. The pages of the Journal have claimed our sympathy for the suffering infant who is hurried from its dear, quiet nursery, the charming wonders of which it had just begun to explore, and, distressed with dressing and tossing, and fearfully bewildered with glaring sights and distracting sounds, is enduring the process of having its tiny faculties stretched far beyond their natural development—and, might not our juvenile community with equal propriety send forth the cry for commiseration and relief? Nature," they might say, "leads us by gentle, gradual steps, and gives us opportunity really to study, enjoy, and improve its blessings, but art, and fashion, and modern improvements confuse, and dazzle, and excite us, while they afford but little benefit."

Yet if they do not realize the disadvantages under which they labor, we who watch over them must raise our voice in their behalf.

It is said children love variety. This is true, but let us remember that their minds cannot yet take an extensive range. The sweet scenes of domestic life, the school, the neighborhood companionship, the small, and well-read library, all these, enjoyed with the fresh and buoyant spirits of childhood, afford constant and sufficient variety. Leave children to this natural, simple course of life, and they will find for themselves just the variety they need. Exciting changes, and diversified and far-fetched amusements need not be sought for those whose nature is full of merriment and glee. Observe, too, that they know nothing of satiety in their simple amusements, although they love change. Kite time does not last the year round; but is it because this play has become stale and worn out? O no, it must give place to the skate, and sled, and these in turn to the ball, and by and by with what zest is the kite resumed. This dictate of nature affords a hint which may be successfully followed with regard to books, and all methods of useful instruction. Let us not suppose a child will wish to read a good book but once. Preserve it carefully, and at some future time present it afresh, and see with what

delight he will welcome it as an old friend, and how the second reading will surpass the first in interest. Present again, and again the precious Bible stories, and see how the juvenile mind will continue to draw nectar from their sacred blossoms. While the unfolding powers require to a certain extent change, and variety, they require also *repetition*. "Line upon line, precept upon precept," is a maxim founded on the nature of the mind. Now if its love of variety is indulged to excess, while its need of toilsome, patient application is lost sight of, its growth will be distorted and unnatural. This must be the tendency of the habits and customs peculiar to our age. All sorts of superficial and gay attractions produce excitement, and disincline to quiet, patient study. "How much have children to amuse them that we never dreamed of!" exclaimed the parent; but, the father, who whittled out his own little boat, and adjusted its mast and sail by his own skill, enjoyed a pleasure far superior to that of the child who receives from the shop a toy of the most exquisite workmanship; and, in addition to the pleasure, he derived real benefit from the exercise of his faculties. The mantua maker of former years who told me that she "learned her trade in her baby house," must have found real delight, as well as profit in this gradual development of her ingenuity.

Another, and most serious objection to these modern improvements, including especially the frequent visiting of panoramas, museums, menageries, &c., &c., is the share which they contribute towards rendering children pert, disrespectful, and self-conceited. How glaring a fault is this in the manners of the rising generation! They have been every where, and seen every thing, as the lecturers, and exhibitors, as well as their flattering little books tell them, and they *must know every thing*. Surely, if they can teach their parents and grandparents, by describing what they have seen and heard, the deference due to elders and superiors, will seem to them of little consequence.

While alluding thus to some of the disadvantages attending our improvements, we do it by way of caution. That which, sparingly and judiciously used may be of service, freely used may be deleterious, and we would so direct and restrain children and youth with regard to amusements and instruction, as to allow the exciting scenes and rapid changes of our day to contribute but a small share towards the formation of their character

L. L. H.

ALICE RAYMOND'S SECURITY.

BY MRS. EMILY JUDSON.

Long sat the young mother musingly; and thus her passing thoughts were fashioned.

Yes, I have a little green-house, it is true—a dear, precious depository of exquisite blossoms, whose sunshine is my smile, whose refreshing dew my love, and over whose present beauty and future development, a soiled finger, nay, even the breath that parts my lips, as I bend above them, has strange power. The blossoms are not really mine—they are lent me by a Friend dearer to me than my very life; to whom indeed I owe that life, and a million other benefits. They are lent me, and in a few years will be reclaimed. In the meantime what shall I do for my blossoms, and to please my Benefactor? Shall I follow the example of my cousin Hester, and labor day and night, to add conservatory to conservatory for their sakes, or to accumulate mountains of rich mould in which to crush and smother them? Oh no; while bustling at these vain things my tender little blossoms would miss my eye, and droop for lack of their accustomed sunshine. I have seen some sister florists by way of gratifying a glad, strong feeling at their hearts, besmear the simple little crocks with gaudy colours, and really the pretty things, so painted, made a beautiful, brave show. But I am very cowardly about my blossoms. I have a thousand flutterings and doubts, and inexplicable misgivings; and it has been somewhere whispered me that there is a poison in those fine colors, which the delicate plant cannot fail to imbibe.

Then there is Annie Deans, with her three graceful rose-trees. Nothing will satisfy her lively fancy, but to trick out the boughs with gay ribands, and threads of silver, and bits of gilded stuffs, all arranged in bows and loops, and stars, and streamers, and then calling on every passer-by to admire her handicraft. This may do for Annie Deans' roses; though I think even they would be more beautiful without; but my blossoms are less queenly, and their slender

stems would scarcely bear such decorations. Besides, when the Owner comes, I well know He will strip the whole away; and then if He should find a stem distorted, or a leaf mildewed, or a worm hidden under my tawdry adornments, what matter of sorrow will it be to me! And what if, by some such poor contrivances, I should ruin one of these fair blossoms, so that it must be "cast out as a branch that is withered?" Then what am I to do? I am ignorant, and weak, and foolish. Turn I this way, I err from neglect—that way, from over-culture. Scarcely two florists are of the same opinion; and, if they were, each of my tender, priceless blossoms has some peculiarity for which there can be no rule. It is a solemn, sacred thing—this charge of mine—and my very soul grows tremulous with awe as I think upon it. How watchful should be my eye! how gentle my touch! how faithful my pruning! I will not grasp at vanities, and so soil my hands; I will not mingle my voice with the loud tones of the world, and so bear the seeds of its scorching fever in my breath; I will never cheat my blossoms of the sunshine and the balmy dew, while I have lip to smile or heart to love; but what security have I against some fatal mistake that may mar their loveliness forever, and shut them out from the celestial gardens.

And so Alice Raymond mused on and on; till at length the cloud was lifted, and a look of serene, elevated confidence irradiated her face. Then softly she glided to her knees, and raised her white forehead with a new-born trust, to the Owner of her blossoms. She had found the Security.

To an afflicted mother, at the grave of her dead child, it was said, "There was once a shepherd, whose tender care was over his flock day and night. One sheep would neither hear his voice nor follow him; so he took up her little lamb in his arms, and then the sheep came after him."

A MOTHER'S TRUST.

BY MRS. A. M. EDMOND.

O Mother, in whose fond embrace
Life's holiest jewels are!
Light in thy heart the lamp of grace,
And shed its beams afar.

Pray for a wisdom all divine
To aid thy sacred trust;
That thou and they may rise and shine
When dust returns to dust.

Be to the treasures of thy soul
A watchful warden thou;
From passion's storm, and sin's control,
Seek grace to shield thee now.

Lo! the bright gems bestowed on thee
Are lent, but never given,
And the same hand whose gifts they be
Will gather them for Heaven.

When his celestial diadem
The Lord of life shall wear,
What sorrow if one cherished gem
Of thine be wanting there!

In thy Redeemer's might believe
To purge thy gold from dross;
And let each precious stone receive
A lustre from the Cross.

What though awhile thy treasures fair,
The rust of earth o'ercast.
Have faith, the gems of holy care,
God will restore at last.

Toil on; but not for narrow time
That toil alone shall be,
Behold the bliss of lives sublime,
O mother! waits on thee!

CHRIST IN HUMAN FLESH.

Christ not only became man, but it behooved him to be made like us in *all* things. He suffered, being tempted. In the manger at Bethlehem, there lay a perfect infant, but there also was Jehovah. That mysterious being who rode on an ass's colt, and wept over Jerusalem, was as much a man as you are, and as much God as the Father is. The tears he shed were human tears, yet the love of Jehovah swelled below his mantle. That pale being that hung quivering on the cross was indeed man, it was human blood that flowed from his wounds, but he was as truly God. He was the only one in human form of whom it can be said, He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; the only one on whom God could look down from heaven and say, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased. Every member of our body and faculty of our mind we have used as the servants of sin. Every member of his body and faculty of his mind were used only as servants to holiness. *His mouth* was the only human mouth from which none but gracious words ever proceeded. *His eye* was the only human eye that never shot forth flames of pride, or envy, or lust. *His hand* was the only human hand that never was stretched forth but in doing good. *His heart* was the only human heart that was not deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. When Satan came to him, he found nothing in him. Now, in these two things it behooved him to be unlike his brethren, or he could not have been a Saviour at all. In all other things it behooved him to be made like us. There was no part of our condition that he did not humble himself unto.

He passed through all the terms of our life from childhood to manhood. He was an infant of days, exposed to all the pains and dangers of infancy. "Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." He bore the trials and pains of boyhood. Many a one, no doubt, would wonder at the holy boy in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. He grew in wisdom, and in stature, and in favor with God and man. He bore the afflictions and anxieties of manhood, when he began to be about thirty years of age.

He tasted the difficulties of many situations in life. The first thirty years, it is probable, he shared the humble occupation of Joseph the carpenter; he tasted the trials of working for his daily bread. Then he subsisted on the kindness of others. Certain women, which followed him, ministered unto him of their substance. He had not where to lay his head. Many a night he spent on the Mount of Olives, or on the hills of Galilee. Then, he bore the trials of a gospel minister. He preached from morning till night, and yet with how small success; so that he could say, "I have labored in vain, I have spent my strength for naught and in vain." How often he was *grieved by their unbelief;* he marvelled at their unbelief! "O faithless generation! how long shall I be with you, how long shall I suffer you?" How often he *offended many* by his preaching! "Many said, this is an hard saying; who can bear it?" How his own disciples grieved him by their want of faith! "O ye of little faith, have I been so long time with you!" The unbelief of Thomas—their sleeping in the garden—forsaking him and fleeing —Peter denying—Judas betraying him!

What trials he had from his own family! Even his own brothers did not believe on him, but mocked. The people of his town tried to throw him over the rocks. What pain he suffered from his mother, when he saw the sword piercing her fond heart! Now he said to John, "Behold thy mother!" and to his mother, "Behold thy son!" even in the midst of his dying agonies.

What trials from Satan! Believers complain of Satan, but they never felt his power as Christ did. What an awful conflict was that during forty days in the wilderness! How fearfully did Satan urge on Pharisees, and Herod, and Judas, to torment him! What an awful hour was that, when he said, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness!" What an awful cry was that, "Save me from the lion's mouth!" when he felt his soul in the very jaws of Satan!

What trials from God! Believers often groan under the hidings of God's countenance, but ah! they seldom taste even a drop of what Christ drank. What dreadful agony was that in Gethsemane, when the blood gushed through the pores! How dreadful was that frown of God on the cross, when he cried, "My God, my God!" In all these things, and a thousand more, he was made like unto his brethren. He came into our place. Through eternity we shall study these sufferings.—*McCheyne.*

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY IN ITS RELATIONS TO THE CHURCH.

THERE are few subjects of more importance than the proper discipline and education of children. The child will soon be the man—the infants of the cradle will soon constitute society—the little folks of the nursery will soon be the great folks of the world. The present generation of rulers, statesmen, and legislators; of ministers and men of every rank and standing must soon pass away, giving place to a new world springing, as it were, from our ashes, to whom our responsibilities and unfinished work must be committed.

Thus it has been with all past generations, and thus it will be to the end of time. The world of human beings decays and dies, and revives and lives like the departing and returning seasons. Infancy soon gives place to childhood—childhood to manhood—manhood to old age—old age to death. In this way the race perpetuates itself, and the stream of human beings, of intellectual life, of moral responsibility, of social relation, of domestic affinity—flows on; alternating and changing ever—a perpetual death—a perpetual life; a universal resurrection, springing ever from a universal mortality.

Children are emphatically bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; and in a higher and deeper sense than is generally apprehended, spirit of our spirit. The parent lives in the child, and, to a greater or less extent, leaves the impress of his entire character upon him. So of society at large—so of the world. Barbarism leaves to the world, barbarism; Paganism, paganism; Mahometanism, Mahometanism; Catholicism, catholicism; and it would be strange if the Bible, in harmony with what evidently appears to be a universal law, did not anticipate that a pure Christianity and a pure church, would so transfuse its spirit, and form its own, and so reproduce itself in each succeeding generation as to leave its heritage also to the world, of a pure Christianity and a pure church; diffusing like leaven its influence on every side, till the whole mass of society shall have been penetrated and sanctified thereby, and the world thus be brought under the renovating power of the gospel. If a Pagan parentage secures invariably a pagan offspring, why should it be thought a thing incredible, much less as associated with the provisions and promises of the gospel, impossible that a Christian parentage should secure a

Christian offspring; that the children of the faithful should, in due time, become heirs of the faith according to the promise; the children of believing parents, the children of the church; and thus be realized the great scriptural idea of the church; the household of faith. If through the family, depravity pour down from generation to generation, and from age to age its dark and turbid waters to desolate and curse the world, why should not Christianity, also, through the same channels be expected to pour down its living waters to vivify and bless the world? If error, falsehood, superstition, and sin of every form, are sown, cultivated, and garnered chiefly, at the least most fruitfully, upon the soil of domestic affections and influence; why should not these affections and influences be susceptible of a kindred fruitfulness when renovated by the power of divine grace, and through faith laid open and subjected to the power of truth and to the operations of the Spirit of God? In a word, it would seem but natural and rational to expect that in the saving application of the gospel as a recovering system to the race, God would make those relations which have been most deeply and widely perverted by Satan for the ruin of man, the channels of his own invincible influence for the salvation of the same. And what in the light of reason would seem thus appropriate and in a certain sense necessary in the light of a peremptory revelation, is fully confirmed and made obligatory.

Parents are commanded as Christian parents, and as parents in their relation to the church, to subject their families to a Christian culture and discipline, "to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Thus the Christian family in its relation to the Christian church, is definitely recognized, and a specific responsibility and work devolved thereon. To ascertain this work, and the extent and limitations of its responsibilities will be the object of this and a few succeeding articles.

A. G. P.



THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

Matt. xiii. 2.

The waters of Gennesaret reposed in stillness. The sun as it arose higher and still higher over the mountains which form its eastern shore, shone upon its clear bosom, from which was reflected the image of each overhanging tree and crag. Far away to the west stretched the plain of Tiberias, and in the distance rose the mountain of Saphet. A multitude had gathered about the Nazarene, for he had just restored the withered hand, and cast out the dumb and blind spirit. Though the Scribes and Pharisees derided, and charged him with being in league with Satan, *they* followed still to hear his words and witness his miracles.

The blessed Saviour! how meekly he bore all the indignities of the Jews, and with what patience he met the unbelief of the multitude who seemed to press about him from idle curiosity. How intent

upon their salvation! His own ease and pleasure were forgotten, while "he yet talked with the people," and declared in the hearing of all, that "whosoever shall do the will of my Father, who is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." As the throng pressed upon him he entered into a ship, that he might more easily be seen and heard by all; and there to those gathered on the shore, he dispensed the word of life. He seized upon illustrations which could be readily understood, for *there* was the fertile plain covered with waving grain. *There* was the open road by which the travellers and fishermen came and went from the lake. There were the barren mountain cliffs, among whose seams and fissures the noonday sun was withering the few shoots which the rains and dews had caused to vegetate. He uttered that impressive parable of the sower and the seed; and as if to make them feel how momentous the consequences of their hardness and unfruitfulness, he "spake another parable unto them," of the tares and the wheat. And then to show them the certain triumph of his doctrine notwithstanding their unbelief, he pointed to the spreading trees among whose branches the birds had built their nests, which had grown from the minutest seeds, and said thus shall my kingdom spread. And as his eye rested upon some humble women of Galilee, who had followed in the train, he said "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened."

How simple, and yet how impressive are the teachings of Jesus! What an example he left for his followers! No opportunity for imparting instruction was lost. No sin committed before his eye that was unreproved; no grief but shared his sympathy; no petition for forgiveness of sin or relief from physical suffering, but gained his ear. He loved the sacred solitude of the mountain's side, but shunned not the bustling crowd if he could heal their sick or raise their dead. He loved the retirement of the humble family at Bethany, but as readily hastened to the ruler's house, when an opportunity offered to do him good; and scrupled not to be the guest of a man that was a sinner. When faint and weary he refused to eat, because he could, at that time, speak words of life to a Samaritan woman. His heart of love burst forth in blessings on the little children which were brought to him, and yearned with affection for the young man, who earnestly inquired "what he must do to inherit eternal life."

What a different scene would this world present if all the disciples of Jesus followed in his footsteps! To glory in such a Lord, to boast of his labors of love, his midnight prayers, his self-denials and his death, is a vastly different thing from *exemplifying* all these in the daily life and conversation. How many children might be won to Christ if parents followed His example! How many young men might be induced to give up *all* their vain delights and airy dreams, and be made partakers of a heavenly inheritance! How many Mary Magdalenes might be reclaimed from sin, and be made through grace, to shine as stars in the kingdom of Heaven forever!

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

EARTH'S ANGELS.

WE *know* that there are angels in the far off *Heaven*,
The sinless home of spirits pure and blest,—
Where all the faint and weary, all the heavy laden,
May meet in mansions of eternal rest.

And oft we fancy that some seraph holy,
Is hov'ring o'er us on the wings of love,
Breathing rich blessings on the meek and lowly,
In accents that are only learned *above*.

The silvery, light and fleeting clouds of summer,
Seem to our eyes as *angels'* pinions bright;
The night-wind's sigh, the gentle zephyr's murmur,
Like whispered music from the world of light.

But as we journey on through clouds and sunshine,
While cares and sorrows gather thick and fast,
We find *loved* guardian angels on the shores of *time*,
Who strew bright blossoms in our thorny path.

Yes! earth *has* angels! though in mortal's fragile form,
Living a space to bless the world and die,—
Who seek to cheer the sorrowing, comfort those that mourn,
Having their *home* in realms beyond the sky!



Away in the morning the merry young group,
 O'er the hills and the valleys are hieing;
The early May flowers, to pluck from the bowers,
 As over the rocks they are flying.

The sun o'er the hill tops is darting his rays;
 In the dew drops how richly they're gleaming.
O! the sweet May-day morning, the lovely spring days,
 Thrice welcome your glorious beaming.

Ye tell of a day in the bright land away,
 Where the flowers are all blooming forever
Of a sun that shall rise in perennial skies,
 And of pleasures that fade away—never.

WHAT A MOTHER SHOULD TEACH.

I AM aware there is a diversity of opinion upon this, as well as upon most subjects: that while some would restrict her within the narrow bounds of domestic duties, others would give her the whole circle of the sciences, and of moral and intellectual instruction. In my opinion neither are right. Too much may be attempted in one case—too little in another; and in both, the true and legitimate duty of the mother be left untouched.

In the first place, one word as to what teaching *is*. Children may have both precept and example, and yet be untaught. There is something more necessary than the mere word, or even the spirit. There must be the fixing of the principle in the heart. It must be made a part of itself, to grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. The fixing, then, of right principles of action in every relation of life belongs to the mother. If she do this faithfully and truly, she has accomplished her mission.

It is a deplorable fact, that many men whom the world calls *great*, and even *good*, are not fit for domestic society. Why is this? Why is it that men grow to adult age—morose—tyrannical—selfish? It seems there must be a defect somewhere, if men manifest the same low propensities as in infancy, for cradle sweetmeats.

A just regard for the feelings and rights of others should very early be enforced upon children. A true mother cannot shut her eyes upon the fact that *her* child can do wrong. On the contrary she will have ample proof that the little being she loves so well, is possessed of the same bad passions and controlling sins as others. Happy, if she have in any good degree checked the natural impulse to do wrong, and brought it within the power of the child to rule himself accordingly. Self-control, above all other things should be enforced constantly, unyieldingly. There is no hope, in my opinion, of a child, who cannot in some way be induced to exercise self-control. Coercion may do for the time being; but who is to stand by your child, mother, when you are not present—when he or she takes his or her stand in the world alone, with temptations on every hand?

Self-denial should be enforced very early, so that the child may grow up in the habit of it, and it is emphatically the mother's duty to effect it. No apology can alter it—no circumstance enable her to throw off her responsibility. She may call in aid to its accomplishment—but the naked fact stands alone—she must fashion her children after the similitude of a palace, or she has failed of her duty. Our age calls for *men*, noble *true-hearted* men, who are not only prepared to face the storm, but assail the enemy, tear down his false standard, and trample it under foot; many such men will be needed in the next age, if not in this, to correct the errors of the present. Shall they cast the blame on *us*, mothers, if they are not fitted to their work? Grown up infants will not do. The present is a mushroom age, and one writer declares, "there *are no boys.*" So we see infancy has leaped into manhood. Of course the man is but a babe, and we may expect works corresponding thereto.

Very little things indeed make up the materials with which the mother has to work. An accidental word, a look, it may be a gesture, may call forth all her powers to sift out the little wrong seed, which she may discover to be mixed up with what appeared very good. I am sorry there are some mothers who talk a great deal about this over-nice way, as they are pleased to call it, of dealing with children, and think it is not best to notice such small things in them. If these very indulgent mothers would just look ahead, and tell us how we are to bend the sturdy oak, we will be obliged to them. But with me the case is thus: I am so afraid of the consequences, if a wrong is suffered to go on unheeded, that perhaps I manifest almost rashness in my attempts to eradicate it. A proper time, no doubt, should be chosen; but I can hardly wait for that; I am afraid the plague-spot will spread, and the whole heart, body and spirit, be past remedy.

A word here on the manner of teaching: Coercive measures should be very sparingly resorted to, if at all. "But should not the child be made to obey?" asks one. Most certainly. But, dear mothers, I have tried it, and do believe there is a better way to gain the desired end, than by force, or rather what is generally termed force. There *is* a force beyond appeal, in the earnest, determined purpose of the praying mother, who constrained herself by the love of Christ to present her children blameless and without spot before God, which no properly instructed child can withstand. The mother

must live at the feet of Christ, not in word only, but in deed and in truth. The child must early be thrown on his own responsibility, or the truths lodged in his heart will not become strengthened, because not brought into action. We do too much for our children many times. Their free agency is in us. We confide to them certain capital stock, and then go to work ourselves to help them make it available, when we ought to have nothing to do with it, but leave them to make it serviceable for themselves. No mother has cause to be discouraged, who goes constantly to God for aid. If she fail in this, all, all is and must be wrong. L. M. B.

CARES AND COMFORTS;

OR,

A Day in the Life of a Contributor.

And, by the way, it was a leisure day,—one of the days of a week of delightful rest, of which Mrs. Gilbert had promised herself the enjoyment, and during which she hoped to be able to string a few thoughts, that had long been straying through her mind, for the Journal. A week, a whole week's rest was before her! How long it seemed! And yet, for nine years, when these quarterly visions had dawned upon her, they had seemed just so long; but when they had passed, she wondered where they had flown. But *this* would be long. How much she was to rest, how much she was to do, that was better than rest.

Farewell, shades of Ulysses and Telemachus! For that classic tale told by the most chaste and beautiful writer of that age of great writers, is wearisome to the last degree, when a school girl's mistranslations and perversions are listened to for the hundredth time. Farewell, sweet Picciola, and glowing, impassioned Corinne; for bright-eyed, but unlettered western girls have dropped the curtain upon your last scenes too many times, to leave a wish for the re-appearance of any of your dramatis personæ this week. And there, La Henriade and Racine, go up into that corner of old school

books, and shut your thumbed leaves, and hide your old worn out covers, for a week at least, and when you come forth again next Monday morning, do bring us something fresh and new; for if a twice told tale is wearisome, even when well told, what are ye, when successive classes have, for nine years, been ringing successive changes on your any thing but Parisian French?

Thus Mrs. Gilbert disposed of care, and entered upon her week of rest. The scene opens upon a Monday morning, but as it was quite too stormy to wash, things on the hill that day, followed the ordinary course of all other leisure days.

"Nilcha, have you trimmed the lamps yet?" asked Mrs. Gilbert, on entering the kitchen, while the process of doing up the breakfast work was going on.

"No, ma'am, I didn't trim 'em yet; but stop a minute, Miss Gilbert, if you please; I want to show you my kitchen lamp, that I filled with that new oil last night. I never in my life did see such stuff as it is. Look," she added, as she held up the lamp, "ma'be you'll think I put something else in; but I didn't, nothing at all, it's jest the oil, and I can't stir without it'll go right straight out in a minute. What is the matter with it, I wonder.

"It is corn oil, Nilcha."

"Corn oil? what kind o' oil is that, I wonder. I never heard of no such oil in Holland nor with the Yankees either before. Miss Barnes never used no such oil. Her lamps looked jest as clear as if they was filled with water most. These look dreadful, and they won't burn, too. I wonder what did make Mr. Gilbert git such."

"It is cheaper, Nilcha, a good deal cheaper; and Mrs. C. told me the other day that they got along with it very well, and I thought we would try a gallon; but what I came to say, Nilcha, is not to fill Mr. Gilbert's study lamp with this oil. He wants a good light, and I believe there is a little of the good oil left yet."

"Yes, ma'am, jest a little that I turned into that old pitcher, 'cause I wanted the lamp filler for this; but I might jest as well've let it staid in; for this'll never run through the spout, I know. I've jest got to fill the lamps right out o' the can."

"And grease the floor and waste the oil, of course," thought Mrs. Gilbert; "I wonder how much I shall save by this experiment," and she turned to go into the nursery, but Nilcha called after her,—

"Miss Gilbert, if you please, ma'am, I believe you owe me jes' three dollars to-day, and I should like it to-night, if you please."

"Well, Nilcha," said Mrs. Gilbert; but as she shut the door, she drew a sigh; here was a call which she had not calculated for till the first of next month, when several of her bills which had been delayed beyond the time of payment would enable her to meet this. About the girl's wages and children's clothing, Mrs. Gilbert never troubled her husband. He had calls enough for all the salary *real* and *nominal*, which one of the teachers (or professors as they were called) in a western institution just pressing its way into existence, could possibly collect; even when she, through persevering weariness, lopped off these two important items in their family expenses.

Her husband had taken up a newspaper and seated himself by the nursery fire; and with a great deal of apparent enjoyment, he was running over its columns. As she passed him, he said, speaking to himself rather than to her:—"That's a fine speech—a noble speech. Talk about feeling contempt for the author of that!"

"I wish I could read a noble speech," thought Mrs. Gilbert, "and for a moment forget the contempt I feel for this increasing calculation of sixpences and pennies."

She went to her drawer and took up her little purse;—it was very light,—but emptying it she saw that one bank bill still remained. The sight of this gladdened her, and yet it was only one dollar. But counting every dime, half dime, and penny, she made out just two dollars.

As she stood counting with anxious looks, the contents of the purse, a little face peeped out from the red borders of a comforter, that enveloped head and ears, and applied for relief in a desperate case.

"Mother, mother, can't my 'Guffey's First Reader,' have a place in Johnny's new desk that locks? Say, mother can't it?" Again and again he repeated his petition, but it was not till she felt the little mittened hand pulling at her dress, that she gave her attention to the child. The matter of the desk was then considered, and it was decided that Jimmy and Johnny Gilbert were joint stockholders in the new desk that locks, and that the privileges of the same must be enjoyed in exact ratio of their respective ages, five to nine.

While this important matter (for who shall say it was not impor-

tant, since it involved both a principle of right and of fraternal regard?) was pending, Johnny, tired of waiting, had started off to school, Jimmy, therefore, must have an escort down the slippery hill. "It will take but a minute," thought Mrs. Gilbert, "just to step down the hill with him, and thus perhaps I may snatch away this apple of discord which the donor of the new desk has so unwittingly rolled in between the boys."

So, tying on her hood, she took the hand of the little one and hastened after the fugitive brother. But alas! she found that the cause of discord was not to be snatched away so hastily. It must be removed by slow argument and close logic. For Mrs. Gilbert saw that her work as a mother was not so much to settle that trifling dispute about the new desk, as to uproot a wrong and selfish principle from the heart, and implant a right one in its place. And this was not the work of a moment. Nevertheless, it was *her* work and must be done, though her first morning was fast waning, and other pressing cares awaited her return. Yet when Mrs. Gilbert entered the house, she could not resist the temptation to stop a moment before the window, to watch the farther effects of her mission. The clock ticked on, but she did not heed it. The paper containing that noble speech which she had so much wished for time to read, had been thrown upon the table just under her eye, but she did not take it up; and even the little purse, emptied of every sixpence and penny of change, and yet found wanting by one whole dollar, lay in the open drawer before her, just as she had left it; but she had quite forgotten both its emptiness, and Nilcha's demand, which must somehow be met.

The minutes, one, two, three, and even five passed away uncounted, as she stood there, with her hood on and her face pressed against the glass, peering through the falling snow flakes at some distant object. She did not even notice her husband's step as he came in from the study. For a picture, as beautiful to her eye as ever a painter copied, had fixed her attention, and fully enlisted all the fond sympathies of the mother's heart.

It was the two boys, their little figures delineated upon the side of a snow covered hillock, which they were just then climbing on their way to school. The dinner and book basket held by a hand of each, was swinging between them, and their faces were turned lovingly upon each other. One moment little Jimmy was evidently

a wondering inquirer and Johnny a pleased instructor about the mysteries of that old mill towards which he was pointing. And the next, the little mittened hand was held out to catch a large feathery snow flake as it fell, and then the faces of the two boys bent eagerly over the dissolving treasure to watch it as it faded particle by particle away.

"Gone," she said, unconsciously, as she saw the little hand drop, and the suddenly upturned glance of each into the other's face, to read the feelings which the faded vision had awakened. "Gone," she repeated, mournfully, and the tears filled her eyes to think of all the illusive dreams of life by which their young hearts must be cheated; of the plans they would form, and the castles they would build, but to see them fade away like that feathery snow flake.

"What are you gazing at, and what is gone, Emily?" said her husband, coming up to the window.

She started at the sound of his voice, but, pressing the corner of her hood into her eyes to clear them of her tears, she answered, "It was a beautiful picture—a fair, but prophetic vision, that just now passed before me."

He looked out—"What spy glass you may have had," he said, "I do not know, but I see nothing but two very common looking boys trudging along to school."

"Well," said Mrs. Gilbert, laughing, "I suppose mothers are a privileged class, though half an hour ago, when I saw you enjoying your newspaper so quietly, I was inclined to think quite differently."

"And what has changed your opinion?"

"Why, you see, just then I was called out to settle a little dispute that had arisen between the two boys about their new desk, and a difficult, wearisome affair I found it too, requiring a sacrifice of precious time which was to have been peculiarly my own. But I succeeded, not only in making them see what was right, but in leading them with a hearty good will to do it; and now I perceive that through the medium of that same troublesome dispute I am able to see a really charming picture, where you see only two very common looking boys trudging along to school. But so it is," she added, "We must have our clouds and fogs to teach us the value of sunshine,—our dark, dull, winter days, do but make us prize the light and warmth of summer the more."

"Well, well," said Mr. Gilbert, "you are quite welcome to the

exclusive enjoyment of all privileges resulting from settling children's quarrels. I am glad you have time to form charming pictures and to look at them; but the truth is, Emily, I have lifted myself blind out here, and nobody comes to my aid. The affairs of the institution, of the church, and of our family, all together, are crushing me; I cannot sustain the weight any longer. My life and light, such as it is, and it might have made this western darkness less dark, must go out at noon, for there is nothing to feed it any longer."

Ah! care-burdened mother, treasure the remembrance of that picture which you saw a moment ago, so beautifully delineated upon the hill side. Transfer it to your heart, for ere you are aware, darker, gloomier scenes will claim the foreground, and hide all those fair outlines, those delicate shadings on which you were gazing with such exquisite delight

What a wonderful thing is human sympathy! Through its effects Mrs. Gilbert also became suddenly blind to all things bright or fair in life, and she felt the blood flow back to her heart with a leaden weight. Such sudden revulsions of feeling in her husband were not new to her; for Mr. Gilbert was an earnest, active western pioneer, and in striving to help every body, and to further every new improvement, he had entirely overtaxed himself. His nervous system was shattered, and sometimes, by some little jarring vibration, it became completely unstrung. Mrs. Gilbert knew all this, yet whenever she saw the cloud of care gather so suddenly and so darkly upon his face, she fancied that it cretainly was, in some respects, darker and more ominous than any that had betokened preceding storms.

"Why, what new trouble now?" she asked.

"There's nothing new," he said, "but the thought of so much to do and to bear, without time for the one or strength for the other, distracts me."

"Do you remember the fable of the old clock?"

"Yes, but it don't meet my case, I must tick faster than quarter seconds, and it requires more than two hands to point to all the times which I must be ready to meet."

Mrs. Gilbert hesitated; she had had some plans of her own for that week. But what are a *woman's* plans, in the shadow of those great edifices which men are rearing?

"My bricks and mortar were all prepared," thought she, "but it is perhaps no matter whose building they go into. Can I do any thing to help you?" she asked.

"Yes, there's a dozen letters that ought to be answered this very day—three, that must be. This drudgery of writing wearies me to death; I'm nervous, I can't write. If you could write for me one hour; copy the report of that committee on education, and this petition for our new charter, and just answer these three letters; short, I can tell you in a word what to say,—it would be one burden off my hands."

Just then a bell rung. "Is it possible?" he exclaimed, "I must be gone; but here—these letters. To this, you know what to say. I can't go of course; but answer it civilly—politely; O yes, and add a word about that young man for whom he inquires, about our church and institution, that we are faint but pursuing, &c. The others, read them and you will know what to say. The report and petition, an exact copy. Write the letters first, stamp them, and send them to the cars, for the mail will be closed. Good bye!" and he shut the door after him.

"I always did hate copying," said Mrs. Gilbert, as she sat down to her work of an hour. "What matter which building the bricks go into?" whispered a voice from within. "But mine would have been pleasanter work," she parleyed.

"But not half so useful, perhaps," was whispered in return.

"I think, however, I had some very useful hints to communicate in what I intended to write for the Journal; they certainly are the result of experience."

"Charity begins at home," returned the same provoking monitor.

"I'll silence that cant," thought Mrs. Gilbert, and she scratched on, making as heavy marks as she could, and at the end of the letter, almost deceiving herself by her own masculine, business-like hand. She held it up and looked at it with real pleasure. "They never will think that a woman wrote that, I know," she said; "so there will be no flaw to pick on that score."

And, somehow, Mrs. Gilbert felt uncommonly well pleased with all the letters she wrote that morning. She had never thought she was a good writer before, but these certainly seemed very fairly written. Did she know why? No; but then it was quite a satisfying conclusion to which she had come;—"that it really was no matter

which building the bricks went into." If her husband had known the complacency with which she looked upon the work of her hands, he would probably have remarked as before: "what spy-glass you may have had, I am sure I don't know, but to my eye your *d's* are all *a's*, and your *w's*, *n's* yet."

It is a beautiful arrangement in woman's lot, a sweet compensation for the petty, trivial cares with which her sphere of labor abounds, that through the medium of self-sacrifice, the most common things often assume the forms of beauty. For this same self-sacrifice is like the kaleidoscope with which children amuse themselves, and which changes broken bits of glass, old beads, and worthless tinsel shreds into beautiful pictures, on which they gaze with delight.

"I WILL CALL TO REMEMBRANCE MY SONG IN THE NIGHT."

Oh God! when this heart would look forward with fear
To scenes of bereavement, of sorrow, and blight,
Instead of o'erclouding my days with such care,
"I will call to remembrance my song in the night.

When I think of the loved, of the cherished now here,
And feel the sad warning—they're passing from sight,
I turn to the past—and its memories cheer,
For "I call to remembrance my song in the night."

That dark night of trouble, of anguish, of woe,
Whose shadows fell heavy on prospects so bright;
When the tempest swept o'er me and laid my hopes low:
Aye! e'en in that hour rose a "song in the night."

Soft notes of submission, of heaven-born peace,
That a spirit so weak, should be strengthened with might
To yield up its treasures—to bid murmurs cease,
And raise, though heart-broken, a "song in that night."

I remember with gladness, Thou e'er art the same;
Our Strength in all weakness, in darkness, our Light,
'Tis Thou who hast given—all praise to Thy Name—
The sweet song of triumph in affliction's dark night.

S. P. D.

SYMPATHY.

BY LAURA LINWOOD,

"Sympathy is lacking from the guilty such as we."

HAVE you not felt this? Have you not seen the time when one word of kindly sympathy, one approving smile would have been dearer than all earthly treasures? Have you not sometimes when worn by toil, discouraged by disappointment, and almost ready to sink beneath your heart's heavy load, felt how dear would be some kindly spirit, to share your sorrows? Or perhaps when your heart was ready to burst with gladness, how sweet it would be to impart your joys? And as you turned from one to another in search of that your soul yearned after, and met with nothing but coldness and repulse, have you not felt that the very springs of life were sealing up? At such times has not your soul been filled with grief, so keen and bitter, that it would have been sweet to lay you down, beneath the cold valley clod, that your soul might rest in a kindlier clime? It was just that you should grieve. "When God Himself complained, it was that none regarded."

Will you deprive others of that which you have coveted yourself? Will you stand cold as an iceberg in arctic seas, to wreck the hearts of life's voyagers, and freeze the warm out-gushing soul? Are you willing that your friends—that the children of your love should feel the bitter pangs which you have felt; and that the better feelings should famish and die? If not, study the soul and its wants. While you seek, with anxious care, to provide for the bodily wants of your little ones, neglect not the equally pressing necessities of the soul. Tell them of heavenly and divine things, and the only balm for every wounded spirit. Open your own heart to share their joys and sorrows. Because you have become accustomed to earth's chilling winds, do not neglect the sensitive plant by your side,—do not allow the cold blast to lay it low, when you can shelter it within your own embrace. True your child must one day learn the world's heartlessness by bitter experience; but first strengthen and prepare

the heart for it. Life will have little enough of cheer, if you strive to make childhood's days sunny. And when for the first time the painful truth, that man's fallen nature, disposes him to be fickle, ungrateful, unkind and deceitful, is thrust upon the young heart, and it lies low, torn and bleeding, do not pass by on the other side, but pour into the wounded breast the oil and wine.

If the countenance is sad, do not disregard it, and deem the causes that made it so, trifles; for an unkind word, a neglect, an unjust suspicion is to some hearts as heavy a trial, as a severe calamity is to others. And if you succeed in making the sad heart joyous, it is no small thing; for one has said that "he that maketh a child happy for an hour is a co-worker with God." Can you ask more exalted employment?

Not only strive to exercise this feeling yourself, but cultivate the principle in the hearts of your children. It was planted there for noble, holy purposes, and while you are careful not to destroy it by uncongenial influences, strive to bring it into active exercise. If you would have them like Jesus "go about doing good," cultivate in their hearts the principle that actuated our Saviour. Point them to the Holy One, sympathizing with the sisters of dead Lazarus, and mingling his tears with theirs; and encourage them likewise to go and comfort the sorrowing. Teach them to frequent the sick-bed, and there speak those gentle, soothing words that render affliction half welcome; for it is better to some to have bodily affliction with the kind attentions and sympathies of beloved friends, than health and prosperity attended by unkindness, or cold indifference. Teach them to point the widow and the fatherless to Him who has promised to be their God and Father. To direct the burdened soul just sinking in despair to Jesus, who has said "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." By so doing, you will shed the light of happiness around them, and create within their own breasts a never failing fountain of joy.

"He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are but dust."

"Who though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich."—*Bible.*

CLOTHING FOR GIRLS.

In our variable climate, exposed as we are to sudden and extreme changes of weather, our children should be protected, by warm and comfortable clothing. It should be made to cover the entire body; and not merely, by placing a number of folds about the waist, in such a manner as to represent a spread eagle already soaring away; while the neck and limbs are left without covering, because a state of nudity has become pleasing to modern taste; thus subjecting the little sufferer to colds, coughs, asthmas, rheumatisms, and croups, and many times to premature death. It is painful to see mothers, (who tenderly love their daughters,) by this wicked practice bring the deepest sorrow upon their own heads, notwithstanding all their efforts to shield a guilty conscience under the cloak of Providence.

I knew a charming little girl in an eastern state, who was the only child of her mother, and she was a widow. Her husband, and son, had long since found a grave in the deep blue sea. No gratification whatever was withheld from this last, this idolized child. She was a child of song. The tones of her sweet voice penetrated even the bluntest sensibilities. The mother's heart vibrated to the tender tones of her darling child, and she rejoiced that the time was so near when others beside herself, would appreciate alike her talents and her beauty. It was a cold bleak night in February, when our village was all astir with the excitement of preparation for a singing school concert. Our little girl was to take a prominent part in the exercises, and she must be attired in a manner, becoming her position and talents. She was disrobed of the coarser for the lighter material. Her warmer garments were exchanged for the gossamer wings; that if possible, she might be taken for some etherial being. Though the winds were rude, and the night dark and cold, and all the elements of nature seemed clashing in furious combat, the mother permitted her little daughter to leave her warm fire-side, and go forth to test the texture of her skin against the coldest northern blast. She reached the hall shivering with cold, but she soon rallied, and entered into the exercises of the evening with the ardor and enthusiasm of

childhood. Her delighted mother gazed, and listened in breathless admiration. Her costume was *a la Paris*. None so short or light as hers. Her arms and ancles so exquisitely rounded, her neck of such an alabaster whiteness, her shoulders of the finest Grecian mould, and all so gracefully exposed. All seemed spell bound, at the charm of such original and heaven tuned melody, as she unconsciously poured forth her warbling strains. But her notes (we fain would hope) were tuned for angel bands, and as if already inspired, the key note echoed its last farewell to all below. She returned home wearied and excited. The chilly winds seemed to whet their swords anew for their defenceless victim. They pierced her tender and unprotected frame, and all torn and lacerated, by their merciless darts, she arrived home and threw herself upon her bed. But rest was not there. Her frame was quivering with the still biting effects of the keen atmosphere. Sweet little songster! The bright glimmerings of a life so precious are going out. Fever ensues, her brain is reeling, she sings, she laughs, she raves, she entreats her mother to cover her from the piercing cold. The physician hastens to her bed-side, but all is lost! no hope! a few hours of suffering that would rend the hardest heart, and all of that life so dear, so much needed to cheer and support the declining years of this heart-broken mother, has gone out. And think ye not that mother brought anguish of spirit to her own heart?

The custom of aping what is foreign instead of adhering to our conviction of what is practicable and fitting, and adapted to our climate and circumstances, often brings us into a distressing and ludicrous condition. The fashions of Paris, and of the stage, illy become the practical daughters, on the mountains and in the valleys, on the hills and in the dales, of New England's rock and ice bound coast. Among the villages that skirt our western lakes and rivers, and dot our broad prairies, or of the Green, and White mountains, where old Boreas whistles and pipes, bellows and raves, as he is striving to rival nature in artificial mountains of snow. Some mornings after his merriest antics, may be seen a hundred little girls, on their way to school, dressed more like little actresses from a London or Paris stage, than the daughters of our Pilgrim mothers, who clad themselves in their own home-spun linen and wool, and were hale and vigorous both in body and mind.

O! shade of Martha Washington! What would she think to see

the physical training of our children?—to meet a group of these skirtless little gypsies, tripping through drifts of snow, and buffetting the piercing winds! How she would have toiled at the loom and wheel, to have prevented the soldiers of the Revolution from such a *pantless* misfortune.

And the loss of delicacy likewise who can estimate! that modesty which was the glory of our American mothers! and which we should cherish with an American pride! It is not indeed, fitting that we should thus barter away, what we have so long cherished, for the sake of aping the shameless fashions of the present day, or abuse and unsex our daughters by transporting the vices, and unnatural customs of other countries. Let our clothing be such as health and comfort require, and let us seek, rather, that adorning of the mind which is so justly and admirably portrayed by the pen of Inspiration.

G. M. J.

ON THE CONVERSION OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

It cannot be questioned, that individuals who are permitted to pass the period of early youth without having given evidence of a regeneration of soul by the Holy Ghost, have very many chances against their ultimate conversion and salvation. This is especially true of the rougher sex. Launched so soon upon the busy tide of business or professional life—invested with so many and with so rapidly multiplying responsibilities as they are; the body, and soon the intellect even, perhaps the heart itself, become engrossed with the routine of daily returning cares, and hopes, and projects of temporal existence; until, in many—aye—most cases, the care of the soul is postponed to that indefinite future which comes never, except in imagination. With the other sex the case is the same in kind, though differing in degree. The circumstances of their education too, are more favorable to the development of the heavenly gift. Reared from the earliest years under the constant watchfulness of a praying mother, and with the feeling of dependence on a stronger arm, which constitutes so endearing a characteristic of

woman; it is not difficult ere she has been separated from the privacy of home, to lead her warm, youthful affections to fasten themselves upon her blest Redeemer. If, however, this most important duty of a parent have been neglected, the terrible fruits of that neglect will soon, upon her assuming the responsibilities of married life, be apparent in the increasing worldliness and irreligion of its victim. It is too often the case, as has been justly remarked, that pious parents look for the conversion of their children when arrived at the age of discretion, as a matter of course. But experience proves the contrary. Oh! then—how important to train the tender vine upon the rod and staff of Christ's gospel, and mould it to the image of the parent stock. And fear not, fond mother—pray and labor untiringly—"for in due season you *shall* reap, if you faint not."

The writer well remembers the indefatigable efforts of a praying mother, in his childhood's days, to implant in his heart principles, not only of morality and rectitude, but also of vital piety. From the earliest period of his recollection, he was wont as she had taught him, to desire and pray for "a new heart." He was made aware that unless God gave him a new heart, he could never go to heaven. Often did he long ardently, that he might be so blest as to obtain "a new heart"—and once, going to his widowed and beloved parent, he threw himself into her arms, saying, "Oh! mamma, I am afraid I shall lose my soul." Like many other Christian mothers, she probably thought her little boy (then about five years of age) incapable of receiving the gospel in the understanding and spirit. At all events, she but advised him to "read the 51st Psalm, and to pray for a new heart." He remained in considerable anxiety for several days, frequently retiring to his closet, for prayer and reading the Bible. The daily occurrences of life, however, soon rendered him as buoyant in spirits as a natural thoughtfulness of disposition, in connection with the restrictions of his careful parent, would permit. Oh, how vividly do these recollections come up before his mind! Oh, if any kind messenger of heaven had at that time pointed him, in a clear and simple style to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world"—if such a gem of a little book as "The Way for a Child to be Saved," had been put into his hand, what years of neglect of duty to God—what days and nights of mental disquiet, might have been spared him! But, perhaps, his history

may prove the means, under God, of inducing some pious mother, to acquaint herself with the *principles* of God's plan of saving sinners through Jesus Christ, and to watch, with solicitude and care, the dawn of the Spirit's light, ready to seize the auspicious moment, to lead the affections and faith of the precious immortals committed to her care, to fasten themselves on Him who hath died to redeem them. Should this be the case, he can pronounce a most heartfelt *amen* to the providence which excluded from him this needed assistance. Indeed, his heart even now warms with gratitude to God, that ever He blessed him with a praying mother.

In a recent number of the "Sunday School Journal," an account was given of a little boy of four or five years old, who died happy in the prospect of an eternity at God's right hand. The editor, in commenting upon it, says, "How can we account for the conversion, at so tender an age, of so many children as we constantly learn are renewed in soul by the Holy Spirit, and have died in the triumph of faith?"

The perusal of this paragraph revived in the recollection of the writer, the long-forgotten facts just related, with great force. He also recurred with intense interest to the experience of a few months subsequent to their occurrence. The summer season of the year approached—and with it came frequent and violent thunder-storms. On one occasion, during a terrific storm he was much alarmed, and it seemed to him that God was about to destroy him. He fell tremblingly upon his knees, besought the Almighty to spare him, and vowed to obey and serve Him with all his heart. The tempest ceased, and at the same time his anxiety departed. A few days after, another severe storm occurred. He thought of his violated promises—he renewed them, fully determined to perform them. He endeavored during the week to do so—another appalling conflict of the elements took place—he felt that God was speaking to him—but he was calm and even joyful; for he felt that he was under the protection of his heavenly Father. He afterward delighted to serve God and to love Him, until the circumstances of that period are rendered indistinct to memory, in those of his later history; but his godly and endeared parent refers with confidence to it, as the time when his heart was regenerated and reunited, by faith to his Maker. May God grant them the joy of meeting, in the heavenly company who "have washed their robes and made them white in

the blood of the Lamb"—together with multitudes of praying mothers and their ransomed children; in that day when the Lord shall make up his jewels!

J. C. M

THE DOVE. Gen. viii. 11.

Sin the world has overspread,
Like the Deluge in its wrath;
Every vale and mountain head
Tells of the Destroyer's path.

And must thou go forth, my child,
Into such a world as this?
By its treacherous face beguiled—
Swallowed in its dark abyss?

Wind of Heaven! arise and sweep,
Sweep, unseen by mortal eye,
O'er the surface of the Deep,
Till the Flood of Sin be dry!

Dovelike Spirit of our God!
Come, and all my fears shall cease;
O'er the swift abating flood,
Bring the olive branch of Peace.

Bid a Parent's tearful eye
Look on yonder brightening bow,
Cheering token from on high,
Of God's covenant here below!

J. N. B.

THE PROPOSED JOURNEY.

"BROTHER," said little Maria Burton, "father is going to New Hampshire this week, and I asked mother if I might go with him, and she did not say no. I think I shall go."

"You go with him," said Henry. "I do not think you will, because it is my turn."

"Why, Henry! I never took a journey with father in my life!"

"You went to ride with him, sister, the other day, and went to Mr. Seldon's and Dr. Bentley's, and Esq. Somebody's, and had a real good time. Don't you remember what a fine story you told me?"

"Yes, brother, but that was not taking a journey."

"What is the difference? You visited, and had a ride with father."

"But if I take a journey I shall ride all day, and sister says I shall see the White mountains which are almost up to the clouds."

"Well, I should like to see the mountains, and I ought to see them first, because I am older than you."

Maria knew not what to say next, so she made no reply; but left the room to seek ner mother, who could decide the question between her and her brother.

Some children would never think of taking a journey with their father, because he always travels in haste, by car, stage, or steamboat, and cannot take charge of a child; but Mr. B. rode in his own carriage, and was seldom in haste; he loved the society of his children, and manifested towards them so much of tender love, and patient care, that even the little ones knew no dearer friend, no pleasanter companion than "father."

It was decided that Maria should take the journey, and the next morning was the time to start. All that day her sister Emeline was very busy in fitting and putting up her things to be gone from home at least two weeks, and Maria was no less busy in watching her, and skipping about to fetch, and carry, and make all the help in her

power. She could think and speak of nothing but the journey. When her father came in at night, she ran to meet him saying, "Please go in my room, father, and see all about my things." Her father smiled as he gave her his hand, and said, "I suppose my little daughter, who is now old enough to take a journey with father, will not need much assistance in taking care of her clothes.'

"O no, father, but mother said she would like to have you know, and then you will remind me if I forget—but I shan't forget; and, besides, I want you to see how nice, and how *good* sister Emmy is. She has put every thing in the right place—and I shall keep them just so—and she has put in my beautiful New Testament that you gave me, and only think, father, she made a little flannel case for it, just to keep it nice."

"That gives me great pleasure. You know father loves neatness and order, and especially does he desire to have his children preserve and study the word of God."

As Maria retired to rest that night, she placed the clothes in which she was to be dressed for the journey, beside her bed, "for," said she, "we shall go directly after breakfast, and I had better be all ready."

"But, sister," said Emeline, "you will not go if it rains, and father says it looks very much like it. If I were you, I would not think of going to-morrow, and then if it does not rain you will have a happy disappointment, and if it does you will not feel very unhappy."

But Maria had a very different feeling. It seemed to her if every thing were perfectly ready she certainly should go, and so instead of trying to make herself contented to wait if it should be necessary, she tried only to feel sure that she should not be detained. With these thoughts she fell asleep, and when she awoke in the morning and found it raining violently, she was prepared for a hearty cry. Had she taken her sister's advice she would have been much less disappointed; but she was a little girl, and had a great deal to learn before she could be as wise, and prudent as Emeline was.

The rainy day passed rather heavily with Maria, and she was very glad when Henry, looking from the window, said, "We are going to have company, a stranger is coming into the yard."

The gentleman entered, and Mr. Burton shook hands with him

very heartily, saying, "I am glad to see you sir. It is a long time since you have called on us.'

Maria had never seen him before, and he appeared to her so pecu liar, that she observed him very closely. He was what she thought an old man, yet he looked stout and healthy. His hair was bushy, and his beard rather long, and his face she thought looked shockingly, for it was all covered with scars; and his voice and language were very strange. This gentleman's name was Northam. He was a German, and therefore did not pronounce our language correctly. The scars on his face were caused by the small-pox, which he had when young very badly. But we cannot judge of a person's character by looks and manners merely. Mr. N. was a good man, and for this Maria's father loved him; and besides, he had so much learning and knowledge that he was a very instructive companion.

"THE DOOR IN THE HEART."

In reading an interesting sketch with the above title, I was reminded of an incident related to me by a friend. A reckless brother had become deranged—he was mild and submissive, and at times greatly concerned for his soul, but his memory seemed almost a total wreck. Yet there was one *door in his heart*, which, though easily passed by in former years, now opened, even to that ruined memory. On that door was written *Mother*. That mother had long since passed away from earth, but he often asked for her, and she seemed ever present to his mind.

A mother's influence who shall tell, when even a dethroned memory recalls her image! O mother, see to it that, while your children's hearts are easily impressed, you stamp upon them, in deep, enduring lines, the character you would have them retain through

life and carry up to the judgment seat. They may wander far in paths of sin, but a mother's prayers, a mother's teachings, and a mother's holy example will rise before them and bar their progress to perdition. Human nature is weak and ignorant, and doubtless, you often feel incompetent to train your children aright, but remember that you have a Friend who is Strength and Wisdom, and who has said, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Carry every difficulty to the mercy seat, and seek constant supplies of grace to enable you to be a faithful, consistent mother. Make it the burden of your prayers, the end of all your efforts that your children may give their hearts to Christ in early childhood, and be permitted to look back from the portals of the grave upon a whole life spent in glorifying God: then will it be a joy to you throughout eternity that you have been a mother.

May every mother who reads these pages so live before her children, that her name may be a talisman to protect them from the snares of Satan, and a star to guide them in the footsteps to the Throne of God; and that the *door of their hearts* upon which that name is written may be ever open to the life-giving influence of the Sun of Righteousness. E. S. T.

BE GENTLE WITH THE CHILDREN.

"Now be quick, Mary, and come right back; you know what will come if you don't!" These words, spoken in no very pleasant tone, fell upon my ear, as I passed through the hall to my study. They were addressed by Betsy, the house-maid, to a sprightly, but not very thoughtful child of seven summers, whom she was sending with a message to a farm-house, some quarter of a mile distant. Mary set out at once, and taking a seat a moment after, near a window which overlooked the road, my eye caught the form of the child, bounding away on her errand.

There is hardly any thing in this cold world, like the feeling with which a father regards a bright, affectionate daughter. I doubt

whether the much, and justly eulogized love of a mother, strong as it is, is just *such* a feeling. Prompted by the recollection of what I had just heard, or by the dim remembrance of some of my own childish experiences, or perhaps by both combined, I determined to watch the movements of the little messenger. For the first few moments, the memory of the charge which she had received, seemed to give energy to the child's purpose, and she skipped along as if determined to obey to the letter. But in passing the door of a neighbor, something attracted her attention. She paused—then ran into the yard, and it was some minutes before she reappeared. Again on her way, it was not long before something new arrested her steps. It might be the sight of birds, or their music, or the discovery of the far-famed butterfly, which so many children have chased. At all events, it was soon pretty clear that Mary had quite forgotten the impressive injunction of the house-keeper. "Ah, child!" thought I, as I turned from the window, "thou art a type of myself, thou art a true representative of thy kind!"

"Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away."

It might have been an hour or more later, when the door of my room was somewhat suddenly opened, and Betsey appeared, leading the little culprit. "Mary is a very bad girl," she said in an excited tone. "I sent her to Mrs. K's. to get some things for her sick mother, and she has been gone these two hours, and lost her basket besides." So saying, she drew the reluctant child into the room, and went away. This introduction to me, then, was one of the afore-threatened consequences of disobedience.

"Mary," said I, "what does this mean?" Mary raised her eyes timidly to mine, but said nothing. Her countenance wore an expression of mingled shame, grief, and perplexity. "Come here, my child," I continued, "and tell me why you have been so naughty."

"I don't know," she said, after considerable hesitation, "but Betsey is so cross to me," and she burst into a passion of tears. This was evading the point, and I was about to say with some

severity, "but child, you *do* know, and you must tell me," when the thought occurred to me that there was more truth in her answer than I was willing to give her credit for.

A little exercise of kindness and tact on my part, drew from her the history of her little expedition. She had been sent away feeling that it was quite a relief to be out of sight of her harsh mentor; with no explanation of the necessity of "being quick" except a threat; and consequently no real respect for the authority which sent her. She had stopped to play with the children in the yard, from native love to society. She had lingered to watch the birds, and listen to their songs, because she loved them, and was curious to see their movements. When coming back, she had set down her basket to pick some pretty flowers, and then forgotten it. I saw how it was, and received a lesson.

Mary perceived clearly enough the general idea that she had done wrong, but could not see where the wrong lay, or how, or why she had done it. She had never been taught that it was wrong to play, or to love the birds and the flowers, but on the contrary, she had learned to think that these things were all right. Her error was that she had taken the wrong time to indulge in these innocent inclinations. On this point she had received little or no instruction. No wonder she could not tell why she had been "so naughty." The fault was partly in her instructors, and it was the consciousness of something of this kind which made her look so perplexed, and led her to say "I don't know."

This "I don't know" so often taken as an evidence of sullenness on the part of children, has more of truth and reason in it, than many parents and teachers are aware of. Too often we deal with the child, just as if he knew as much and could reason as well as ourselves.

Be just to the children. Be gentle with the children.

A FATHER.

"Be obeyed when thou commandest: but command not often. Let thy carriage be the gentleness of love, not the stern front of tyranny. A mild rebuke in the season of calmness is better than a rod in the heat of passion. Nevertheless spare not, if thy word hath passed for punishment."

THE BEGGAR.

BY MRS. L. BAXTER.

Mother, there is a beggar,
 Beside our mansion door;
His face by Time is wrinkled,
 His head is silvered o'er.

His tattered clothes declare him,
 Of home and friends bereft;
Oh! may I kindly bear him,
 The fragments we have left?

Nay son, but bid him enter,
 Methinks I can discern
The hand, that once did shelter
 Your mother from the storm.

'Twas when the snow blew wildly,
 Across the Highland moor
A lone, lost child, so kindly
 He took to his own door.

"Yes Lady," said he, weeping,
 "I then had home and friends;
But now my heart is breaking,
 My form with sorrow bends."

Misfortunes came upon me,
 My children all are gone!
And cruel hands have wronged me,
 And grasped my happy home.

Now I've no roof to shelter
 My locks so white and thin;
And no fond loving daughter,
 To keep my garments clean.

Come in sir, said she, smiling,
Though tears were falling fast;
God sent you to my dwelling,
I'll screen you from the blast.

You saved a helpless orphan,
Once on the trackless moor;
She lives! thank heaven, to welcome
The shepherd to her door.

THE EVIL TREE.

In the year 1835 while I was teaching a school at Chetthingsville on the Salwen river, for want of cleanly commodious streets in which to take my morning and evening exercise, I used to ramble in the adjoining paddy fields. Just as we emerged from the cultivated gardens of the village to the entrance of the paddy fields, there stood a noble tree throwing its broad branches over the path, as if inviting the passers-by to stop a moment beneath its cooling shade. I often took out my knitting or sewing, (for having been brought up in New England I had abjured neither) and sat for half an hour or so after school, waiting for the sun to sink behind an enormous pile (mountain we called it) of limestone rocks, just on the western bank of the river. One day as I sat knitting, I observed that a seed had fallen in the fork of the tree, about seven feet from the root, and had vegetated. It sent up a beautiful little tuft, and was shooting its thread-like roots downward. It was then so small that I could have plucked it up with my thumb and finger; but I felt an interest in the little shrub, such as I rarely ever felt in one I had not planted myself. I watched it from day to day. It belonged to the Peepul tribe, and grew very rapidly, deriving all its nourishment from the old tree.

The next year I visited the village, and took the earliest opportunity to visit *my little tree.* But how it had grown! It was shoot-

ing its roots downward and making a complete network over the bark of the old tree. Its top was some four feet high—its trunk measuring two inches in diameter, and its graceful poplar-like leaves quivering in the gentle breeze. I frequently stopped to observe how its thread-like roots were not only weaving a net-work, but uniting in a mass so as to completely conceal the parent tree. As I was in a great measure ignorant of the flora of the country, many were my conjectures about the future destinies of the two trees.

About this time I had occasion to go up the country higher than we had ever been before. In order to make the most of our visit, we separated and visited different villages, promising to meet again at the boat. On my return I found but a part of the company. While waiting for the return of the rest, we walked back and forth on the sandy beach. A slight fall of rain compelled us either to return to our cramped up boats or flee to the jungle for shelter. We chose the latter. As I was standing under a large tree waiting for the cessation of the shower, I began to observe the trees around me, and particularly the one under which we stood. A Karen observed me, and said, "This is the Devil's tree." "Why," said I, "it looks fair." "Yes," he said, "it looks fair; but it is deceitful, and therefore an emblem of the devil." "Years and years ago, a large and noble tree stood and flourished here, till a small black seed from a neighboring tree fell upon it—it vegetated—shot up its beautiful tiny tuft, and sent downwards its thread-like roots, drawing its entire nutriment from the noble tree on which it had alighted. As if to show the passers-by its profound gratitude to its benefactor, the roots laced and interlaced, till they entirely inclosed the old tree within its own bosom. Year after year the protege grew on and flourished, now drawing its nourishment from the earth as well as the parent tree. It is now this mighty tree! But where is the old one? Only one solitary limb bears a little stunted foliage. The fact is, *it is being squeezed to death.*"

"But," said I, "these are the facts, now for the illustration."

"Why," said he, "that is plain enough! The Devil comes to us in the form of a wicked desire, an evil propensity, or a bad habit, and at first sight it appears so trivial that it is not worth noticing or resisting. It finds a lodgement in our hearts. It kindles, it burns, it sets on fire the whole course of nature. It soon obtains such an

ascendancy as to be completely uncontrollable. Too late we find ourselves helpless slaves, *lost*, *ruined*, *undone*." I turned away from the tree with feelings of disgust for what I had just before admired.

A few years after and I had occasion to visit Chetthingsville again. The *little tree* had become a giant. It had apparently taken the place of its benefactor. It was spreading its luxurious and dense foliage over the self-same path where I had lingered in other days. It appeared the triumphant conqueror. Every leaflet seemed dancing on its long quivering pedicle, as if courting the gentle zephyrs of evening. But I sought for the old tree. *It was dead.* Not a leaflet remained to tell its wrongs, or be a witness to its protege's guilt. Only one small opening near where the seed first lighted, disclosed the rapidly decaying wood of the old tree. Branch after branch had fallen, and been used as fuel by the villagers. The rotten trunk alone remained, and that almost entirely concealed.

A few days afterwards the villagers in clearing away rubbish from their gardens, set fire to it near the tree. The fire ran in the tall grass, and a spark alighted just upon the opening where the rotten wood was exposed. It took fire and burned slowly but steadily. As it was the dry season no rain fell to extinguish the fire. The dense foliage above protected it from the heavy dews of night. As it was inclosed within the living tree the wind could not fan the flame. So it burned slowly downward and upward. No one felt interest enough in it to extinguish the flames. Day after day as I took my walk, I stopped to see the giant struggling with the fire in its bosom. At length it withered and died, falling a *victim* to its *victim's* fate. All the passers-by seemed to sigh as they beheld it, and say "Amen."

The sermon preached by the Karen up the country has never been obliterated from my mind. And as I observe the course of many of my young friends, I am too often painfully reminded of the fate of "the noble tree." Who has not seen the promising youth just merging into manhood, perchance from college halls, taking a high position in society, the pride of the parental fireside, loved and admired by all. But a trivial circumstance induced a slight bias of mind, which resulted in a momentary departure from the path of rectitude and virtue; but so slight that even the most

fastidious would scarcely notice it. But it was repeated again and again, till a habit was formed, and as the path of vice is an inclined plane, before he was aware of it himself he had acquired a fearful momentum in the path to ruin. That "fine eye" was dimmed—the noble brow shaded—the manly bearing had given place to conscious degradation. In a word our young friend was no longer visible. There appeared in his stead the idiotic stare—the bloated countenance, the trembling hand, the tottering form—and too soon, alas! too soon, appeared the flame within, that consumed both together and laid them in an untimely and dishonored grave.

I might enlarge from the field of my experience, and speak of the lovely amiable, and accomplished Miss —— who dated the commencement of her downward course to ruin, to the reading of a novel which was lent her by a professor of religion! She read it—became disgusted with the matter-of-fact manner of life she was leading. She sighed to launch out into the ideal Elysium now spread out before her. The daily duties became irksome, yea, positively unendurable. She listened to the Syren's song, and *was ruined.*

I could also speak of ——, who, while visiting his cousins in the city, was prevailed upon *for once* to visit the Theatre. But why add examples. Every observer of human nature, has too many of these images already haunting his mind. But may not we as parents,—as mothers—while reflecting upon the fate of this noble tree, be led to tremble at our responsibility, and seek with renewed zeal and energy "that wisdom that comes from above," to enable us to shield our precious charges from the *first* breath of temptation, the *first* bias to evil—the *first* deviation from the path of rectitude and virtue. O Lord protect our offspring!

C——.

"Fools make a mock at sin;" and surely they only; and if we feel inclined to shield ourselves under the excuse that it is only at little sins we laugh, let us remember,—

"'Twas but a little sin that entered in,
And lo! at eventide the world is drowned."



"THE LARK THAT SOARING SINGS."

WALKING with a friend on a bright afternoon last summer, through one of the border streets of our goodly city, my attention was drawn to a great number of cages, hanging about the door and filling the windows of a humble building, which proved to be the shop of a shoemaker. The occupant, a son of Erin, had come to our country of peace and plenty to make himself a home, but had brought with him, as boon companions, some of the sweet songsters of his native isle. And as he worked they sung, and right merry music they made, reminding him no doubt of pleasant scenes which his Irish heart loved to remember. Such manifestations of love to native land—to kindred—to scenes of early days and friends, it is pleasure to witness, as they always tell of genial sympathies, warm affections, and strong fidelity. Alas! for that child or man, who casts no lingering look on native home, who abjures his kindred, and is ready to take up and reiterate the taunts and jeers which a stranger may cast at them. It is no wonder that the Greenlander smiles at sight of his moss and lichen, for they constituted a great part of the food which nourished his life; or that the native of the sunny south, shrinks from the frosty north, and pines for his home amidst the orange and palm trees.

But I have wandered very far from the birds, whose songs of course I stopped to hear, and learn if possible their names. An elderly gentleman was standing on the walk viewing them too, and proved to be one able to answer all inquiries respecting them. There was the goldfinch, bright, beautiful little bird! notwithstanding all the long years which had intervened, the vision of my early childhood

flitted before me, when by the old hearth-stone I used to read the plaintive strain of the little warbler, who

"With form genteel, and plumage gay,"

was

"Caught, and caged, and starved to death."

There was the nightingale, the sight of which revived the song my mother used to sing of "Lone Philomel's languishing strain." The sparrow too, the minute care of which was recognised by our Saviour:—sweet mentor of the faithfulness and care of our Heavenly Father. "But there," said our communicative friend, "*there* is the sky-lark, the most to be admired of all." He said that he had often when in England, risen with the dawn to watch the movements, and listen to the morning song of the lark. "It would arise from its low nest, and wheeling a little above it, commence its song, and circling up, up, up, until lost to sight, where in the pure upper air it would continue to warble forth its sweet thrilling strains, for sometimes half an hour; then circling and singing to earth again, commence its daily task of feeding and protecting its young."

What a touching reproving lesson this, for man, who was made in the image of God, and endowed with noble powers to praise and glorify his Maker. May not fathers and mothers, young and old, take the example of the lark, and before they address themselves to the cares and duties of the day, soar aloft to the Mercy-seat, and offering the incense of grateful hearts for mercies past, invoke the presence and blessing of God to rest upon them during the day. They could but return from such high communion with Heaven, with countenances beaming with celestial radiance, and hearts subdued by influences which would fit them to perform the duties of life with pleasure, and bear its trials with fortitude and hope.

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

"Only the wakeful lark had left her nest, and was mounting on high to salute the opening day. Earliest of birds, said I, companion of the dawn, may I always rise at thy voice; rise to offer the matin-song, and adore that Benificent Being, who maketh the out-goings of the morning and evening to rejoice."

SUNRISE.

It is an every day occurrence, a very common affair—sunrise. Day succeeds each night, and night each day, till how few ever think what makes the day, or causes the night; or how fearful would be a night followed by no day. And how many there are, who never witness the glorious ushering in of the morning!—who never throw off the bands of night to greet the King of Day, as he commences the circuit of his domain!

Come forth, ye dwellers in the crowded city—ye listless wasters of morning's fresh hours;—ye who tarried long amid the meagre brilliance of some fashionable midnight gathering!—Come forth, this beautiful June morning, stand on this eminence, and view a scene more enchanting than your imaginations ever conceived. No galleries of art can equal it. Turn which way you will, all is soft, rich beauty. The very air is balm, while your ears are charmed with the full symphonies of nature's songsters. Their ever varying, ever harmonious notes will thrill your inmost souls: and you feel that a second Eden has been created around you, as the glorious sun comes forth from his chamber, and throws his beams of radiance over the whole scene. But as you admire and wonder, forget not Him who said, "Let there be light, and light was,"—who made "the great light to rule the day,"—who controls his burning heat, and bids him keep his distant sphere. Neither forget the Sun of Righteousness, who alone can drive the darkness of sin from the mind, and warm to life the sin-destroyed faculties of the soul.

Yet a few hours perhaps, and dark portentous clouds have shut out the glory of the day, and a gloom settles on the landscape, late so fair. It is ever thus with things of earth,—with *human* things. The morning of life is a glorious sunrise of hope; and well may young hearts be light and happy, as they rejoice in its beams.

The day of human life is *never* an *unclouded* day. The responsibilities, the toils, the cares, the disappointments, and sorrows which are in our path, *will* obscure the rays of hope, and settle like a pall upon our fondest delights. The blight and mildew of sin will gather

about our hearts, and turn our day to an eternal night, unless the spiritual vision be steadily fixed on that light which gleams from the celestial world.

Come then, ye worldly dreamers—ye gay votaries of pleasure,—ye who are groping a weary way in want and darkness!—come, away from the noise and din of earth,—from its corrupting haunts—its bewildering scenes!—come, where the dawn of a new life can open upon you:—come to the path of holiness and peace, "which shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." Then though your noon-day sun be clouded, and storms sweep around you, the sunset of your day will be more resplendent than its rising. The clouds will all be rolled back, their darkness only making more beautiful the bow of promise which spans them, while every object is gilded with his farewell beams,—an earnest of that morning of glory which shall succeed the night of the grave!

Mrs. M. G. Clarke.

READING THE BIBLE WITH CHILDREN.

From having been familiar with the precepts and histories of the Bible since our earliest recollection, we are in danger of reading the *words* without feeling their *power*. Indeed, I think we rarely have the ability so to concentrate the attention upon them as to lose no idea, and to feel the full force of their spiritual teachings, unless the mind is in a revived and deeply spiritual frame. And especially are we in danger of reading without profit, if several small children are in the room, engaged in conversation or amusement.

But let us gather the little ones around us. Let us invite them to listen while we read to them. And, whether it is the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, or the happy children who in after years received his blessing; whether Peter walks on the water to meet his Saviour, or follows him afar off and then denies him; whether the dead are raised to life, or the sick restored to health; the hypocritical Judas exposed, or the penitent thief adopted—there will be no chance for our interest to flag, or our minds to wander. They listen so attentively, that it gives new life and zest to every portion of the sacred word. We read new and glad tidings; and we read,

not so much for ourselves as for our children. As we raise our eyes from the sacred page, we meet a look of such deep interest and inquiring attention, as cannot fail to keep our own minds on the alert. There is a vividness to every thing we read in this way, that gives a peculiar charm to passages that have been read and re-read, until we have become so familiar with the words, that it requires no mental effort to read them, and they often fail to awaken any emotions in a mind pre-occupied by other thoughts. For it is a well known phenomenon of the mind, that it may have a just appreciation of words, and, in a sense receive them into it, while it is wholly engrossed with other, and entirely irrelevant subjects.

But when I read to my dear children, every thing is life-like. The hills of Judea loom up before me, and I hear a voice saying, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even forever." I see the temple of Solomon in its glory—I see the haughty Nebuchadnezzar stripping it of its consecrated vessels of gold and silver, and carrying them to his idol temple. I see the captive Jews sitting by the streams of Babylon. Their harps hang on the waving branches of the willows, making mournful music in the wind. I see their captors tauntingly requiring of them a song, and I hear the sad reply, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" I see Daniel, standing up in all the integrity of heroic Christianity, and refusing even to partake of the king's wine. I see him in full view of the lion's den, bowing himself three times a day, in his chamber, with his face towards Jerusalem, to worship the true God. I see the hand-writing on the wall, when the impious king desecrated the sacred vessels brought from Jerusalem, and gave not God the homage due to his great name. I see him dethroned, and Cyrus raised up and appointed of God to restore again the captive Jews to their beloved home. I see the Jews in spite of opposition, raising again the temple. I hear the shouting of the young, mingled with the wailing of the old, when the foundation of the new temple is laid—and all is seeming reality.

I see in the types and figures, the dim foreshadowing of a better dispensation; I hear the prophets proclaim a coming Messiah. I see the yearning spirit stretching forward down the lapse of time, with an eagerness that can scarcely be restrained; and when the fullness of time has come, I see the wise men led by the star in the

east, inquiring of the crafty Herod, where the prophets had foretold the advent of the Saviour should take place. I see the humble shepherds watching their flocks; I see their attention suddenly arrested by harmonious sounds; I almost seem to hear the seraphic music, and my mind is impressed with a new and stronger sense of the "*good tidings of great joy*," that the heavenly host proclaimed in the stillness of night, on the plains of Bethlehem.

And who can read without a new thrill of interest, all that follows?—the presenting of gifts—the flight by night—the bloody massacre by Herod—the return from Egypt—the presentation in the temple, when the good old Simeon taking the child in his arms, said, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation"—and the touching mention of the Saviour's subjection to parental authority at Nazareth.

Then with what deep interest they listen to the story of the birth, life, and death of John the Baptist, the cousin and pioneer of the blessed Jesus. How he stands out in bold relief before us, a hardy man, subsisting upon locusts and wild honey, his robe confined by a leathern girdle, and his one great aim absorbing his mind—to prepare the way of the Lord.

The baptism of the blessed Saviour; his temptation in the wilderness; his choice of followers from among the fishermen of Galilee; his miracles, and especially the scenes on Calvary and at the tomb of Joseph, are replete with interest to the young and enquiring mind. Then follows the account of the miraculous appearance of our Saviour after his resurrection, his friendly interviews with his disciples, and his ascension from the plains of Bethany, after giving to his apostles the great commission to preach the everlasting gospel to all nations.

And in the dissemination of the gospel, in obedience to that command, I think few will feel more interest than little children, especially if their minds are already enlisted in the truths that precede, and somewhat imbued with the spirit of the sacred narrative. The establishment of the zealous but wavering Peter, the conversion and self-denying labors of the strong-minded Paul; the persecutions they endured, and God's guardian care over them, delivering them out of prison by the interposition of angels, giving them power to work miracles in the name of Jesus, and sending them safe from the machinations of the Jews, to proclaim the *glad tidings* to the Gentile

world, all chain their attention, and make an indelible impression upon the mind.

But I cannot, and need not enumerate particular incidents. In truth I find no part of the Bible, from the fiat of the Almighty, "Let there be light," to the Revelation made to the beloved disciple on the isle of Patmos, that fails to elicit undivided and almost unwearying attention.

Nor is it alone in reading the *historical* portions of the Scriptures, that the attention of listening children increases the interest of the mother. The *preceptive* parts, although they give less scope for the imagination, chain the attention, and make deep and lasting impressions. And I feel in reading these portions, that my own mind cannot be sluggish, lest the oft-repeated "what does that mean?" may find me slumbering at my post. I feel too that I have need to come to this exercise with an humble, teachable, and prayerful spirit, that in dependence upon that wisdom which cometh from above, I may be able to explain heavenly truths—truthfully.

And now let me urge upon mothers, the frequent reading of the Holy Scriptures to their children, and not so much as a task or duty, but as a privilege. Let them see that you feel interested and there will be no lack of interest on their part. And you will find yourself abundantly repaid for the expenditure of voice and time, by the reflex influence on your own souls.

I recollect in the case of one of my children, when about five years of age; her desire to hear the New Testament was so great, that if she saw me at leisure a moment, she would run and bring it to me, and insist upon my reading a chapter to her; so that until I had read it all through with her, I could scarcely get an opportunity to read any thing else. I must speak from experience, for it is the only criterion by which I can judge. And I can truly say, mine has been a blessed experience in this respect. I find the Bible in its teachings, adapted to *all* a mother's spiritual wants. And I find in reading it to my children, that my own heart is enlarged, and its sacred truths are unfolded to my mind, with new force and beauty. The page seems at times almost luminous with the truth, and I trust that by its light I am assisted in the discharge of a mother's responsible duties. I have felt for some time a desire to communicate to others my views on this subject, but am led

to it, particularly at this time, by the following incident, which recently occurred.

It was sabbath afternoon, and though I had a volume of religious correspondence that I should have been glad to read to myself, yet I felt that if I did so I should be neglecting the dear children. So I took down the "Family Bible," and read to them the history of the good king Josiah, who began to reign when he was only eight years old. They listened with deep interest while I read to them about his destroying the images, and cutting down the groves where they had been worshipped, of his deep grief when he discovered by the book that was found in the temple, how greatly the Israelites had sinned in departing from God; how he rent his clothes; how he caused the book of the law to be read in the hearing of all the people, and established again among them the worship of the true God. Then followed kings who "did evil in the sight of the Lord," until He gave them up into the hands of their enemies, and they were carried away into Babylon. Then I commenced reading the account of their return from the captivity in Babylon to build again the temple and raise the walls of Jerusalem. But here my voice failed; and though they begged for more I was obliged to suspend the reading until I could rest. I laid down the bible and they separated. After an interval of perhaps an hour, I took up the bible, and without saying a word, seated myself by the window. Before I had time to open it, my little son, a child of six years, came and seating himself quietly by my side, said, "Mother, are you going to read some more in the bible?" "Yes," I said. "O! thank you mother," said he, "for reading some more." And the next moment the other two were by my side, ready to catch the first sound, and to drink from that fountain whose waters flow for the healing of the nations, and whose streams make glad the city of our God.

My heart was encouraged and my faith strengthened: and I feel constrained to say to the mothers who may read this—let us prize this inestimable treasure—let us draw from it that light and help we so much need—and let us bring our children also to its living waters, "That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace."

L. B. L.

"I LONG FOR THEE MOTHER."

BY R. S. J.

I long for thee, mother! Thy form I still see,
On memory's tablet impressed,
And time's proudest relics shall crumble away;
Ere that image so loved be erased.
I lost thee, dear mother, when manhood's warm tide
To its flood was fast hastening on,
When I treasured most highly my boyhood's guide,
And deemed thee kind Heaven's best boon.

We long for thee, mother, when at the full board,
The bounties of Heaven we share;
Though the accents of laughter around us be heard,
We rejoice not; for thou art not there.—
And when to the homestead we come as of yore;
How desolate seemeth each room;
How wearily swings e'en the oft-opened door;
For dimmed is the light of that home.

I long for thee, mother, when burdened by care,
I flee from the throngings of men;
When pain racks my body, afflictions draw near,
Sweet mother, I long for thee then.
I long for thy gentle encouraging tone,
That soothed all my sorrows and pains;
I long for that calm quiet smile, which alone,
Sent new life through my slow-beating veins.

I've lost thee dear mother! but ever would hold
Thy teachings of heavenly truth,—
More lasting than rubies, more precious than gold,
More lovely than fresh-blooming youth.
Those teachings I'll follow through life's weary path
Till I join thee in regions above;
Where the soul, freed from sorrows and partings by death,
Shall bathe in an ocean of love.

Norristown, Pa.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

TIME is the great witness of all human events. From the first dawn of the creation to the present age, he has reigned with undisputed sway. He has witnessed the rise and fall of empires. He has seen the wide world explored, kingdoms and provinces called into existence and the "wilderness made to blossom like the rose." He has seen cities built and decorated with all that could please the eye, or divert the mind, but he has set his seal upon them and they have fallen: their towers are demolished, their palaces are deserted, and their kings have closed their eyes in death, and returned to the dust from whence they came. The whole world wears his signet, and even the family circle does not escape. He closes those eyes, and seals forever those lips, that have cheered us in our sorrow, wraps the winding sheet around them, and we know them no more.

Time should be considered as a sacred trust committed to us from God, and for which we are to render an account at the last day. It is allotted to us partly for the concerns of this world and partly for those of the next: each of which should occupy the space which belongs to it. There is a season for every thing, and every thing should be performed at the proper time. In the morning, the transactions of the day should be planned and closely followed out: as by that means a thread is formed which will lead us through the labyrinth of the most busy life. When we wish to introduce order into the management of our time, it is necessary for us to be impressed with a just sense of its value, we should consider how much depends upon it; and how fast it flies away. "Time once past never returns; the moment it is past it is lost forever." We cannot recall the moments that have passed into eternity, they are gone, and we too soon shall pass away. How important then is it that we squander not away the time allotted to us; that we heed the moments as they glide swiftly by, knowing that we have but a short space in which to improve the faculties that God has given us for our special good. Not a moment therefore should be lost, but all be carefully employed in the acquisition of that knowledge which not only qualifies us for usefulness and enjoyment in this world, but increases our capacities for Heaven, and will more and more closely assimilate us to God in the world to come.

E. F. C.

THE PROPOSED JOURNEY.

MARIA listened very attentively to Mr. Northam's conversation with her parents. She could not understand all his words, and she knew nothing about the subjects on which they were conversing, but his odd way of speaking, and his peculiar looks and manners fixed her attention so that she quite forgot the rain which had caused her so much disappointment, till she heard the stranger inform her father that he was travelling to N. Hampshire on foot.

"Ah!" thought Maria, "what a long walk! I am very sorry he has no horse and carriage." At that moment she thought herself a most benevolent child. But the heart is deceitful above all things.

"On your way to N. H.;" said Mr. Burton, "you have arrived just in time to take a seat in the carriage with me. I intend to start on the same journey as soon as the weather is suitable, and shall be very glad of your company."

"Thank you," replied Mr. N., "I have become rather weary with walking so much of late, and should like to ride, and to enjoy your company; had it not been for the rain I should have got on a good piece to-day."

"And I," rejoined Mr. B., "should have been far on my way, but Providence has ordered that we should enjoy the journey together."

Maria heard the last part of this conversation with very unpleasant and wicked feelings. "Now," thought she, "the pleasure of my ride is entirely spoiled. I shall have half a seat in the carriage, and I can't talk with father and ask him all about the things I see. How came that strange looking old man to come here to-day?" She felt displeased with her father, because he paid the stranger so much attention; displeased with the gentleman, because he had come to the house; and, what was far worse, displeased with her heavenly Father, because he had sent the rain, which seemed the cause of all the trouble. While her pious father, and his friend, could see that the rain had brought a blessing to them, the poor little girl could see

no blessing for her; but God was watching over her, and he could make the disappointment and trial of this day the means of showing her her own heart, and that would finally be a blessing.

When she retired to rest, her mother said, "Can my daughter look back on this day with satisfaction?"

"No mother," said Maria, "it has not been a good day."

"And has there been any *real* cause of unhappiness?"

"I think there has. I expected to have a pleasant journey with father, but now I know I shall not."

"How can you know that, my dear?"

"Why mother, that old man is going to crowd into the chaise with us, and father asked him to."

"Well, daughter, you are fond of company."

"I do not like him, he looks and speaks so disagreeably."

"Did you not like him before your father asked him to ride?"

"Not very well, mother, but I did not dislike him so much." O

"Examine your heart my dear, and see if selfishness is not the main cause of your dislike. The Bible directs us to look every one on the things of another, that is, consult their interests, and not our own alone. I suppose you have not thought how much pleasure this arrangement will give your father, and how much comfort and satisfaction it will afford the gentleman, but you have been thinking of the inconvenience to your own *little* self. You felt so benevolent last Sabbath that you wished to put all your money into the contribution box."

"O yes, mother, I am always ready to give my money to the heathen."

"My child, you have never suffered for the want of money, and do not realize its value. When you give it away, you do not deprive yourself of any comfort. It is not all that looks like benevolence that is really such. Do you understand me dear?"

"Yes, mother," replied Maria, in a sorrowful tone, "I don't think I am *really* benevolent."

When the chamber door closed, and her mother left her to her own reflections, the little girl felt more unhappy than she did in the morning. Now there was added a feeling of guilt. It was not that her words and actions had been very wrong; it was not that her parents had reproved her. Her kind father did not even know how she had felt towards him; her mother had spoken only gentle words

to assist her in detecting her own faults. Mr. Northam had not the most distant idea of her feelings towards him—but her own heart reproved her, and she well knew that her heavenly Father, against whom she had committed the greatest sin, could see all her wickedness, and could not love and bless her in such a state. What could she do? She could ask God to forgive her, and give her a new heart, and this she tried to do before she fell asleep.

L. L. H.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

The following from the Phil. Evening Bulletin of April 16, we transfer to our pages as worthy of special attention. It cannot be read too much or by too many.

The Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline for April, contains an article discussing Juvenile Delinquency. Six prominent causes of crime, operative on children in great cities, are enumerated. First, and chiefly is drunkenness. Second, the absence of education and industrial training. Third, the want of decent and comfortable homes. Fourth, the demoralizing influences of cheap theatres, fire companies, and the liberty to dispose of the whole, or a considerable part of their earnings. Fifth, the example, instruction, or orders of vicious parents. Sixth, the connivance or co-operation of receivers of stolen goods.

Of these various causes the most potential, in our opinion, is the second. In it indeed all the others are contained. It is the parent stem, from which the rest are offshoots; they are but its developements, its bud, blossom and fruit. For, under the head of education, we include moral culture as well as intellectual training; and if a child in addition to these, is taught habits of industry, it cannot well become vicious. Neither drunkenness nor a taste for low theatres, nor an unhappy home, nor the running with fire companies, nor theft, nor crime in general, can be rationally expected of a boy thus trained; but may be almost certainly looked for, when the lad has not had such early moral, intellectual and industrial discipline.

The prevention of juvenile delinquency, considered in a broad and

general aspect, narrows itself down, therefore, to the home training of youth. If a child is properly brought up, the chances that he will turn out a good member of society, are a hundred to one. The first thing, consequently, is, that parents should themselves be reputable. But often parents, who are moral themselves, neglect the proper discipline of their offspring. As we remarked, in a former article on this subject, the fashion of the age has tended to leave the moral culture of children too much to Sunday School and other teachers: yet the only place where a child can be effectively taught habits of integrity is the household. Constant watchfulness over him, joined to thorough knowledge of his character, and assisted by judicious affection, will alone train a child up aright, and no person but a parent (generally the mother is the best person) can maintain this incessant supervision, and exercise this careful, but necessary mingling of love and firmness. Consequently one great cause of juvenile delinquency, because a principal cause of the neglect of education and industrial training, is the omission, by moral parents, of that home culture of their offspring, which alone can make the young good citizens.

Where a child has not reputable parents, its chance of growing up honestly is but small. "You cannot gather figs from thorns," says the Bible, "nor grapes from thistles." Few persons have any idea how large is the number of children, without proper parents or homes, in modern cities. In the Eleventh Ward of New York, for example, there are five thousand destitute of education, and nine thousand who are never taken to any church, and as the giving an education to a child, or the habituating him to some form of public worship, usually characterizes proper parents, it may be inferred that at least five thousand, the lowest number, are without good moral training. Again, in New York alone, ten thousand children are vagrants. Neither Philadelphia nor Boston is as bad as New York. But these facts show that even here the number of children, without correct moral, intellectual and industrial training, must be frightful. Can we wonder that juvenile delinquency is on the increase? Is it any longer a subject of amazement that crime exhibits a steady annual growth? With one solitary House of Refuge, on one side, and hundreds, perhaps thousands of parents who neglect their children, on the other, who can be astonished that juvenile delinquency makes steady progress, and, like the avalanche,

gathering strength as it goes, swells into adult crime, and threatens to sweep society before it.

The natural question is—what can be done? The Journal of Prison Discipline suggests that the State, or city, should have the right to remove children from vicious parents, and train them up at the expense of the Commonwealth, or municipality. This is good advice, and should be acted on. It may seem, at first, a costly proceeding. But a little reflection will show that it is cheaper to prevent crime than to punish it; since it costs thrice as much to detect and keep a convict, as to train a child. Yet even this will not entirely cure the evil. There are hundreds of homes, in which children are neglected, but not sufficiently to warrant their removal. Most crime, indeed, may be traced to a childhood spent in such households. The disease is a moral cancer in society, schirrous on the outside, inside stretching its hideous arms far out of sight; and but one panacea there is, which can search out its roots in the character of the parents, and extirpate them. We need not say we allude to Christianity. Modern society wants more religion. Whether the Church has not done her duty, or whether materialism has sapped the general faith, we will not pretend to assert; but the fact is that, write as we may about the causes of crime, the decline of religion is the foundation of all. Some may call this cant. We wish we could think it was, for then we should have hope for society, which, we confess we cannot have, amid the increasing demoralization. We believe, as firmly as we believe in our own existence, that unless the Church wakes up, and, like its divine founder and his disciples, "consorts with publicans and sinners," "goes out into the highways and hedges," all is lost, because careless mothers will train up vicious children faster, a hundred fold, than Houses of Refuge, were they even vastly multiplied, can reform them. And by the Church we mean, not any one sect, but all sects; not visible bodies of worshippers alone, but all who believe in the Sermon on the Mount.

It is parental neglect, rather than youthful sin, we thus see, which is the real evil of the age. Philanthropists declaiming against fire companies, temperance lecturers denouncing taverns, and preachers delivering philippics against bad books and theatres, only attack the effects, not the cause, and are engrossed in clubbing at the fruit, when they should lay the axe to the tree. If they would cease

following these false scents, and track the wolf home to his den they would find the monster in weak mothers, in careless fathers, and generally in parents indifferent to their parental responsibilities. The devil to be cast out is that very devil—none other—and he is a worse devil to get at than any, or all, of the others. But while he remains in possession, there is no chance for peace or safety. Who will conjure him forth? Legislators cannot do it with twice ten thousand laws. Philanthropists cannot do it with legions even of Houses of Correction. The Church alone, that is, Christianity, can exorcise the evil spirit. When formalism and cant give way to the pure Gospel, or spirituality succeeds the materialism now so prevalent in society, we may look for a radical reform of juvenile delinquency, and for a consequent decrease in crime. But till then all we do will but palliate, not cure the disease. To extirpate the evil we must cauterize its roots away, and this we can effect by no philanthropic institutions whatever, but by a social and moral reform, such as the Church alone can bring about.

Let every one, however, work—the Church in her place, philanthropists in theirs. Society is ripe for the harvest, and alas! the laborers are few.

RESPECT DUE TO WIVES.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in presence of a third party; the sense of your disregard of her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her faults. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

A MOTHER'S JEWELS.

THE ancient Roman matron when asked to show her jewels brought forward her children. "*These are my jewels*," said she. Christian mother, be not behind this heathen sister, in affection and care for your offspring. Well-trained children are a mother's highest ornament—they reflect more true honor upon her, than would the richest diamonds earth's proudest monarch could boast. Who would not pity, (I had well nigh said scorn,) the woman, not deserving the name of mother, who could array herself with costly garb, bedecked with gold and precious stones, vary all with the oft-recurring calls of fashion, were it seen that she had vile, or rude and ungovernable, because untaught, and uncared-for children? How infinitely more respected would be the humble mistress of the neat quiet cottage, who rises early and toils late, but forgets not amid her cares, her duties to her offspring—trains them for eternity, and to deserve confidence and esteem here:—whose "children rise up to call her blessed." Mother, you have to do, not only with your children's minds, but with their *hearts*. There is persevering, careful labor to be bestowed upon them. They are not given to you in their natural state, exactly like the gold in the mine, or like the marble in the quarry, to be separated from the dross and moulded, or to be hewn and chiseled and shaped; but, like the well-planned garden in which every plant is fair—all its infantile tricks, all its efforts to do, and to learn, and all its innocent prattle are lovely. The first crop of your garden has nothing vile—still, the soil is rich to produce weeds or flowers, good or evil. Alas! with the same culture, the weeds will far outstrip the useful plants. But, mother, this is your work—train these plants to blossom in the paradise above. Make your children to be your jewels here, and your Saviour's forevermore; so shall you "save their souls from death," and you "shall in no wise lose your reward."

J. H. V———

CARES AND COMFORTS.

OR,

A Day in the Life of a Contributor.

MRS. GILBERT wrote on, and the one hour stretched along into two, as she well knew it would when she began; but they were not wearisome, only the thought of that one wanting dollar would sometimes cause her to make a pause longer than the sense required. And quite a misfortune it caused her once; for nearly at the bottom of the first page of the formal petition, where she should have written Art. 3, she started upon seeing that she had written Nilcha, $1,00; and so she had nothing to do, but to put that half-sheet away into the box where she kept waste paper, to be rolled by little leisure hands into lamp lighters, and to begin again.

And just to prove the truth of the adage "that evils never come single," just as she was arranging her second sheet, the door opened and Nilcha entered.

"Miss Gilbert," she said, "there are lots of things wanting to-day."

"What things, Nilcha?"

"Why, soda, and cream o' tartar, and there's no sugar but that dreadful brown stuff, and the starch is gone, and the tea's about out."

"Can't we get along one day more?"

"If any body was to come, as they most generally does, what should we do?"

"I will see to it, Nilcha."

And she went to the drawer, took out a little red covered book, looked it over carefully; but her face expressed no encouragement. There was no overlooked bill,—no little mite that could drop in from that score, to meet the wants of to-day. To be sure, her eye fell on half-a-dozen charges for a term, or a half term's tuition—a

case of drawing pencils, a few sheets of Bristol board, &c. But these were outlawed. The man, over whose daughter she had bent so wearily, had moved farther West, and he did not bring even so far as Prairieville his New England scruples about paying his debts. She put back the book with a sigh, and took out another. "It must be so," she said, "though I did not mean that one mill should be charged against us this quarter; but I can not ask Mr. Gilbert for money to-day when he feels so discouraged." And she wrote an order on Mr. C——'s store for the needed articles, and carried it with the little green book to Nilcha. As she handed it to her, she thought "I may as well ask her, though if she should get an idea that I could not pay her promptly, she might come back and inform me that she had found a new place; for it is for money, and money alone that these Dutch girls labor."

Mrs. Gilbert hesitated a moment;—her heart beat, and she felt a little most unwelcome glow upon her face as she said;—"Nilcha, a few weeks ago you know you asked me for an order on Mr. C——'s store; would you take one there to-day, for the three dollars that are your due?"

"No ma'am I can't; that was just 'cause I wanted a dress like my sister who lives to Mr. Cole's; but now what I want three dollars for, is to help my father to make up the twenty dollars he's got to pay this month to the man in the colony who brought us over. Me and my three sisters has got to pay three dollars apiece this week for that."

"And you must have it to-night," timidly asked Mrs. Gilbert.

"Yes ma'am, if you please, 'cause it's my night to go home you know, and my father did scold me so about getting my bonnet new trimmed, till that was paid; he was so mad with me as he could be, and he say I wa'n't worth bringin' over, any way."

"Well, Nilcha, you shall have your money; but take this order to Mr. Cole's store, and he will give you all the things that are wanting."

"And what is this little book *for*, ma'am?"

"O, that you are to give to Mr. Cole, and he will write down the things you get and send it back to me."

"That is a strange way."

"But it is a very good way: Nilcha, and then when the quarter comes round I always know precisely how much I owe. And it will

be more than we can possibly meet," thought Mrs. Gilbert, as she turned to go into the nursery; troubled, but not utterly cast down; for she remembered the narrower straits than this, from which some kind Providence had brought her forth. "For even the very hairs of your head are all numbered," she repeated to herself, and, "fear not, ye are of more value than many sparrows." "It's a blessing that we've got credit," she thought, "and O, it is a blessing that good sister G. lives so near; she knows the straits through which we are sometimes obliged to pass, and if relief come from no other source, I can borrow the one dollar of her; at any rate I will not forget that these more sisterly friendships than I ever enjoyed elsewhere, are great comforts in the midst of all our cares."

When Mr. Gilbert came home, the letters were written, sealed, and mailed. The "petition" was finished, and enclosed in a long yellow envelope and directed, in a most lawyer-like hand, to the Hon. Judge H., State Senator, and the very last paragraph of the "report" was under her hand.

Mrs. Gilbert looked up, and was it weakness if she coveted a little commendation? But Mr. Gilbert looked pale, and anxious, and abstracted, as though cares were pressing heavily. He looked over the petition and said:—"Yes, it's correct, I believe, unless it be that these numbers, two, three, and four, should have been Roman letters instead of figures."

"I looked in the statute book," she said, "and they were figures there."

"Well, then, they are right, and the report too is all correct, as far as I see. Well, I am glad *they* are off my hands."

"The dinner is on the table and gittin' cold," Nilcha announced the second time before they went out; but when she sat down, Mrs. Gilbert had no appetite. A leaden weight was on her heart. There was a feeling like suffocation in her throat, which she could not overcome, and a most uncomfortable fear lest the effort to do so should bring forth certain watery witnesses of the struggle that was going on within. She tried to think of cheerful things, but all her thoughts would frame themselves into one sentence, which she felt ashamed to read, but which would nevertheless *be read*,—"He never thanked me."

The cares of life sometimes crowd upon each other in wearisome succession, but they never press so heavily upon woman's heart, as

when they deprive her of those gentle civilities which first won her regard;—of those tender recognitions which once so abundantly rewarded her for the little sacrifices with which her sphere of duty is replete. Oh! it is hard to know that an ungrateful public is stealing those sweet home blossoms, whose perfumes would have revived *our* fainting hearts. It is like planting our choicest roses by the way-side, to waste their fragrance upon the careless passers-by.

Mrs. Gilbert went back to her room after dinner, but it did not look pleasant there. The table, drawn up before the fire, and with the statute book still lying open upon it, reminded her of her morning's work, with the reward of which she was not quite satisfied.

She gathered up the papers hastily and put them out of sight; and it must be acknowledged (for Mrs. Gilbert was by no means a perfect woman,) that it was with no very gentle hand that she brought together the heavy sheep covers of that same statute book. But as the leaves closed, she seemed to see the pale, anxious, care-worn face of her husband rise pleadingly out of them, and tear after tear fell with heavy drop upon the cover.

As she stood there, Nilcha opened the door and said;—"Miss Gilbert, I could help put down the back sitting room carpet as soon as my dinner dishes are washed, but it wants as much as a day's work of mending I should think by the looks of it."

"I had as lief darn an old carpet as do any thing else this afternoon," thought Mrs. Gilbert, as she drew up her low stool by the side of the dusty pile, that had been faded by the suns of ten summers, and worn by the tread of numerous feet during as many winters. The moth-eaten remnant, laid by years ago, before they thought of coming to the West, was drawn forth from the old piece basket, and with the ravelled threads she commenced her work.

But the bright, new colors that she drew in, but poorly matched those which were once the same upon the carpet; and this contrast suggested another, which she was just in a mood to see quite as distinctly as the one forming under her hand.

"Who would think they were ever the same?" thought she. "The old is too much like myself, rusty, faded, worn,—worn by the careless jostle and thoughtless tread of those who will only recognise me when they miss me. O! if I could know that I was of some use somewhere." She had forgotten her morning's labor and her

success. Now she looked back upon life, and it seemed a path from which all the flowers had faded. She looked forward, and it was a weary pilgrimage. So suddenly had a 'change come o'er the spirit of her dream.'

And why? had she labored for thanks alone, that she felt so keenly the disappointment of receiving no grateful recognition of the little sacrifice she had made that morning? No; but that anxious, clouded face seemed lately so often to reproach her, as doing nothing to help support the burden that was crushing her husband. She missed so sadly the smiles that used to cheer her when he in that little New England parish, performed only the labor of one man, instead of that of ten, which his present position seemed to require of him. Now his abstracted manner and ever anxious look, too often warned her that the light of home was growing dim in the heavy atmosphere that surrounded it. And it is not strange if she sometimes, as now, felt inclined to doubt her own policy of trying even to appear cheerful; for she knew that to one steeped in care, or fretted and irritated by the narrow-mindedness, nay, utter soullessness, which forever meets and circumscribes enlarged purposes and benevolent designs, the cheerfulness that is intended to divert or soothe, *may* seem like indifference, or want of sympathy. It is not strange if she sometimes, as now, asked, "Why should I thus carefully conceal my own cares? Who will ever give *me* credit for sleepless nights? Who will ever take note of *my* days of anxious, heart-depressing, and life-abbreviating cares?"

We are well aware that another, a better spirit than that which meddles with such questions as these, would have been more becoming in our heroine; and were we writing a novel, we should most certainly have put her in possession of that spirit of self-abnegation so lovely in woman; but as we have devoted our pen to a description of scenes in *real* life, we dare not thus suppress aught of the truth. And if our readers are dissatisfied with our model of a woman we would say: "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

Mrs. Gilbert kept on with her dirty, unpleasant work, stopping only now and then to press her hand against her heart, as if she thus could raise the burden that lay with such crushing weight against that little life propeller. But, as she drew in and out those measured threads, she began to ponder these daily lessons of her

life. What were they designed to teach? Why were they given to her? Cousin Fanny over the way there, had no such lessons to learn. It was really refreshing to go into her large, but oh! so nicely warmed parlors;—to tread upon those soft carpets, and forget her weariness in that luxurious easy chair, which was always so gracefully vacated upon her entrance. Her walls were adorned with costly pictures, and from every little niche and corner peeped forth some fanciful trifle—some exquisite model of taste and elegance. Her portfolio was filled with beautiful engravings, and her table and book shelves were always covered with "fresh gleanings" from the literary world. Through a door apparently left carelessly ajar, was borne in the sweet fragrance of flowers, which she had plenty of time to rear, and the lively songs of birds, which she had plenty of leisure to tend. She had servants who came and went at her bidding; for money, gained by a lucrative profession and fortunate speculation, was placed in most generous allowance at her disposal.

Was cousin Fanny ever tired? Did she ever long for time to write a few words of affectionate greeting to a friend, or to pen a few thoughts that might perhaps minister comfort to some distant but kindred heart; by saying that you are not alone in this weary, struggling life of ours? Oh no! Cousin Fanny knew nothing of all this; yet the furrows on her cheek were deeper than those care had traced on Mrs. Gilbert's. She would gladly have exchanged all the ease which she enjoyed, for any toil, no matter how severe; all the wealth and elegance by which she was surrounded, for poverty, no matter how obscure, to buy back one lost treasure. Of those beautiful pictures, that hung upon her walls, all save one were naught to her. There was one towards which her tearful eye was ever turned, but tears could not bring back the beautiful original. Cousin Fanny was childless; and like Rachel she mourned and would not be comforted. "And this," thought Mrs. Gilbert, "is the discipline through which God says to *her*, 'Lay not up your treasure upon earth.'—To me the same voice comes with, '*This is not your rest.*'—So though our paths in life seem widely apart, they are really convergent, and all along each are inscribed the same lessons of heavenly wisdom,—lessons so plain that 'he that runneth may read.'"

As Mrs. Gilbert thought of these things, she suddenly recollected

a paragraph entitled "Life's Discipline," which she had clipped from a paper weeks ago, and slipped into her husband's portfolio as she was sitting by his table one evening. She went in search of it, and opening the portfolio, her eye fell upon an unfinished letter of his to a bachelor brother. It was dated back some weeks, and as she ran over the page she read:—"You charge me with neglect, Howard; but my dear brother, if you knew half my cares, your wonder would not be that I write so seldom, but that I do write at all. And this I am sure I should not do, were it not for a pair of extra hands that are at my service occasionally;—weary they often are I dare say, when in such employ, but they perform my work patiently and well, and save me a world of drudgery; for of all things, I hate the mechanical labor of writing. In this age of steam and telegraphs I am impatient to throw off thoughts faster than I can do by this slow process of transferring them. And apropos to this, let me say: Art thou a young man in search of a wife? go up among the granite hills of our native state, and from some of those little hemmed-in valleys—or those shaded nooks which you and I know so well where to find, bring to your poor bachelor heart and home that primitive, but in this refined and refining age, that most rare plant, 'a help meet for man;' and if your cares are doubled, believe me Howard, the comforts of your life will more than make amends."

Mrs. Gilbert shut the portfolio, and imperceptibly the burden upon her heart seemed to have removed. The scenes of the morning wherein she might hope to have been a useful actor, returned to her memory; and soon the noise of little pattering feet chimed in with merry tones and ringing laughter, and quite dissipated her gloomy reveries. Johnny had been round by the post office, and brought as he said, "lots of letters." The first, however, that attracted Mrs. Gilbert's attention, did not promise much entertainment. It was written upon ruled paper, without envelope or letter stamp, folded somewhat out of square, and with a large red wafer sticking out from the narrow double margin which was folded over, much resembling a single scarlet poppy, with one of its leaves missing.

"Fisherville, Iowa," read Mrs. Gilbert, "what kith or kin can we have there to send such a letter as this I wonder?" She broke

the seal, and from the heart of intricate foldings there dropped a five dollar bill.) The contents of the letter were as follows.

DEAR MADAM,

I have learnt within a week or two, that my daughter Sarah's school bill was left unpaid when we moved from your place more than two years ago. The child had the money sent by her to pay it, but she carelessly lost it, and so, of course, you never received it. I think you must 'av thought strange that I bein' a church member should let such a thing pass, but I hope this letter will explain all. It is a satisfaction to me to tell you that I trust the child has been led to see the wickedness of deceivin' us so long, and she wants you as well as her parents to forgive her. She says that some of the lessons you used to teach the girls about tellin' the truth have rung in her ears ever sense, and we can but hope that they have been blest to her everlastin' profit.

"It may please you to hear that we are well and doin' well. A little church has been formed here, and John and Sarah have lately united, though we have preachin' only a half a day once in four weeks. We remember you and your labors of love in the church in Prairieville, (where we were members a few months) and we pray God to bless it and the Institution for which I know our good brother, your husband, is willin' to spend and be spent."

With great respect I remain

Your humble Servant,

MOSES TALBOT.

There were several other letters with handsomer superscriptions, and done up in a more approved manner, but none that gave Mrs. Gilbert so much pleasure as this. She recalled the sigh breathed forth a few hours before,—"Oh! that I could be of some use somewhere," and gratefully recorded the privilege of having been permitted to write a few lessons of truth even on humble Sarah Talbot's heart; "for who knows," she thought, "but she may re-write them on young hearts in distant Iowa, and thus good be done of which I surely never dreamed." In what an unexpected manner too, had she been enabled to meet Nilcha's demand. A new proof she thought, "that man's extremity is God's opportunity."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION—FOOD.—When we last left the infant, he had already begun to take animal as well as vegetable food, or, in other words, the food of "children of a larger growth." In England, nursery diet is so excellent that this point will not detain us long. The classic mutton-chop, or the slice of plain boiled or roasted meat, should constitute the child's principal meal, with bread, vegetables, and plain pudding. Bread and butter, with milk or milk and water, should form the other meals. No tea or coffee, no drink more stimulating than toast and water. We are prepared for the murmurings with which this may be received. What harm will a little tea or a little coffee do? says one. Surely a little beer or a drop of wine cannot hurt a child! says another. We first reply by asking if children want these stimulants? Are they troubled with flagging energies, or have they experienced as yet wear and tear of mind? With superabundant spirits, and a stomach capable of digesting their own shoes long before they could wear them out in the usual way, what stimulants can children possibly want? It is not, however, only a question whether such stimulants are *wanted*, but whether they can with impunity be given to children? To this we must reply, certainly not; and their frequent use is in our opinion one cause of the prevailing fatality of diseases of the brain, which cannot at this early period be safely watered with diluted spirit. The chief stimulant which is useful to children is salt; and if they have any tendency to worms, their food may be slightly flavoured with pepper, nutmeg, or cinnamon.

In connexion with children's food, we must notice the importance of their being early taught to take it quietly, with cleanliness and without hurry. To insure this, it will be necessary for the mother always to be present at their meals. In this the poor, and women of moderate fortunes, are more blessed than those they sometimes envy; for they see their children at all times, and can fashion them as they like, while the rich have many other occupations deemed more important; though we think that all might manage to preside over their children's early dinner.

Exercise.—In childhood there is generated an enormous amount of nervous power, or animal spirits, as it is generally called. Exercise carries off this redundant nervous energy; it is the great safety-valve for the nervous system, so that to place a little child on a form, or in a corner, for any length of time, is actual barbarity; and to make a habit of such a practice, would necessarily entail disease. Moreover, the constant exercise of children seems useful to enhance the activity of the nutritive functions, which proceed with such intense activity, that, while the muscles by their exercise withdraw the blood from the central organs, their very contractions increase the energy and amount of its flow; so that the gambols of all young animals, and the games and sports of childhood, are as essential to their health as food and raiment, and the first seven years of human life should be one great holiday.

Sleep.—The restless activity of childhood is a strong opiate, and soon steeps the child in oblivious sleep, which should be indulged in according to his age. Thus until three or four years of age the second sleep is advisable, and when that is relinquished the child should be allowed to sleep the whole 12 hours, or from 7 at night to the same hour in the morning. Every child should sleep in a separate bed, for it has been stated by Sanctorius that "so very large are the steams which arise from persons in sleep, that not only the distempered communicate bad qualities to those who are well, but even the healthful, in lying together, affect one another." As this may be detrimental to the weakest child, it is well to let them sleep separately; and as much as possible not to let little girls sleep with grown-up persons. We have often heard Dupuytren ascribe to this cause the habitual state of ill health of some of the little girls for whom he was consulted; and he used to relate that their health often improved merely by adopting the separate bed system. There should be no fire in the bedroom, except in case of sickness. The benefit of breathing pure cool air during the long hours of the night should not be thrown away; for heat naturally causes the atmosphere to be impregnated with the effluvia of dirty clothes, and of the bed-clothes. If very cold, then there may be made, in the day-time, a fire, to be let out several hours before the time for sleep.—*Tilt's Elements of Health.*

WHAT THE CHINESE DO.

Dear Children:

I fancy I see many bright eyes glance hastily over the index of the this new book just received, in search of something respecting the heathen. Well, for once you shall not be disappointed.

You have often heard about China, and perhaps have seen some of the beautiful silks which come from this great country, and may have been led to suppose that the place where such nice things come from must be very delightful. But if you should ever travel to this part of China, you would be disappointed. The sun, it is true, shines as brightly as it does in happy America, and the moon and stars too, are no less beautiful. But if you look at the houses, they are generally low, dark, comfortless looking places, crowded with throngs of dirty, ragged children. The streets are mere foot paths, generally paved with stones; designed only for walking and carrying the sedan, though here and there persons are seen riding on horseback. If you look over the face of nature, your eye will often rest on beautiful green fields and gardens; but these fields are generally chequered by coffins, placed in every direction, without regard to order. The custom here prevails of placing the coffins with the dead on the ground, and are raised a little above it, instead of burying them. Sometimes they are covered with bricks, and sometimes with a mat; but more frequently they have no covering. Indeed, this country is one vast grave-yard. Whether your eye rests on the green vales, or climbs the most rugged heights, where nature displays her wildest forms, alike you see the resting-places of the dead. You will often wonder how human feet ever reached such craggy heights, and much more how they bear their dead there.

Sometimes you will observe several little bundles tied up in mats and laid on the ground, or suspended from trees; but more fre-

quently you will see them floating on the river, or lodged on the shore by its side. These are dead children! Many of them die from disease, but large numbers are destroyed by their own parents and grand-parents. It is no unusual thing to observe dogs feasting on children thus exposed. Of course they are often dragged from the mats that covered them, and left half eaten on the banks of the river, in full view of every passer-by. I once counted eleven thus lodged, in the space of half a mile, and that too on the public highway where we walk daily. Indeed we seldom walk any considerable distance on the banks of the river, without seeing more or less dead children lying there, and very often the evidence is too plain that they died by violent hands. Such scenes the missionary's children must often witness, not to speak of others of a more demoralizing character.

Here I would gladly stop; but I seem to hear you say, "tell us something more about the heathen." Shall I then lift the vail from one or two dark scenes, and expose them to the light of Christian lands, that parents may feel more for heathen children, and that children may be more thankful for their own happy homes, and more desirous of giving the word of God to the heathen. You have heard it said that the heathen often put their own children to death; but are you prepared to believe that it is sometimes done in sight, yes at the very door of the missionary! It is too true.

One morning about ten o'clock, two men were carrying a burden suspended on a pole between them, past the house of a missionary. On coming nearer it was found to be a man bound up in mats with his feet hanging out. The coolies were followed by a well-dressed man, past middle age, bearing a stone and rope. The poor, unhappy being thus borne along, was entreating in almost unearthly sounds that his life might be spared. But the father, (for he it was who bare the stone) was as unmoved as the flinty rock he held in his hands. They passed the missionary's house but a few rods,—in full view of the houses and on the public street, they stopped—tied the stone to the bundle, and plunged it into the river. After waiting a short time as if to see that there was no possibility of the miserable being's escape, they all turned back, and walked off as deliberately as if nothing had happened. It was said this grown up son was a wicked, bad man, and therefore the father had taken the above course, which is not very uncommon in such cases. A short time

since, the feeble wailing of an infant attracted the attention of a missionary lady. On reaching the place, between the street and her home, lay a parcel, not unlike those described above. On opening it she saw an infant of a few months old, with bright intelligent-looking eyes, but wasted to a perfect skeleton. Every thing was done which medical skill and care could devise; but it was too late, the babe soon died. It was dressed in a clean new frock, and doubtless had belonged to some family of high standing. It was supposed the child had been gradually starved, (a practice of frequent occurrence here) and this day was brought to this place, a public ferry, to be thrown into the river. But the boatmen being more tender-hearted than the parents, would not suffer it to be done; therefore it was left beside the street.

A young woman having been detected in robbing a grave of some costly apparel which had been deposited with the corpse, (this is a common custom here) was shut up by her own family in a room, and kept without food until she died. These are rare cases, or rather it is not often that such cases are known to the missionary, for they make no stir or excitement among the heathen.

I seem to hear you say this is a dark picture! Yes heathenism is dark, all dark. Dark for this life—but oh! how much more impenetrable darkness veils the future world! The only light spots which appear in this dark land, are where some rays of gospel light have fallen. These are rendered more brilliant by the unbroken darkness which surrounds them. A few fathers have been converted, and are striving to bring up their children in the fear of God. There are also some few children in the different mission schools, who are lovely examples of early piety. A few such have already gone forth and assumed the duties of parents, and we trust will bring up their children in the fear of God. There are also many boys and girls with clean clothes and bright happy faces who are being taught in mission schools, who are daily reading the word of God, and listening to instruction from the missionaries. Many of them we trust, will be converted, and become lights in this dark land.

That the perusal of this letter may lead many children in happy America to sympathize more deeply, and pray more earnestly for the heathen, is the prayer of

Your sincere friend,

E. A. Goddard.

THE OASIS.*

ADDRESSED TO MRS. ELLEN H. B. MASON.

The memories of thine early home,
O come they not to thee,
Often amid the twilight's fall,
In lands beyond the sea?

Where forests wave of gorgeous bloom,
And tropic flowers unfold,
Yearns not thy heart the wild wood scenes,
Of childhood to behold?

The old, green oak, and rustling pine,
The willow-shaded streams,
The moonlit frost, the snow-clad hills,
Come they not back in dreams?

And more, the faces thou hast loved,
The household names so dear,
Has not some star of eve the power,
To bring these memories near?

Or has thy heart its resting place,
Where falls thy daily lot?
And were they lines of love that traced,
This little sheltered spot?

Away, amid the far off realm,
Where thou hast sought to roam,
Are clustering joys as rich and dear,
As in thy native home?

But hear I not thy voice once more,
E'en o'er the ocean wide?
"Sister, where'er our Saviour dwells,
Must love and peace abide."

"The soul made one with him has joy,
In suffering all his will;
Nought save his love divine hath power,
The spirit's depths to fill."

* "An Oasis in a Buddhist Desert," being a view of the mission premises in Maulmain, Burmah. Drawing by Mrs. Mason. A copy received by her direction suggested the above.

"Sheltered beneath the Almighty wing,
We hail that presence here;
Away in this strange, Eastern land,
As in New England dear!"

MARY A. COLLIER.

LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY MRS. S. P. HODGE.

WHEN the season for amusement and gayety is over, or the hour for household duties is past, many of my young friends will exclaim, How shall we spend a lonely or vacant hour? This is an important question, and much will depend upon its decision in the formation of your future character.

It is at this time that I would call your attention to books. Look into the family library, (perhaps long neglected,) or the library of some friend, or some of the many bookstores that adorn our goodly land, for something that will interest you and be useful withal. History and Biography will furnish just what you desire; make these a study from your early years, and they will impart that intelligence and readiness in conversation that nothing else can supply. Discard the novel from your society. It will rob you of all relish for books of an elevating and refining character, give a false coloring to the realities of life, and impart a sickly sentimentality that enfeebles the faculties of the mind, and disgusts thinking and intelligent friends.

Allow yourself a little time for reading the daily or weekly news, and some of the most important periodicals. It is a mistaken notion that you can find beauty and purity of style in the romance alone. We have literature of an elevating character that contains all the beautiful figures and varieties of style that can be found in any of the fiction served up in its most attractive form. Much of the poetry penned by some of our best writers, may be read, nay, studied with much profit and pleasure. By pursuing a regular course of reading you

will lay up in store knowledge that will cheer the lonely hour, and ever be available. You will never be at a loss for employment, or troubled with ennui, neither will you suffer from embarrassment when you mingle with the intelligent and well-informed. The little stream, small and feeble at its source, fed in its course onward by numerous rivulets, becomes powerful and mighty, so it is with the mind, refreshed and strengthened by continual supplies of knowledge.

But, my dear young friends, do not stop here in your acquirements. Seek a knowledge of what is usually denominated the sciences, nor be so unwise as to begin with the highest, or ornamental branches first, as many unwittingly do. How absurd the idea to contemplate the erection of a magnificent edifice by commencing at the top. What could be done without first a foundation? An education when well conducted and complete, may be compared to a beautiful building, where the parts are built up with order and symmetry; first, a solid foundation, then the brick, mortar, and woodwork, fitted in; the different divisions all depending upon each other, and so adjusted as to make a complete whole.

First, make yourselves familiar with the fundamental branches, reading, writing, spelling, geography, arithmetic, and English grammar. A deficiency in these can scarcely be pardoned in a young lady of any pretensions to an education. As you advance to the higher branches, include the ornamentals, music, drawing, painting, &c. They improve the taste, refine the mind, and furnish relaxation and entertainment, not only during the entire course of study, but through life. It is true they require long and patient practice, but she who has never used her brush in imitation of nature, can scarcely appreciate the rich and varied hues and delicate outlines of a natural landscape, or admire the nice and skilful imitations of nature in art. If she has never cultivated a love for music, the sweet sounds in nature, from the insect tribe up to the human voice, the whistling of the wind, and the noisy tempest, the murmur of the gentle streamlet, and the roar of the mighty cataract, which to the cultivated ear blend in one beautiful chorus, to her will be unappreciated and lost.

The higher mathematics are by no means useless. Learn to fix your undivided attention upon the problems to be solved, and this same discipline of the mind will strengthen and improve the reason-

ing powers. The study of the natural sciences opens a wide and extensive field. Wherever you go, whether at home or abroad, you will always find something to investigate. The analysis of a flower, the classification of earths, minerals, or shells; or the varieties in the animal kingdom. Astronomy, presenting the starry firmament above in all its sparkling beauty and grandeur, will afford ample opportunity for much study and contemplation. Physiology will teach you the wonderful mechanism of the human frame, and of the entire animal kingdom. Chemistry, the beautiful combinations in nature and art. Philosophy, the laws by which nature is governed, on philosophical principles. Metaphysics will teach you the mysterious operations of the human mind, and logic the ability to reason well.

The languages should find a place in your studies, especially the Latin, as it is the basis of our own language. And the French language, so frequently introduced into the literature and music of the present day.

This catalogue of studies may seem a long one, but a knowledge of them cannot be obtained in a month, or a year; they require more or less attention through life. By patience and perseverance (qualities indispensable in woman) they will soon be relished, nay more, furnish a continual feast when the devotee of fashion and amusement will find many a useless and vacant hour.



IN EVERY THING GIVE THANKS. 2ª THESS. 5ᵗʰ 18.

THE MOTHER AND THE SON.

BY REV. N. HERVEY.

In Greenwood Cemetery, about midway of that beautiful resting place for the dead, is a tall monument, enclosed by an iron fence, containing the following brief memento of a Christian mother and her child.

"*Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.*"

As we gazed on the monument, while a few mourning friends stood around in apparent solemn thoughtfulness, we were never more impressed with the relation of the mother to the child, and the responsibilities which rest upon her in imparting instruction both by precept and example, to the children which God has given her. Here lay the remains of the mother and the child beneath the cold earth, but if well with them, their happy spirits were praising God in Heaven. The first question is of the highest importance. Mother, '*Is it well with thee?*' If thou hast made thy peace with God, and consecrated thyself to Him and to His service, then all is well; and thou art prepared to labor in behalf of thy offspring, with the promise of success, and with the divine assurance that it *shall be well with them.* How many mothers are there in Heaven whose prayers have been heard at the mercy seat, treasured up in the memory of the Father, and answered long, long after the lips which uttered those prayers were sealed in death.

The other question, "Is it well with the child?" is of no less importance, and must come home to the mother's heart with that interest which no other question involves; and well is it for children who have praying mothers.

We have been struck with the interesting fact in reading the memoirs of pious men and women, that there is almost an inseparable connection between the conversion of the child, and the early religious instructions and prayers of Christian mothers. Often have we laid down the memoir and exclaimed "*A mother's prayers are heard.*" This truth we propose to illustrate by a few testimonies

out of the thousand that might be adduced, with the hope that mothers will be encouraged to pray earnestly and perseveringly for the conversion of their children.

It is a question long since settled by actual facts, that the son, however wayward he may be, will listen to a mother's voice, and call to remembrance her prayers, even long after her voice may be silent in death, and her prayers for him cease. A young minister of the gospel, now an active laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, says: "At twelve years of age I had stood beside the couch of a dying mother, whose voice had often told me of Jesus, and whose prayers had constantly ascended for her first born. The hand which had led him to the Sabbath School was now motionless. With weeping eyes and a sad heart, the son saw the coffin placed in the grave."

A few years had passed away, when this young man was led to make one honest effort for his soul's salvation. Having given himself to Christ, he adds: "A mother's prayers were answered, though she did not live to witness the conversion of her son."

Edward Payson, the devoted and successful Portland pastor, was a child of many prayers. From the nature of his father's professional duties, his attention to Edward must have been less frequent than his mother's, and partaken in some degree of a more formal character. The recollections of his mother extend from very early childhood to his latest days. He has been heard to say that though she was solicitous that he might be liberally educated and be an accomplished scholar, yet he could distinctly see that her all-absorbing thought respecting him was, that he might be a Christian. To this end she instructed him in early life, and followed up those instructions with fervent prayers. At the early age of three years he was known to call his mother by his bed-side to talk with her about God, and his relations to a future world. In a letter to his parents when in college, he writes thus: "To your admonitions and instructions I am indebted for all the moral and religious impressions which are imprinted on my mind, and which I hope will give me reason to bless you through all eternity." There is abundant testimony in the writings of Payson that he attributes his religious feelings, hopes, and usefulness in life, to early parental influences.

Richard Cecil developed in early life a marked character. He was decided, daring, and authoritative; even his school-mates

yielded implicit obedience to his commands. But there was united with his almost untameable spirit a generous and manly heart. His mother was pious, and did not fail to use the means for his spiritual welfare. He says: "My mother would put things in my way, and I could not get rid of them." When he was six years old, his mother gave him a little book, "Janeway's Token for Children." He says: "I was much affected on reading it. I wept over it. I got into a corner and prayed that I might be as happy as those little children." His early religious impressions wore away as he began to form acquaintances with young men into whose vices and follies he soon fell, and which was the cause of his gradual departure from his mother's admonitions. He began to avow infidel principles at quite an early age, though he afterwards confessed that he did not *half believe them.*

Here was a painful passage in Cecil's early history; and how must that praying mother feel, after all her counsels and prayers, to see the child of her deepest affections a leader in infidel principles? Ah! that mother believed in God—in the efficacy of prayer. She prayed more earnestly for her boy—and he has left a most impressive memorial of a mother's influence in preserving him, under God, from entirely believing a lie. "I was afraid," he says, "to read any author who treated Christianity in a wise and searching manner. Conscience would recall my early instructions and impressions, while my happiness could only consist with their obliteration." At one time he went with one of his associates to see persons caricatured, when in the personage of a woman was represented those persons who talk about religion. "My friend," he says, "laughed heartily, but, I could not, for I knew that I had a Christian mother."

At one time when standing by the bed-side of a sick mother he asked her the question: "Are you not afraid to die?" "No, no!" she replied. "Why does not the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?" "She looked me in the face," says Cecil, "with a holy and heavenly smile, which cannot be effaced from my memory, and replied, 'Because God has said to me Fear not; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.' The remembrance of this scene has oftentimes since drawn an ardent prayer from me that I might die the death of the righteous."

Grace at last conquered the opposition of Cecil's heart, to the truth of the gospel. The seed which was faithfully sown by the

hand of a Christian mother, and watered with her tears in prayer, though it laid long buried in the heart, at length sprung up, and grew with astonishing vigor, and he stood out in the world a noble champion for God and His truth. Parental influence thus cleaves to the man, and a mother's prayers are heard and answered.

Another striking illustration of a mother's influence is seen in the early history of Philip Doddridge, whose name is ever associated with "The Family Expositor" and the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." He first saw the light in an obscure street in London, a frail flower then, for he was laid away soon after his birth as dead. He had a mother of earnest prayer and living piety. She taught her children to love the Scriptures, by describing the scenes in the Bible, in a familiar manner, on the old Dutch tiles which lined the chimney corner. Little did the mother of Doddridge anticipate his future career, when he reclined on her knee, followed the direction of her fingers in the Bible, and in childlike simplicity listened to the words of eternal life. When she laid her hand on his head and prayed that he might be a child of God, she did not know that God was preparing him, through her instrumentality, to stand up in the pulpit at Northampton, on Castle Hill, and preach the gospel with so much success.

Now when we look at the fruits of his labors as a faithful pastor for twenty-two years, and the direct influence of his writings over other minds, speaking continually after his decease—stimulating learned men to holy reflections, and quickening into life the languid piety of Christians:—when we see Wilberforce thoughtfully reading the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which suggested his "Practical View," by which Legh Richmond was confirmed in his religious views, and led to Christ; and when we see the fruit of Richmond's books and tracts growing in all lands, may we not praise God for Doddridge's praying mother? Under his tutors, in connection with his pastoral labors, were two hundred young men, of whom one hundred and fifty entered the ministry, and through whose labors the great day alone will decide how many were brought to Christ. Besides all this, we read of the good man pleading with men outside of his own church, to found a charity school and country hospital, on the basis of voluntary contributions. Baxter founded a college for the instruction of young men with the view of their preaching the gospel to the heathen. Boyle sustained Elliott in

his mission among the Indians, and the devoted Moravians established societies in England, Scotland, and Denmark, for the promotion of the Gospel. But it was left to Doddridge to devise a plan for the furtherance of the gospel at home and abroad, and to lead the way for the formation of the Missionary Society. What multitudes will praise God for this association, which has so abundantly fertilized many of the waste places of the earth. And when Doddridge and his praying mother shall meet in Heaven, how great will be their joy amidst the multitude of seals to his ministry.

The town of Northboro, Mass., was the birth-place of one of the first American missionaries to the East: and in his useful life and honorable work we see a striking illustration of the influence of a mother's early instructions. The mother of Luther Rice was a sterling woman. She possessed a vigorous mind and a pious heart. At a very early age she began to lead the mind of her little son to God and Heaven; and to instruct him daily in the Scriptures. He was required to repeat, regularly, portions of the catechism and a verse from the Bible. He admits in subsequent years that the instructions given him by his mother in his juvenile days were among the most efficient means of grace in bringing him to Christ.

About the time he came into public labor in the vineyard of Christ, the churches were sleeping over the command of Christ, to preach the Gospel to all nations. At this period no missionary had left this country for foreign lands. He felt the necessity of planting the cross in the midst of the benighted. His whole soul was absorbed in the work; and moved by the love of Christ for dying men, he resolved if the way were opened, to go himself and preach the Word of Life to the perishing millions. The results of his labors are intimately connected with the history of missions in Burmah. In a funeral address Dr. Chapin says, "The cause of missions in this country, owes more of its prosperity to the labors of Luther Rice than to any other individual." Through his untiring zeal the missionary spirit was widely diffused among the churches, and a vigorous light enkindled upon the altar of Religion, which is now blessing distant nations of the land. His toils and prayers in behalf of the Columbian College, which has sent forth many valuable ministers of the Gospel, will never be forgotten.

In the grave-yard of the Pine Pleasant church, Edgefield District, S. C., is a large marble slab, erected to the memory of the devoted

missionary, on which is an appropriate inscription, a part of which reads thus—

"If the Burmans have cause for gratitude towards Judson for a faithful version of God's Word, so they will through generations to come arise up and call Rice blessed; for it was his eloquent appeals for the heathen in his return to America, which caused the Baptist churches to adopt the Burman mission, and sustain Judson in his arduous toils."

How much has a mother's prayers and instructions to do with the great work, which has been accomplished, under the blessing of God, by the first American missionary to the East?

Previous to the birth of John Summerfield, his father was frequently heard to say that there was nothing he desired more than that he should have a son who should be a minister of the gospel of Christ; and that his name might be called *John*. This desire was granted. The mother of Summerfield was a pious woman: nine children were committed to her charge, and for whom she devoted herself in training them up for Heaven. In the year 1811 she repaired to Liverpool for the benefit of her health. Here she died; and for the last four months John was the only child who could be with her. On the 9th of August of the same year the spirit of this sainted mother departed this life, leaving to her friends the undoubted evidence in her life and experience that she has gone to dwell with her Redeemer. John had been a child of many prayers, and of earnest paternal solicitude. He was especially affected by the loss of his mother, and the circumstances of her death—the tranquility, joy, and hope with which she left the scenes of earth were never effaced from his memory. He referred frequently to the dying scene in after life; and when speaking in the pulpit of the redeemed in glory, he would most solemnly and affectingly speak of his mother. The town where Mrs. S—— was buried became the residence of her son for a few years. He was then at the age of fifteen, the clerk of a large mercantile establishment. Away from home, without a mother's guiding influence, he fell into many temptations. He was late from home, spending his evenings at the theatre, the billiard room, and card table. About this time he was arrested in some degree from these vicious habits by a remarkable dream, in which he struggled hard with the temptations of Satan on one hand, and the convictions of duty on the other. Amidst all his

wanderings he was not without the deepest remorse of conscience. A father's counsels and a mother's prayers, together with her last admonitions on the dying bed, came up in remembrance before him. He was often known after a season of dissipation to remain for weeks in his study room, daily lamenting his follies and sins; and several times a day would he prostrate himself before God on the floor, and weep bitterly over his waywardness. He experienced the greatest distress of mind, when he thought of the manner in which he had requited parental counsel and blessings.

One day as he was wandering in the streets of Dublin, he was accosted by a pious man who gave him a tract, and invited him to attend a conference meeting at his own house. He promised to attend; and when the evening came, John was present. The assembly consisted mostly of soldiers from the barracks. He was the subject of earnest prayer, and that evening he found peace in believing. He now formed new associations, and united with the Methodist class. His class-leader took special interest in Summerfield, and on leaving Dublin, as a Missionary to the West Indies, he said to one of the class: "Brother Lamb, I am going from you, perhaps never to return. Remember my request—take care of young brother Summerfield. He will one day shine in the world and in the church of Christ."

A mother's prayers were answered, and a father's desire fulfilled. He became a preacher of the gospel, and with great success labored in Ireland, England, and America. His life was short, but devoted wholly to God. Of him it is said in carved letters on his monument:

"*Holy in life, ardent in love, and incessant in labor, he was to the church a pattern, to sinful man an angel of mercy, to the world a blessing.*"

Thus were the prayers of these pious parents heard. They are praising God in glory, and the joy of harvest is theirs, as the sheaves of Summerfield's labors are gathered into the kingdom of Jesus.

John Frederick Oberlin, the pastor of a parish for half a century, acknowledges himself indebted to his Christian and accomplished mother for his love of the Scriptures, and for the desire he cherished in early life to dedicate himself to the cause of God. Her virtuous example and wise instructions were, in his case, crowned with the most gratifying success. She was accustomed every evening to read some portions of instructive books to her children, as they sat around

the table copying pictures which their father had drawn for them. And when separating for the night, they made a general request of "dear mamma" to sing to them one of her beautiful hymns, which she readily complied with; and then they all kneeled while she fervently prayed in their behalf. Under the influence of such a mother were the infant steps of Oberlin conducted to Christ. But she was not satisfied merely with her own personal influence in his behalf. When Lorentz was preaching a crucified Saviour to the multitude in Strasbourg, the mother of Oberlin became so impressed with his manner of preaching, that she urged John to go and hear him. He was at this period a student in the Theological class at the University; and, although he was warned against hearing Lorentz by his superiors, yet he acceded to his mother's request, and was so much interested in the man, that he became a regular attendant on his ministry. His religious impressions were much strengthened by this means, and at the age of twenty he consecrated himself to God.

Let us now follow Oberlin in his missionary labors in the region of *Ban de la Roche*, which derives its name from the castle called *La Roche*, around which the district extends. It consists of two parishes, Rothau and Waldbach. At the latter place, Oberlin entered the parsonage for the first time, when in his 27th year. Here he looked over the mountains and vales of the future scenes of his labors; an uninviting field to any one but to him who was ready, and willing to sacrifice all personal comfort for the good of others. Such a man was Oberlin, ready to consecrate all his acquisitions in science and religion to the physical and moral improvement of Waldbach. Here he toiled fifty-nine years, and even at the latest age, when the lamp of life was expiring, ceased not to console and bless the mountaineers of Waldbach. Under the shade of a weeping willow planted over the grave of his son Henry, lies the mortal part of this distinguished philanthropist, and faithful servant of Christ. "Our good father has left us," says the pastor of Goxviller, Rev. Mr. Braunwald. "He has closed his earthly career in peace. It was Oberlin who instructed you and your children, who covered your dry rocks with fertile soil, who changed these hamlets into flourishing villages, who fed the poor in times of want, and protected the forsaken."

Stonher and Oberlin raised up the schools and gathered the churches in these mountains. Oberlin rekindled the torch of faith, and threw new light in their dwellings by the gospel of Christ. The

crowning glory of all his efforts, and object of his solicitude, was the spiritual welfare of the people. In connection with his labors among this people, we may unite the Bible Societies of Strasbourg, Paris, and London; also, the missionary institutions at Basle, through which the Scriptures were extensively circulated through barbarous nations. Now, as we review the life and services of Oberlin, we may exclaim, what hath God wrought by him who was the child of fervent prayers and the subject of early instructions from a devoted mother.

John Foster was the son of pious parents. His father's motto was: "The noblest motive is the public good." At the family altar and in the prayer room he would earnestly cry, "Lord, bless the lads." To his mother's influence he attributes the elements which he received of his religious character. At an early age, when at the trade of weaving, he began to look to a higher destiny; and at the age of seventeen he publicly professed his faith in Christ. As he believed he was called to the ministry, he commenced his classical studies under the tuition of Dr. Fawcett, in connection with William Ward, a missionary of the cross. After a short term of itineracy in preaching the gospel, he became the pastor of the Baptist church at Frome. Here "Foster's Essays" came to the light, and were ranked among the best works of English literature, passed through a number of editions, and are widely circulated throughout the world. After his pastoral relation ceased, he continued his labors as an evangelist, and at one time travelled a circuit embracing fourteen different places.

These few illustrations of the influence of the religious family and the power of maternal instructions, perseverance and prayer, are sufficient, (though hundreds of others might be adduced) to stimulate pious mothers to labor on for the salvation and usefulness of their children. Go, Christian mothers, to a throne of grace with the prayers of faith. Go, and lay thy children before that throne and plead the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin in behalf of thy children. Are they obstinate, wayward, and heedless of thy tears and prayers? Pray more and fervently for them; for he who has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive," will not disappoint the praying mother.

CARES AND COMFORTS;

OR,

A Day in the Life of a Contributor.

"Are you going to be in your study this evening?" asked Mrs. Gilbert of her husband, as they rose from the tea table.

"No, not for an hour or two. Why?"

"I was thinking that we would divide the children this evening. I would take two, and you two. I want to write a little, and I cannot do it with them *all* around me; though I think I could manage to get along with one or two: but if you are going out I will try to dispose of them in some way."

"I should be glad to help you if I could, but I must go to that meeting this evening."

"Well, let us see," said Mrs. Gilbert. She stood a moment, thoughtfully considering.

"Well, what," said her husband.

"I was thinking," she said, "about the best plan for the evening. You see it requires some skill to dispose of four children, so that they shall not trouble each other, nor be constantly interrupting me, and yet be profitably employed in something themselves."

"Yes," said her husband, "set them to doing something; our children are allowed to waste too much of their time, for want of our attention."

"Then, since you are not going to be in the study, I believe I will occupy it, and I will take Jimmy and Lizzie with me."

"Mind you put the *fox* and the corn, not the *goose* and the corn together," said her husband

"That's what troubles me," she said; "though I don't think it would do for any body else to suggest that we had a real goose in our flock."

"But for all that, I think you find the corn missing pretty often," said he.

"Not so often as she would," (said Johnny, aside, winking, and at the same time shaking his head roguishly,) "if I only had such a *popper* as Charley Brant has got."

"There's Ward," Mrs. Gilbert continued, "he *must* study that declamation. He has it almost learned, but not quite; and my son, I want you should have every *of*, *and*, and *the*, just as it is in the book. It is a fine piece, and you can speak it well if you try."

"But, mother, where shall I study? I want to say that out loud, and grandma and cousin Carrie don't want me doing that here, I know."

"Is the fire out in the dining room? go and see." He went, and instantly returned, saying, "Yes, it's as cold as Greenland, and as dark as Egypt there."

Mrs. Gilbert thought a moment, but in that moment a new line of care was traced upon her already care-worn face. She thought of the rapidly diminishing wood pile—of her husband's anxious face and almost hopeless tone, as he had said that morning, "*how* am I, how *am* I to meet the expenses of this winter?"

She thought of the meeting to which he was going; it was a meeting of the trustees of the church to take new and decisive measures about building a meeting house; and in order to do this, *they* must pay, at least, three or four hundred dollars. To be sure Mr. Gilbert hoped to be able in the spring to sell from their little homestead of eight or ten acres, on the outskirts of a western village, a couple of village lots to meet that call. He had devoted those lots to that purpose, though he very much needed the proceeds to pay off the mortgage on the rest. Mrs. Gilbert had been over with the calculations about diminishing the expenses of the family so many times, that it did not take her long to go through with them again, and to come to the same result.

They must have fires; that was certain. That it would be no economy for her to try to do without a girl, was as clear to her mind as a proposition in Euclid; for her drawing and French class more than met the expenses of keeping a girl; and then she felt that while her Dutch girl could wash dishes just as well, and a great deal faster than she could, there was a sphere which there were fewer to occupy, and which Nilcha could not fill so well as she could. Where should

she retrench in dress? For twelve years she had not purchased a single dress more expensive than a two shilling de-laine or a half cotton cashmere. Her boys' clothes were old ones made over mostly, and she made them last as well as she could. It was true that they had a great deal of company. The cars seldom came in without bringing somebody. But there must be a home somewhere for Sabbath school and Bible, and Home missionary, and Foreign missionary agents. There were a great many strangers coming into the place all the time, good people, who took an interest in the prosperity of these little rising churches; it was a privilege to entertain them, and often much good accrued to the church and institution from it. Yes, they *must* keep an open house. So her calculations ended just where they had begun, and in a much shorter time than we have taken to write them.

"I'll tell you, Ward," she said at length, "what you can do; you can go and sit by the kitchen table, and see by Nilcha's light."

"Sit by the table where she is rattling her dishes at such a rate, mother?"

"Yes, and you may declaim as loud as you please; you may fancy yourself Demosthenes upon the sea-shore, if it suits you."

He went off, flourishing his book in a most patriotic manner, but as he raised his arm, the look of care upon the mother's face grew more serious still; for the marks of decay on his coat sleeve caught her eye. Soon he must have another, how was it to be paid for? how made? Not a stitch could she sew in the evening, since that dreadful attack of neuralgia brought on entirely by overdoing; and the avails of her drawing and French classes would no more than meet the expenses of the girl, and pay for the winter outfit the children had already had. But she raised a prayer to God that he would, through his grace, keep that upraised arm from crime, if not from tattered garments. "Lord, let my child live before thee," she breathed forth from her heart, "make him strong in the right, and brave for the truth."

There was one more to be disposed of. Johnny had not learned his Sabbath school lesson; so he was called, and the big Bible brought and opened upon the nursery table, in order that he might see by the one light which they could afford to keep.

Half or three quarters of an hour had been consumed in these arrangements. The details had wearied her, and scattered the

thoughts she had been longing to pen. With the two youngest children she at last escaped to the study; thinking however of various unkind criticisms, and greatly exaggerated stories of the miserable housekeeping and neglected children of literary ladies.

"Here, Lizzie," said Mrs. Gilbert, "you may have a piece of paper, and draw a house, or tree, or any thing you please, but you must not talk to me."

And what should Jimmy have to keep him still? A book with pictures was looked up for him, and the nearest place by mother's side assigned to him.

Mrs. Gilbert placed her paper before her, dipped her pen in the ink, but the skein of thought was tangled; it would not wind. The end she held led to but one sentence, but that was full of painful meaning;—"our children are allowed to waste too much of their time for want of our attention." That *our* she knew meant *your*, for her husband had sometimes said; "O, if I had your time, with no cares but a woman's pressing upon me, I could do something for our children."

"I wonder if grandma or cousin Carrie will not help Johnny about his lesson," thought Mrs. Gilbert. But a voice only whispered in reply, "That mission is *yours*. Expect not another to do *your* work." She dropped her pen, went into the nursery and explained the lesson, and encouraged the dear child in his task. As she bent over him, she blest the voice that had sent her on this errand of duty rather than pleasure. For the holy words sunk into her heart. Her anxieties were quieted, her fears removed, and she went back to the study, feeling that perhaps after all, the cares which so often depressed her might contribute to her happiness as well as her good. If she had no burdens to bear, she could not know the sweet peace of casting them upon the Lord, nor taste the holy comfort of relying upon the blessed promises of his Word.

She took up her pen again, and the subject that had of late so much engaged her thoughts came back to her. Her pen moved rapidly over the paper. She did not look up, but she knew that a bright blue eye was watching it. She did not need to look up; for between that mother and child there was established an intelligence that was *felt*, rather than communicated by word or look. If ever a shade of care, so slight that no one else noticed it, passed over face, a little arm was twined around her neck, and "mother, dear

mother" breathed so tenderly, so sincerely in her ear, that trouble and care were charmed away.

"Mother, dear mother," said he, drawing a little closer, and looking up anxiously in her face, at the first pause of her pen; "I want to ask you one question, just *one;* I have been thinking about it, and thinking about it, and cannot understand it."

"Well, what is it, darling?"

"I have been thinking that we shall live forever and forever; only think of it, mother, *forever.* I cannot understand it. Can you understand it, mother?"

"No, my child, I cannot understand many things not half so difficult as that."

The mother's ready answer had removed the injunction not to talk, and he went on;

"There is one thing more, mother, which I want to ask you.'

"What is that, my little boy?"

"When we die, and go up to God's door and knock, if we have been good, *will* he say we cannot enter?"

"No, my child."

"What will he say?"

"He will say 'come in ye blessed of my Father.'"

"Come in, ye blessed of my Father," he repeated, slowly and thoughtfully, "I wish you *would* tell me what *that* means."

"I cannot write for the Journal to-night," thought Mrs. Gilbert, "but perhaps I may write a line of God's truth upon the heart of this dear child, which he shall read, when this hand is mouldering in the dust; yea, which I shall read with joy and rejoicing in heaven." And she laid down her pen, with which she had hoped to commune with kindred hearts, to commune with the heart of that dear child.

"What is it to be a Christian?" he next asked.

"It is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us."

"I am sure," he said, "that I believe on *Him* now, but I am not a Christian; O, mother, I wish I was;" and his lips trembled, and the bright blue eyes were filled with tears. "But mother, will God forgive us when we have done wrong?"

"Yes, if we are sorry for our sins, and ask him, for Christ's sake, to forgive them."

"For Christ's sake; mother, what does *that* mean? And why does father say it when he prays?"

The attention of both children was completely enlisted; they had arisen on their feet, and were pressing to her side, and looking up anxiously into her face. And she told them the story of redeeming love—of the love of the Father in giving up the Son,—his only begotten and well beloved; of the sufferings and humiliation of the Son; of his crucifixion between two thieves; of the revilings of the one, and the pardon and promise of glory given to the other. She told them of the resurrection of the Lord, his ascension into glory, and of his ability and willingness to save all who will come unto him.

"But, mother, can it be that God will forgive thieves and such wicked men?" asked the child.

"Yes, my son, he says he is willing to save all who will come unto him."

"*All*, mother, *all?* those that crucified him and all? I should not think he would, I should not think it *could* be."

"Just then a step was heard in the entry, and Mr. Gilbert entering, said; "I think, my children, that father must claim his seat now; and moreover father thinks it is time that such little ones were dreaming, so good night."

When Mrs. Gilbert lay down to rest, she felt that she had done but very little for herself that day. Very few and unimportant had been her intellectual acquisitions. From the gardens of literature, in which a stroll would have delighted her as much as many a more privileged one, she had not been permitted to gather a single flower, not even a little "forget-me-not," to keep alive the memories of the past; but she had learned much of life; such as the active, earnest, and thoughtful will ever find it—a disciplinary school, where the Wise Master, in training his pupils, some by one course of discipline, some by another, has less reference to the life that now is, than that which is to come.

NIGHT.

"There is no night there."

Night! solemn and mysterious night, with stars,
And dew, and coolness, is upon the earth!
And as the darkness renders visible
The stars unseen by day—so harsh, rude sounds
Are hushed, and in their absence fainter tones
Assume a strange distinctness.
The very heart's pulsation seems to fall
Audibly on the ear, and distant feet
Startle the echoes into life, and seem
Fearfully near. That far off light that streams
So dimly through the curtain, burns beside
The couch of pain, where listlessly and worn
The watcher lingers, as the tide of life
Ebbs slowly, faintly out. The very watch
Hanging against the wall, ticks loud and harsh,
With an unnatural tone; and the dark boughs
Droop with a deathlike stillness, stirring not
A single leaf.

The weary child, with arms
Thrown back o'er dampened locks, whose parted lips
Mutter its words of play again in dreams,
Forgets its tiny cares, bearing not o'er
Into to-morrow aught it knew to-day
Of grief or pain. But the strong man, mature,
The care-worn mother, take through sleep their cares,
Bearing the burden of to-day along life's path,
To add to-morrow other burdens still.

* * * * *

There is no night in heaven! What need of shade
To dim a brightness that can weary not?
What need of night where come no toil or pain,
To make rest requisite? Where childish feet
May stray beside still waters lovingly
With angel guides; where pastures green and fair
Invite to gentle wanderings; where the streams
Flowing from out God's throne through heavenly fields,
Disseminate sweet dews?
What need of night in heaven, where pain and tears

Are but a faint recurring memory
Traced on the tablet of the misty past,
Like other dim remembered things of earth?
There the Lord, God,
Giveth all glorious light; radiance untold—
Before whose glory myriads of bright suns
With light concentrated, compare not more
Than doth a glow-worm's glitter, with high noon.
So through alternate light and shade we grope,
Bearing a trace of both upon the soul;
Until admitted, purified and blest,
Into that glorious day, replete with light,
That needs no night to mark the lapse of time!

H. W.

THE DECISION.

BY MRS. BAXTER.

"MARY, what makes you look so sadly to-night?" said Mrs. Millford to her little daughter, a girl some ten or twelve years of age, who had just returned from New York, where she had been spending a few weeks with a rich uncle. "It seems you have lost all your cheerfulness in that great city."

"No, mama," said Mary, "but I was thinking how glad I should be if papa was rich like uncle James. And then, mama, *you* would not have to work so hard; and, I should have plenty of money to spend, and such fine dresses too. Oh! I should be so happy, so very happy."

"But were you not happy Mary before you visited your uncle?"

"Why, mama, I thought I was; but I believe now, I was not. You know I have to rise very early and assist you in getting breakfast. There, when it was time to rise, the servant rang the bell; then when we were dressed the bell rang again, and we all went down and partook of a well arranged and nicely prepared breakfast. Shortly after, the coachman was ready to take us out riding. Oh! mama, how much I enjoyed this; I was perfectly delighted—such fine streets, such splendid mansions—it really would do your heart good to see them."

"Stop, Mary," said Mrs. Millford; "did your uncle thank God for his preserving care during the night, or ask his blessing on the good breakfast provided for his family?"

"Why, no, mama, and I must confess that I felt a little surprised at first that he did not."

"Did you see nothing else that surprised you while there?"

"Yes, I certainly did. A poor ragged boy came to the door one morning, saying he was very hungry, and his dear mother was sick, and had no one but him to care for her, or provide for her wants. He said they had been but a short time in this country, therefore had no kind friends to look to; their last guinea was gone, and he had ventured out for the first time to seek relief. But uncle said, 'we have so many beggars; do send the rascal away; I have nothing for such worthless vagabonds.' I thought this was rather severe, and when I saw the little fellow wipe away the tears with his ragged sleeve, I could not help weeping. Uncle perceived this and said, 'here Betty, give the urchin this,' handing her a quarter, 'and tell him not to trouble us again.'"

"And did their servants appear cheerful and happy?" inquired Mrs. Millford.

"They did not, indeed they did not," said Mary; "for, aunt was very fretful, and sometimes treated them with great unkindness, which made them 'pout and drone all day,' as she said. And beside this, I noticed their extravagance, and felt like gathering up what they were throwing aside as useless, to give to the hungry and half-clad children in the street."

"But, notwithstanding all this, you think you would be more happy, my child, to live in this splendid mansion with servants to attend you, than in this quiet home with your parents?"

"But, mama," said Mary, "uncle said if I were his child I should take lessons in music and dancing, and that he would soon make an accomplished lady of me."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Millford, "I will make the case plain to you, and then leave you to decide."

"Your uncle's highest ambition has ever been to acquire wealth. He has been wonderfully prospered, and is now living in splendor, enjoying *that* happiness which the world alone is capable of bestowing. He takes no thought for the future, but says to himself, 'Soul thou hast much goods laid up in store, take thine ease, eat, drink,

and be merry.' He has no sympathy for the poor and needy, as you have already seen; and even the talented and pious portions of community are despised by him, unless accompanied by wealth. I often fear he is of that number, who will have all their good things in this world, and be left to mourn at the last, and say 'how have I hated instruction and despised reproof.'"

"I have no doubt he would make you what he would term a *splendid lady.* But this is not the object for which we were born. Our first wish should be to know and obey the will of our Heavenly Father; then strive to be useful in the sphere in which Providence has placed us. There are many ways in which even the poor can benefit society. How often is the resident of some lowly hut referred to as a pattern of piety. The soul of such an individual is as a well watered garden, whose fragrance cheers the heart and invigorates the mind of the young Christian, as he enters on the 'way cast up for the ransomed of the Lord.' He believes the word of God, 'that having food and raiment we should be therewith content,' knowing that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"Well," said Mary, "the question is decided. I shall remain at home and strive to be useful. And if I can only be as good and happy as my mama, I shall have reached the height of my ambition."

THE THREE KINGDOMS OF NATURE.

M. You have in your former Natural History lessons seen something of the order which the great God makes in his works. To-day we will begin at the very beginning, and notice nature with much more care and minuteness. The Bible, you know, tells us that "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth"—and, after He had made the firmament He said, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear"—and it was so. Then this world consisted of broad plains, rocks, and tall mountains—the restless Ocean moving backward and forward—and the Air surrounding it.

But it was a dreary place, for it was not yet finished. This was only the third "day."

How brown, how bare, and desolate the hills must have seemed as the light came across them! The world was nothing but Earth, Water, Air, and Light. This was the first great division of God's works. Can you tell me why they were so dreary?

W. I can, mama. Because, none of these things had *life*. No wonder the hills were so brown, they had no grass on them.

M. That was the reason. Now, there is a proper name for all these works of God, which were made without life. They are called MINERALS.

But in the course of that third day, there came springing up from the earth, millions and millions of little green blades,—all living and growing. And there were "trees yielding fruit after their kind." Now, the Earth looked more cheerful, but it was dreary, still.

Ion. Yes, the Earth had life in it, but not the sort of life we have. Every thing was quiet and still—it was "*still* life."

The grass, and herbs, and trees formed another great division of God's works which were called—

L. VEGETABLES.

M. But on the fifth day there was music in the Earth. Through the AIR, and on the Trees, flew "winged fowl," singing many a song. Through the Water swam "great whales" and fishes. On the sixth day there came "creeping things" upon the EARTH, and "cattle after their kind." Thus the Creator made another great division to inhabit the Air, Water and Earth, which division we call—

L. ANIMALS.

Thus, then, was the work of Nature divided into *three great divisions*.

One, which had *not* life, called The MINERAL KINGDOM.

And, two which have life, called The VEGETABLE KINGDOM, and The ANIMAL KINGDOM.

Let us talk a little more about these three "kingdoms." I have brought you a box containing something from each kingdom. Here is a small stone from the Mineral Kingdom. A small acorn, of the same size, from the Vegetable Kingdom. And, a small chrysalis, of nearly the same size, from the Animal Kingdom.

L. They appear something like each other.

M. But still, you know they are very different. There is, however, something pleasing in each one.

That STONE is very old, perhaps older than Adam. It has been a stone for thousands of years! It will be the same stone during thousands of years to come. If it could know and speak, it might tell of many changes in Animals and Vegetables, but of no change in itself.

If I were to leave it in this box, here it would always remain; and as the world rolled on, and ages of time passed away, we should change and decay—the box would crumble to dust, but here the stone would be; it would never move nor change, but still be the same old stone.

Ion. What fine old fellows stones are! Ah! I'll never kick a stone again.

M. Then,—the Acorn. It does not seem very different, but somewhere inside it, is the something we call *life*. If we were to put all three of these things in the ground, whilst the stone would remain stone, the Vegetable would—but, you shall hear what I once read in a book about a seed. Listen—

"The *Seed* would swell and burst—it would put forth a root; and thus holding fast to the earth, it would push up a green shoot. The *Shoot* would rise above the ground; and, feeding itself from the Air, Water, and Earth, would increase its thickness every year, and become a stately Tree. The *Tree*,—spreading its branches far and wide into the air, and its roots into the soil, putting forth buds in the spring, which open to clothe it with leaves, and adorn it with blossoms—would then repay the earth for its bounties with a rich return of fruit and seed."

"Continuing the same course for hundreds, or even thousands of years, it would remain an object of wonder and admiration to successive races of men—it would belong to many a tradition, and many a tale of the olden time handed down from father to son; and thus it would be looked at with respect, or even veneration,—and still flourish, while generation after generation would pass away, and be forgotten."

W. I like to hear that. Please, mama, let me run and put it in the ground at once.

L. But, after all, mama, it would not last so long as the stone.

M. No, for it *has life*. Every thing which has life will have death.

As soon as it is done growing, it begins to die. It reaches its glory —its fullness of life—then, little by little, it loses that life, and returns to dust again.

Ion. And the Chrysalis, mama. If that were put in the ground?

M. That would become a butterfly. Soon it would show how much life it had; much more life than that of the tree. It would not remain fixed to the Earth, but away it would fly—you know where! over flowers, fields, and hills! But, although it seems so full of life, that life is shorter—not so many hours as the tree numbers years.

W. Ah, that is curious. The Animal, which is so full of life, changes soonest. The Vegetable does not change so soon. The Mineral, which has *no* life, never changes at all.

A NIGHT THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. S. EMILIA PHELPS.

A SWEET little boy lay in the soft sleep of innocent childhood. No brother or sister shared his quiet slumber, even the tender mother was not there, nor the fond father, to watch the calm repose of health and innocence. But the prayers of that pious, absent mother, envelope him like a cloud of mercy, and the very name she gave the boy, is a witness that her petitions are heard. What protection can a mother afford her helpless child like that of fervent, faithful prayer? He may be at the farthest possible distance from her on earth. He may be tossing on the heaving ocean, or hemmed in by eternal snows, or breathing airs of pestilence in burning tropics, but if her faithful heart is ascending in devout supplication for him, who can tell how that warm breath of hers may soothe the furious waves, or melt the icy barrier, or purify the tainted atmosphere about him?

The history of a mother's prayer has never yet been written. What a volume of wonders it will make! It cannot be all transcribed until that mighty Angel shall descend, who with one foot upon the sea and one upon the land, shall close the last leaf.

I have said this little sleeping boy was away from near kindred.

Yet, he was not alone; an aged man was there, also laid down to rest. Many years had passed over his hoary head, and the light was almost quenched in his dimning eyes. With him all was memory; with the sweet child all was hope. Sunset clouds and deepening twilight were about the one, and to the other all was purple dawn, struggling beauteously with gaining day. The hoary old man, weighed down with the trials and infirmities of years, and the buoyant, rosy boy, so radiant with hope and promise! A touching sight it must have been to see them, sole companions in that solemn abode, more awful and more glorious than any other spot on the earth.

Night had thrown her veil of soft beauty around that green summit, and miles away on another verdant hill was the home of the boy's loving parents. The lofty duties of the day were over, and the aged pilgrim and the young cherub were alike laid down to repose.

What is that, suddenly breaking the stillness? An unknown guest is at the pallet of the little boy, and a kind voice is gently calling the youthful sleeper's name. The child springs lightly up and runs to the bed of his aged friend, to be surprised by the declaration that he came unsummoned. He returns wondering to his bed, to be called up again and again by those same solemn tones, "Samuel! Samuel!" It was not until he came for the third time to the bed-side of the aged saint, that the latter at last perceived whose were those august accents that had aroused the favored child. We can imagine with what awe, what reverential love the old man trembled as he tenderly bade the child return to his lowly couch, and humbly respond to the divine call. How the dear little one must have felt a sweet awe thrill through every fibre of his being as he listened to catch again the mysterious voice.

Happy, happy child! So early called by name of the great Jehovah! So early visited by such exalted honor as to receive the Lord's word. And, thrice happy that thou didst immediately respond with a meek, obedient, loving heart. Three thousand years ago, that voice broke thy soft slumber, and thou hast never been deaf to it since. Thou art hearing it still; even now thou art in His presence, not in the darkness of night, but where light is eternal; not in a calm, green hill in Palestine, but in the empyrean heights, no longer a little child, but now a mighty angel.

Who can say that the little cot of childhood is not sometimes thus

visited, even now? Loving mother, when you have listened to the artless prayer, and impressed the warm kiss upon the fragrant little cheek, guardian angels may take your place at that low bedside; and, far more, the still small voice may speak to that little heart until it shall hear and obey.

THE BIRTHRIGHT OF AMERICAN YOUTH.

BY REV. L. PARMELY.

"The Fourth of July, 1776, will be the most remarkable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival."

JOHN ADAMS, in a letter to his wife, July 7th, 1776.

INDEPENDENCE DAY! The booming cannon and rattling firearms! It is not the wrath of battle; but only echo-thunders, rolling back upon us from the great war-tempest of '76. Nor are these sounds now mingled with the cries of the wounded and groans of the dying, mournfully terrific, swelling up from the field of blood. The report of guns, and voice of artillery, that fall on our ears to-day, are all mellowed down into notes of enchanting music, and sweetly chime in with the glorious, triumphal anthem of our national jubilee.

Upon the youth of America is conferred the noblest birthright in the whole world. The stars under which you were born beam with brightest promise, and kindle loftiest hope. The principles declared and defended by our forefathers, "amid the confused noise of warriors, and garments rolled in blood,"—the great principle, "*that all men were created equal*," is the broad and only foundation of true greatness. The war-guns of '76 exploded that long venerated theory, that royalty must flow alone through the veins of crowned lineage, and that princes could spring alone from the loins of kings. While in this land it is not possible for you to *inherit* a single drop of royal blood, yet in each of your bosoms is implanted the germ of a *self-born* sovereign. Before you all, without any miserable and silly

distinction of ancestry or estate, is placed the brightest diadem of moral dignity, intellectual greatness, and civil honor. This country is, morally, a "*free soil*" empire. Here the young man—it matters not whether his nursery was in the gilded palace or in the "low thatched cottage"—has before him the same privileges and inducements, and as wide and free an avenue to glory; and his grey hairs may possess the fresh dew of his country's benediction, and his name be enrolled among earth's true nobility.

But while full and equal encouragement is before you all, without respect of rank or circumstance, still the prize is only for such as are willing to gird themselves unto the race; and the diligent hand alone reaps the harvest-honor. In our land something more is requisite to constitute one a prince, than being born under a palace roof. Honorable parentage, or the tinsel of wealth, are not sufficient to place the royal crown upon a *brainless* head. It is only by fixed purpose, intense application, and invincible perseverance, that you can reach the heights of fame, and hang out your name to shine forever in the bright galaxy of national glory. Here we have no *heirs apparent* to the crown—the great men of America are *self-made*. You bring into the world no other nobility than that with which the God of nature has endowed you—sovereignty of mind—the sceptre of genius; and in this freest, broadest field of action, you must become the architect of your own fortune—the master-builder of your own destiny. And now, in the morning glory of your waking energies, what a full chorus of inducements is inviting you forth to toil with the sure promise of a rich reward. O, how many young men, in the old world, would this day leap for joy, to gain, even "with a great price," such privileges as belong to your birthright. With the halls of science, the council chambers of state, and the high places of empire all opening before you, let your motto be, "I WILL TRY"—the watchword that never lost a battle in the moral world—the true key-note to the great anthem of self-coronation.

And while true greatness is gained only by mighty effort and persevering toil, this very effort developes the intellectual powers—mind waxes stronger in the fight, and strengthens in every new struggle, establishing a firm independence of character, and bringing out the bold features of individuality; like the oak, whose roots struggle down under the dark earth, and the crevices of the everlasting

rocks, gaining a foundation of power, upon which it lifts up its head in towering majesty, defying the wrath of the wildest tempest. In countries where rank is obtained on the easy terms of ancestry, and a man becomes a king simply because his father before him was one, nobility relaxes into indolence of spirit, and imbecility of intellect; and royalty, with all its imposing honors, degenerates into mental dwarfishness, and the king's *jester* is often, really, a greater man than the crowned head. The great men of America are intrinsically great—independent of their civil honors, they possess the power of intellectual giants.

And above all, let us remember that religion was the early harbinger, and continues the guardian angel of the American's birthright. The note of religious freedom struck on the rock of Plymouth, and was the grand prelude to the swelling anthem of civil liberty. None surely can doubt that the voice of the Almighty moved on the dark waters of the revolutionary struggle, and that his hand was in that sublime destiny, which brought out on the blackest night of oppression, the brightest star of empire! And now, the war-storm over, and the battle-thunder ceased, the precious blood of our forefathers that was poured out as a free shower upon the earth—those peerless drops are gathered over us in a bright bow of promise, spanning a continent, and resting on two oceans, attracting a world to "the land of the brave and home of the free." But the fear of God is the great keystone in this bow of national hope—take away this, and the sunlit arch will vanish into the blackness of a second moral deluge!

"*Ocean* of Time! thy tiniest wavelet bears
To fatal wreck some richly laden bark;
Oh, but for that bright star in Heaven which wears
A brighter glory when the storm grows dark,
But for the star of Bethlehem, how should we
Direct our course o'er thy tempestuous sea!"

DANCING.

It is not our purpose to commence a tirade against dancing, but merely to give a few thoughts on the oft repeated inquiry, Is it right for Christians to have their children taught to dance? We have no feeling that there is any more sin in dancing than in trundling a hoop, or jumping a rope. It is a pleasant recreation, and if it can be practised in the same simple manner and unpretending circumstances, for the purpose of imparting a healthful play to the physical organs, while it gives agility and grace to the movements, nothing could serve a better purpose, or be more innocent. We say if this *could* be. But, as Pollok says of the theatre:

> Worthy men
> Maintained, it might be turned to good account;
> And so perhaps it might—but never was."

If any, how few the instances, certainly in modern times. Tilt, in his "Elements of Health," says: "Dancing takes place at such late hours, and in such close rooms, that the disadvantages to be derived from it, are more than its advantages."

But with the professed lovers of pleasure, those who desire to train their children to seek gratification in the things of earth, we will have no discussion now, and return to the inquiry, "is such a course right for Christians?" There should always be an end in view—an object to be attained by the education of children. Why do they study the different sciences? Why practise the arts and acquire trades? Is it simply for exercise, or their *present* use or gratification? Why are they drilled day after day on the construction of our own and other languages, and in mathematics, philosophy, chemistry, &c., if not for future time? for their benefit and practice when they become men and women? And what is the end in view when we place our sons and daughters under the instruction of a dancing master? What is the object to be attained?

We admit that it *may* be healthful exercise; but when exercise is needed, *nature* dictates to the little boy or girl, a rush to some place

of unbounded freedom, for nerve, muscle, and voice; to roam over the fields and through the woods, or to an unceremonious game of "hide and seek"—"jump and run"—"laugh and be happy." In our beautiful wide country there is ample space for this; and except in crowded cities, and in those families where no labor is required of children, this plea for dancing seems vain. And in the city, would not all the healthful exercise which can possibly be obtained in a dancing-room, be found by the daughter in the performance of some necessary household duty, and by the son in a participation of those which more properly belong to him, or in constructing some article which could afford amusement or service. Then, what idea can take possession of the minds of children, as they are carefully arrayed and sent by their parents to be trained to trip to the sound of light music to and fro, round and round, if it be not the captivating but delusive vision of splendidly decorated halls, fashionable attire, sumptuous entertainments, gay mirth, and the admiration of some beau ideal which awaits their graduation from this school of accomplishments? To be the admired, flattered one of the ball-room, must be the prize in view. And is it consistent for Christian parents to start their children in such a race?

Another apology for this branch of education, is its necessity in order to give ease and grace to the movements, and a finish to the manners. One mother says, "Mary turns in her toes when she walks, and Sarah drops her shoulders forward and inclines her head, and no one can correct these habits like an accomplished dancing master." Beware, mother! lest those feet step upon slippery places and take hold on death; and that head become so bewildered by the blandishments of earthly pleasure, as to plunge from the giddy height into everlasting sorrow!

But is it to be admitted that refined and polished manners can be acquired no where else? Is it true that none but a dancing master can teach a proper and graceful movement of the body? That with him resides the secret of polite address and genteel demeanor when introduced to, or taking leave of company? If so, then away with the hackneyed sentiment, that "A Christian is the highest style of man," "that true politeness is the overflowing of a kind, generous heart," and give to the wind our boastings of the refining, elevating influence of religion. Will you make the exchange and take the consequences? As well might you plead the necessity of

sending your son who is preparing for the bar or pulpit, to take lessons on the stage, to qualify him to be an effective public speaker. Do you say that you have no fears of the consequences? that you consider dancing an innocent amusement, as well as an important accomplishment, without which no young lady is prepared to enter society? Yes, and methinks I see some mothers with this assertion on their lips, wending their way to the maternal meeting, where they will bow and plead with God to keep their children from temptation, to save them from the snares of Satan, and to have mercy on their souls. It cannot be possible that such have ever tested the witchery of the ball room—have ever experienced in themselves the power of a love for vain show which is nurtured there, or have ever realized the sad effect upon the mental, moral, and physical being which the unsuitable clothing, luxurious banqueting, and unseasonable hours,—the inseparable companions of the mazy dance, are calculated to produce. Its tendency is only downward. There is nothing in its influence or associations calculated to elevate the moral feelings, or give expansion to the mind, or peace to the spirit. Its devotees are spell-bound, and just in proportion as they give themselves to its giddy whirl, just so much less are they prepared to discharge the duties of life, or to appreciate its rational enjoyments. Of the truth of this the writer had, a few years ago, a striking illustration, while spending a few days at a large boarding house in New York. Day after day we met at the table the beautiful, accomplished Mrs. McC. She was gay and fashionable. Her personal appearance was charming, and none could see her but to admire her. Yet those who knew her best, looked upon her as a whited sepulchre. Her husband, an amiable, intelligent, and sedate young man, was confined to his room and bed by a chronic disease, from which he suffered much, but not so much as from the neglect of his wife, who, though she loved him, was so infatuated by a love of gay pleasures, that she very often spent her nights at the cotillion party, rather than in administering to his comfort. During our stay a storm came on, and at the close of day was so severe that no boarder ventured into the street after tea, either for business or pleasure. On such a cold, cheerless evening, the parlor seemed to promise the most of comfort, and the whole company were soon attracted thither by the influence of the bright coal fire in the grate. Cozily seated in a corner of the sofa, we decided to remain awhile, and

learn whatever lessons of life might be imparted. Music was first suggested, then dancing, and an hour or two spent by several ladies and gentlemen in waltzes and cotillions. The belle of the ball-room, Mrs. McC., was in high spirits. She sang, she laughed, she danced, until wearied, she sat down beside her last partner. She expressed to him her gratification at having such an evening at home. "Oh," said she, "it is so dull when I am obliged to spend an evening wholly with my husband, for he is so dispirited, and wants me to read to him; but the books he prefers are not interesting to me." She then spoke of the delightful winter she had passed,—that she had never before attended so many balls and cotillion parties in one season. Her friend asked her if she never became tired and disgusted with such a continued round of gaiety?

"Oh!" she replied, "it is my *life* to dance. I am perfectly happy in a dancing room,—only, sometimes the question arises in my mind, what shall I do, when I get too old to dance."

"Oh!" said her friend, as if he would relieve her mind from fear on that point, "you may not live to be old."

With a look of deep and earnest anxiety, she replied, "Ah, *that is more dreadful still; the thought of death horrifies me!*"

We heard no more. We know nothing of her subsequent history, or what has befallen her since. But that frank, heartfelt confession of a votary of pleasure is not forgotten; and in view of it we ask: What Christian parents can deliberately place their children under influences which naturally lead to such a result, without incurring an awful responsibility? Who, for a few mechanically polite airs, and a little youthful gratification, will take the risk of perhaps hearing from a beloved daughter's lips, after a series of years spent in fashionable dissipation, "*the thought of death horrifies me!*"

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

A saving of two hours a day would add another entire month to our year; and how much might be accomplished in a month! He who informs me where I can find another month per annum, bestows upon me a better New Year's gift, than if he had brought me the fabulous alchymist's stone, that was to transmute every thing it touched into gold.—*Boardman.*

"THERE ARE NO HOMES IN BURMAH."

No homes! oh! what a dreary place,
How very like a tomb;
Where not one spot in all the land
Deserves the name of home.

No homes! no sweet delightful hour
When Love, with snowy wings,
Around the hearth-stone and the heart
A radiant halo flings!

No homes, where heavenly dews descend,
In soft delicious showers;
Where bud and blossom all the year,
Earth's fairest, sweetest flowers.

No homes in Burmah! painful thought,
My soul in sadness cries,
Is there no cure for heathen souls,
No help beneath the skies?

The Book of Life shall soon dispel
The darkness and the gloom,
And plant on distant Burman shores,
Full many a precious home.

A. L.

THE ORPHAN GIRL'S PRAYER.

Let me go to my home—I am weary of earth,
Not a friend have I left in the land of my birth;
Let me go where the bright waters chime as they flow
With the songs of the angels—O there let me go.

Let me go to my Father—I remember the day
When the bell sadly tolled as they bore him away;
And I watched for his coming, when the sunlight grew low
But he came to me never—to him let me go.

Let me go to my Mother—she calls me away
To the bower that is green with the garlands of May,
And I know that her heart doth with love overflow
For the last of her household—to her let me go.

Let me go to my Sisters—I'm fading like them,
And dark on my forehead is growing life's gem;
I shall love them above, as I loved them below,
Their sweet voices call me—O world, let me go.

Let me go to my Brother—I wept when he died,
And I longed to be laid in the grave by his side;
It's been night in my heart since they laid him so low,
Earth's last tie was broken—to him let me go.

Let me go to my home—as the lone mountain bird,
To a sunnier clime when the bleak winds are heard;
Let me go where the bright waters chime as they flow
With the songs of the angels—O there let me go!

W. G. Browne.

"Our Creator would not make this world a paradise, because he has prepared a far better home for His children; and, link by link, He rends away the golden chains which bind the soul to earth, that He may use them to fasten it more securely above. It should not be said, that the frequent removal by distance or death, of those who are dear to us, is a proof that they ought not to have been so highly prized, and that we are called upon to dismiss them from our hearts. Oh no! but Christian friendship is a foretaste of the communion of saints above. There it will be perfected."



FOREST FOUNTAIN.

Living fountain ever gushing
From thy verdant forest home,
O'er the rocks thy water's rushing,
Where the Indian hunters roam,

Sparkling, dancing, ever glancing,
In the sunlight's brilliant rays.
Or thy streamings, softer gleaming,
Where the gentle moonbeam plays.

Angels in their earthly mission
Here may stop their wings to lave,
As they bear to Heaven's fruition
Trembling spirits from the grave.

JULIA GRAY.

FATHER IN THE FAMILY.

HOME, without the father, is desolate in the extreme. He, by nature, is constituted the head, while the mother may be the heart of home. To him every well regulated family naturally looks for protection and guidance. He must stand at the domestic helm, while the mother, angel-like, faithfully watches the trembling needle, as the storms that threaten the domestic sea rise and break. Life is a troubled sea, and that family which sails it safely must have a strong arm at the wheel. The mother's influence is all pervading. Her presence is the light of home—the very dew of life. The father's influence, however, must be as widely felt. Indeed, he is the strength of home. His moral, intellectual, and social influence in every department, must be the controlling influence. He is the staff on which the mother must lean. He is the sturdy oak around which all the tender vines of the domestic garden cling; and upon which they rest in the storm; and on which they climb in the sunshine.

The Creator has wisely organized the family. It reflects the highest honor upon his wisdom and benevolence. He saw best that man, even in his strength and conscious independence, should be made so dependent, that he should not dwell alone. He then, not only made a demand for the family, but actually created the family. The family thus formed was to be the most perfect specimen of organized society on earth. In this organization, so beautiful in order, so tender in love, so mighty in union, the father is made the head. Nothing is therefore more disastrous to the domestic circle than a loss of that headship. When the ruthless hand of sickness lays the father low, and the cruel grave hides the husband and lover in darkness, the family receives an overwhelming shock from which it often never recovers. Home sits solitary, and the widowed mother is mantled with desolation and grief, while the children

left fatherless are often like tender branches torn from the main stock—or like ships at sea without the helm, driven to destruction by the fierce winds.

When any cause separates the father from home any considerable portion of time, the family necessarily suffers. He should be there, as the presiding mind. As well might the President of the United States be absent half or two-thirds of his time from the seat of government, and expect to see order and prosperity, as the father and head of the family to be constantly from his proper position. It may, however, be the duty of the father to be away from home, as the general out door agent and director of its interests, but at the same time too much care cannot be had to bring him often into the arms of his family. He needs the sweet and hallowed influences of home to distil like the dew upon his weary spirit. Oppressed as he often is with cares, or wearied with toiling for bread for his children, or comforts for his home, he needs, more than words can express, the kind smile of his wife and the kiss of "*welcome home*" from his children. These repay him for his labors of love for them. What father cannot endure any heat by day, or any blast by night for his own dear family, if he is cherished by them? If he feels the warm tide of domestic affection flowing freely and constantly around him. There is a greatness in man's heart, that naturally responds to the *love* of home. A greater mistake was never committed than when the father is shut away from these warm affections. Many a poor husband and father has been driven to desperation, from a want of care on the part of those who ought to love him, and perhaps do love him, in making him feel that *home* welcomes *him*. We are not advocates, however, of a welcome which exhausts itself in sickly fawning; that is below the dignity of home. But we mean a careful arrangement on the part of all the members of his domestic circle, to make him see and feel that he is a part of that circle, and that they feel that it is strangely incomplete without him. That "home were no home, if he be gone;" and that he is taken into the account in all the plans which are made. That they depend upon him for instruction and counsel; that they lean upon him as their support, while they are ready to pillow his weary head upon their bosom of affection.

Nothing seems more destructive of the true interests of the family, than a sort of every day, practical divorcement, between the husband

and wife—the father and his home. There are many fathers who seem to know little or nothing of the management or education of their children. They leave it all to the wife. They content themselves with simply knowing that their children are alive, and perhaps that they grow well, and appear finely dressed when they see them. But they often give their children less attention than many farmers do their flocks or herds. They are careful that they have good pasturage, and are well supplied with water. They are also careful to see that they are protected from the storms, and the destruction of beasts of prey. While many fathers leave their precious children almost entirely to the care of their mothers, or perhaps to nurses, or domestics, they seem to consider that their business, or pleasure, is of more importance to them than that of their children. They scarcely know whether they have suitable food or drink, to say nothing about the wants of their immortal nature. There is a kind of feeling in many families, that the father is out of his place, when he seeks to know, or even provide for the necessities of his family, unless it be to give them a good house and plenty of money. For the father to venture into the inner part of his home, is a gross blunder on his part, not to say an offence. He is almost as much a stranger to the fine web-work of home, as the mere agent of an establishment. There are certain out-door matters, which are proper for him to attend to, but to come into the life-circle of home, and sit in council on those influences, and help to adjust those causes, which are working out the joy or sorrow of that home, and which are forming the character of the family, it seems to be felt by many, is not to be the father's prerogative or privilege. But this view is both false and fatal. The nature of the father's relation is such as to bring him at once into sacred and delicate connection with his home; not as nurse or as mother, but as the father and head he must be there, not to dictate, but to counsel—not to lord it, but to rule as an affectionate, intelligent father. But how can he do this, while he lives as many fathers do, in comparative ignorance of his family, especially of its internal wants and arrangements? There must be a mutual and constant understanding between the husband and wife, if the husband is to understand and feel enough of the responsibilities of home to enable him to be the father of his family, in the higher and better sense of the term. And not to fill this relation as it becomes a father, is fatal to the wife and mother as

well as to the children. Indeed, it is fatal in all its consequences to the whole family.

The mother, if she feels the duties and responsibilities of the family, as she must if she be intelligent and faithful, will be likely to crush under the weight of her duties, and become discouraged, and perhaps lose heart and health; and if she does not sink into an early grave, will let go her nerve and power of control, and then the headship of the family is entirely gone. And the result becomes as completely destructive on children as it is on the mother. O how many homes in our land are ruined for the want of an intelligent and affectionate superintendence of the father and husband. And besides, the result on the husband is almost equally destructive; indeed in many instances as certainly ruinous as that on the rest of the family.

The relations of husband and wife, of father and mother, demand this intimate, mutual, constant acquaintance of each other's toils—they must know each other's business. The husband must know his home in order to love it, and to be loved and felt in it. The wife must know the business and cares of her husband. We do not mean, of course, the details of that business, for that would be as impossible as it might be useless. But we do mean to say, that, in a well regulated family, the whole family knows enough of each department, as to create a common bond of sympathy. The wife understands the general business of her husband; she often sits in council with him when any of its great outlines are to be drawn. Many wives have as high business talent as their husbands, and their judgment is as sound, and their conclusions can be as safely trusted. Indeed, many who seem to have little talent, would have much more, if they were allowed to exercise it more frequently. But from the fact that they are kept in ignorance of what the husband is doing, they become as dependent and as helpless as their babes. But this is false to the best interests of the family. It is robbing it of at least half its power. The mother may manage and live on without the sympathy and counsel of her husband in the great as well as the more minute questions of life. And the father may succeed in business, and accumulate property, and provide liberally to the end of life for his family. But after all, it is a kind of mechanical life. It is destitute of the genial showers and refreshing dews that make home an oasis in this desert world.

FATHER.

WORDS OF CONSOLATION TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

BY REV. JOHN BERG.

"Grieve not, fond mother, for thy boy departed
To brighter worlds. Shed no sad tears for him:
Be not at his long absence heavy hearted;
Let not thine eye of faith and hope grow dim."

THE event over which you are called to mourn is one that wears the aspect of deep gloom and sadness. Your darling is no more. It has pleased our heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom to take that precious treasure from your fond embrace, which has caused a desolate void in your heart's tenderest affections. The infantile spirit has departed, and all that remains to be done is to perform the funeral obsequies, and consign the lifeless form to the cold and silent chamber appointed for all living. If there were no revelation which told of a future, this calamity would be a catastrophe irreparable, a wound incurable, a dense dark shadow cast upon the family circle, without a solitary ray of hope breaking through that sable curtain. But thanks be to God, while in this world of sorrow and death, inspiration affords the cheering intelligence to mourning survivors, that, "Christ hath brought life and immortality to light by the gospel." We can even now see the beautiful beams of glory shooting through the far reaching shadows of the sepulchre, and that tomb where innocent infancy reposes in downy slumber, is radiant with celestial effulgence; so that we may at once begin the transporting song, "O Death where is thy sting! O grave where is thy victory!" To awaken us to serious thoughtfulness, and to put us upon our guard in this world of temptation, numerous admonitions are uttered in language distinct and solemn, and the very tomb becomes a monitor of silent eloquence. "The world is filled with the voices of the dead; they speak to us in a thousand remembrances and associations; though they are invisible, yet life is filled with their presence. Their well remembered tone mingles with the whispering breezes, with the sound of the falling leaf, with the jubilee shout of the spring time. The earth is filled with their

shadowy train," and from the region of silence, O mother! the departed one addresses you, "He being dead, yet speaketh."

By the grave preying upon helpless infancy, the fearful truth is plainly and distinctly proclaimed, that sin has entered into the world, and as a consequence death reigns "over them who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression." The tender sapling is cut down as well as the full grown tree. Mortality is written upon irresponsible babes, because of original sin. But if because of the first Adam's trangression, death triumphs over them, the second Adam's sinlessness and triumph over death secures them life. Concerning all infants who sleep, we may confidently affirm, "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." By the mortality of infantile innocence, we are deeply impressed with the fact that the present state of existence is a scene of blighted hopes and withered joys. This world, however beautiful, is emphatically a "valley of Achor," "for earth of tears is full." How multiplied are the sources of grief and wo continually open to the family of man. Here no rose is without a thorn, no sky without a cloud, no honey without wormwood, no joy without sorrow, no pleasure without pain. But this truth is peculiarly realized in the removal of beloved objects, in whom our strongest and best affections were centred, and most intensely so, when the stern hand of death snatches from a mother's arms a beloved child, it may be an only son, or one she wished most to retain, the one she could spare the least, the one so intelligent, so affectionate, so lovable and lovely. Alas, that light step is heard no more, that laughing voice is silent, the intellectual fire which began to kindle in that eye, is all extinguished, that joyous spirit breathes not through its material framework, which is now as marble, pale, silent, and cold." The wing of the dark angel overshadows him; his bright eye grew dim to earth; he is gone to meditate in heaven. Although faith can say, "It is well,"

> "Yet cold's the heart, and selfish is the bosom
> That feels no chord struck, when at morning hour,
> A budding rose we trusted to see blossom,
> No more sheds fragrance round its native bower,
> But now is heaven's own flower."

At the departure of a child of tender years the lesson silently whispered to a fond mother is, "Time is short." Human life, how-

ever protracted, is comparatively of limited duration. It is an evaporating vapor, a feverish dream, a dissolving picture, a rapid pulsation, a declining shadow. It was exceedingly short to that departed one. It cannot be long to you—the language of your loved one departed is, "Mother, time is short." When, however, we contemplate death in connexion with Christianity, a bright future always rises to view, and the only cloud to obscure this brilliance, is the dark valley that must be trodden, ere that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" can be attained. The only drawback to the delight which a view of Canaan inspires, is the Jordan which must be crossed in order to reach it. Yet these are not insurmountable, for the Christian's death song is, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me," and faith fearlessly plunges into the river, leaning on the arm of him who hath said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee." Though the present world must ever be regarded as a region of mortality, where griefs and sorrows luxuriate, yet there is a land of perfection and felicity,

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never fading flowers."

Where no troubled voices echo from broken hearts; where "all tears are wiped away from off all faces;" where the loved and the lost meet, never more to be separated. There is one consolation to a bereaved mother's heart, when writhing beneath the lacerating stroke, which is as the diamond to all other gems, the most precious and valuable. It is that the disembodied spirit of her darling has gone to join an infant choir in heaven. There is an infant throng before the throne, who unceasingly glorify the Redeemer. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he perfects praise. God will have all ages composing the glorified family in heaven; and all voices to take part in singing the "new song." The Saviour when on earth seemed to delight in this thought, and therefore said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." And why should you wish to deprive the Saviour of that source of delight, obtained by the "travail of his soul," by retaining one of those celestial choristers on earth. Oh! could you draw aside the veil, you would behold

that sanctified host of infantile immortals, having taken their places near the throne, with angel voices which vie with Gabriel's, and music sweeter than the lyre of Orpheus, rehearsing the sublime anthem of redemption, and preparing for the jubilee of the universe. In the midst of that delighted and perfected company, is your glorified child. When an inhabitant of this land of distance, surrounded with mists and shadows, and confined within the walls of an earthly tabernacle, that infant mind, if it knew any thing at all, had but a feeble and faint conception of redeeming love. But now the thick veil is removed from the mental vision, the shadows are all dispersed, the radiance of eternity now is unobscured. God's light now shines unclouded. Those intellectual faculties undeveloped on earth, are speedily developed in heaven, those capacities of the redeemed spirit, cramped here, are fully expanded there, and heavenly objects which on earth could only be seen "through a glass darkly," are now beheld face to face.

How much have you, Christian mother, to comfort you beneath the pressure of the present affliction. Let the consolations offered have their due influence. There are many sweets in this bitter cup, calculated to allay the fever of grief, and to banish the very thought of complaining. Forget not, that the child for whom you sorrow is not lost, but only gone a little while before.

> "Cease then to mourn! thy loved one only sleepeth,
> And is not dead, for Christ hath burst the tomb,
> Yea, even now a watch perchance he keepeth,
> Thy guardian angel sent in days of gloom,
> Thy spirit to illume."

It is true like some beautiful flower, just beginning to blossom, it is cut down; but weep not,

> "The flower is transplanted—not dead,
> It blossoms in beauty and prime."

You have now a lily flourishing in paradise, beautiful as the morning, and fragrant as Lebanon. You should rather rejoice that so sweet and delicate a flower is taken from the garden of earth, where chilling winds, and storms, and tempests swept over it, and where the withering blight could reach it, to the garden of heaven, where it is planted in a richer soil, and breathes a more

salubrious atmosphere, where it will expand, and put forth new beauties, through everlasting day. That little star, which just began to twinkle in this terrestrial hemisphere, now glitters and sparkles brilliantly in the celestial firmament.

And there is much cause for gratitude and thanksgiving, that God in his infinite mercy spared your darling that fearful and fiery ordeal of human life, that great trial, which in passing through, so many fail, and instead of gaining the prize set before them, lose all. God however has seen fit to award him the prize, without passing through the usual competition. Instead of crossing the dangerous and stormy sea, that little bark, by a nearer way, has reached the port of immortality. Instead of continuing the mysterious pilgrimage, and enduring the protracted fatigue of the wilderness, a heavenly chariot has been sent to convey him at once to the prepared mansion in that land of light. It is true you sustain a loss, which now seems irreparable, but with the sainted abbess of Port Royal, you must endeavor to feel that "a Christian should be ashamed of mourning any loss as irreparable, since he possesses God, who can more than fill the place of any and of every creature, although sorrow we must, whilst we remain in the twilight of sense, and in the weakness of the flesh, yet let not our sorrow be unworthy of our anticipations of future glory—of the sight of the assured hope of that eternal, and rapidly advancing bliss, which shall swallow up all grief in a flood of joy, glory, and praise." In removing your child, your heavenly Father has taken from you one of the jewels, with which you were entrusted, but it was his own. He lent it you for a little while, and now he asks you to return it: can you refuse to comply? Bereaved mother, let no murmur or complaint find any place in your throbbing and almost disconsolate bosom; but gracefully bow beneath the stroke, meekly, heroically, and triumphantly reply, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

JULIANA M., at the age of eighteen, was all that could be desired in the family as a daily companion, with the exception of one uncomfortable trait—she was impatient and fretful. Her attachments were most ardent, and when overtaken by her besetting sin, she was often the next moment tender and relenting; she was moreover, capable of a self-denying devotion to her friends when any great occasion called it forth, which was truly disinterested and heroic. But her father sometimes said to her, "With you, my daughter, it is the *little* foxes that spoil the vines." It seemed to be the trifles of life, the daily annoyances of domestic concerns which she could not endure, and she had suffered herself to fall into such a habit of fretfulness as to embitter her own life as well as that of her friends.

Juliana's conscience was ill at ease in this matter. She felt that this was the one great defect in her character, and she trembled in view of the strength this habit was acquiring. Her mother's kind reproofs, and her father's judicious hints, and her brother's and sister's mingling of retort and raillery, all told more effectually on the heart and conscience of the poor offender than they were aware of, or than herself would admit at the time. When alone she often reflected that she was not contributing to the happiness of the family circle as she ought; and then, in looking forward a little, as she had reason to anticipate, she saw herself placed in the midst of another circle, one in which she would be far more influential than in this, one to which her own example would give character and coloring—and she felt that she was making poor preparation for that change of position, and for the most responsible relations of life. She "resolved, and re-resolved," but every day witnessed some failure in her efforts to improve. While Juliana was in this state of mind, her brother came to her one day with the request, that she would do a few moments' sewing for him. Just then she was fully engrossed in some other employment, and her first impulse was—not to refuse to do the favor, this was not her habit; but, a little like Cowper's rabbit which took his food

"With a surly look, and if he could h'd bite,"

to complain of the interruption, either by look or tone of voice. She

obeyed the impulse. At that moment William B. was seen entering the yard. "Poor man!" said the brother, "doomed to bitter disappointment." "O *too* true!" said Juliana to herself—and had not circumstances prevented it, the strong and sudden revulsion of her feeling would have found vent in a flood of tears—"but it must not, it *shall* not be. I can correct this habit, and I will." Juliana had all along been too frank, and ingenuous to be willing that William should be ignorant of the main defect in her disposition. She had often told him that she had no patience, but he only smiled at her frankness, and, if he believed it to be really so, in the romance of his youthful love, her voluntary confession more than atoned for the fault. She saw that he was blinded by his affections, but this, to her mind, was far from releasing her from the obligation of becoming all that he esteemed her to be. Another thought often crossed her mind. Mary L. had formerly been a favorite with William, and he had told Juliana that though his heart had been reserved for her, Mary's sweet disposition once had no small attraction for him. "Shall the time ever come," said she mentally, "when William may regret that he had not yielded to that attraction, and thus enjoyed through life the companionship of an amiable woman. No! no. It shall never be. I exercise as strong affection for my friends as Mary L. I will be as great a blessing to them. I am not as passive and easy as she is, because my sensibilities are more acute, but this shall be no excuse for irritability. This one fault cured, and dear father, and mother, brothers and sisters, and the companions of my future years, will never be rendered unhappy by my impatience. I will make a stern, vigorous, and protracted effort; and this work shall be accomplished long before I leave the roof of my fond parents. They who have suffered from the error, shall be blessed by the reform, and I will myself enjoy the opportunity of making some atonement for the past."

This was not a languid, ineffectual desire with Juliana—it was not like past resolutions. She felt at this time that she was *mistress of herself*—that there was within her a power of self-control which should be exerted, and this thought wrought powerfully, sending its results down through all the course of her future years.

She began by watching and guarding herself by the hour, then by the day. She sometimes failed, but on the whole she made progress, and she soon began to feel strengthened by her success. In a few

weeks her mother spoke to her of the satisfaction with which she had observed an improvement in her habits. Juliana heard this with delighted surprise. Her resolutions and efforts had been closely confined to her own breast, and she could not realize that their effects had been so apparent to others; but she now spoke freely of the struggle she was making, and received an aid which she had not anticipated in the delicate congratulations of her friends, often conveyed by a mere glance or smile. Thus was the conquest obtained; and it was a conquest which brought with it a long train of blessings. The self-respect, self-knowledge, and self-discipline acquired by the success of this effort were invaluable in after life. Juliana lived to need an uncommon share of patience, self-control, and self-reliance, and this doubtless was an important item in special training, which a watchful Providence always adapts to the exigencies yet to come. But who of all earth's sojourners has not to a great extent the same necessities? Let me assure my youthful readers, that whatever may be their lot in life they will find great advantage in now turning many thoughts within, and adopting a course of rigid self-cultivation and improvement.

L. L. H.

CHRIST IS TENDER.

"CHRIST is *tender*, and will not be offended at the dullness of his client. Some men can reveal their cause to their lawyers better than some others, and are more serviceable and handy in that affair than others. But, saith the Christian, 'I am dull and stupid that way; will not Christ be very shy of me because of this?' Honest heart! he hath a supply for thy defects in himself; and knoweth what thou wantest, and where the shoe pinches, though thou art not able distinctly to open matters to him. The child is pricked with a pin, and lies crying in the mother's lap, but cannot show its mother where the pin is. But there is pity enough in the mother to supply this defect of the child. Wherefore she undresses it, opens it, searches every garment from head to foot of the child, and thus finds where the pin is. Thus will thy lawyer do; he will search and find out thy difficulties; and when Satan seeketh an advantage over thee, accordingly will provide his remedy." *Bunyan's Consoling Work.*

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Oh! is there not in twilight's pensive hour
A secret, saddening influence? To my heart
It brings the recollection of past scenes,
Of sweet and holy interchange of thought,
Binding two kindred minds in closer union,
And making earth the vestibule of heaven.
Memory, often false, proves now too true,
And paints in vivid colors all the past,
Contrasting with the present. Scenes of peace,
Of love, and sweet domestic happiness,
When the fond father took the rosy boy,
And played with glee that made us all forget
His more laborious duties; bringing thus
His unstrung nerves back to their wonted tone
For further mental labor. Then the time,
When wasting sickness laid some cherished one
Upon the couch of pain, and weary nights
And restless days had worn upon my spirit,
Is brought from memory's store-house, and I see
The anxious father bending o'er the couch,
Striving, with even a mother's tenderness,
To soothe the spirit of the suffering child,
Bearing the precious burden in his arms,
Soothing his wailings with a low-breathed hymn,
Till sleep brings sweet oblivion of his pain.

And well do I remember, when Death came,
And withered on its stalk some little bud,
How sweet submission filled the father's heart,
Even while it bled beneath the afflictive stroke;
How words of consolation dropped like balm
Upon my wounded heart, bidding me look
To the celestial garden, where the bud
Of hope and promise we had cherished here
Was now expanding, in the glorious beams
Of heavenly light—a plant of righteousness.

The memories of the past come thronging back,
'Till my brain almost whirls. I see again
Four cherished ones, all numbered with the dead,
And o'er their graves the rose and pansy bloom,
Trained by a father's hand. I hear the voice

Of earnest supplication, that the stroke
May fit us for our Heavenly Father's will.
And then I see—O! saddest hour of all—
The parent-stalk bending beneath the blast,
The form we loved, all tenantless and cold,
The soul it shrined, returned unto its God.
I start—my listening ear would catch the sound
Of those dear footsteps, as they cross the hall
When day, with all its busy cares, is gone.
I strain my eye to see the smile of love
That rested on his face. Nought I behold,
Save the dear pledges of our mutual love,
Who with a *three-fold cord* bind me to earth,
Making, what else would seem a dreary waste,
A scene of constant labor, love and care.

L. B. L.

EMMA'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

Written for the Little Folks.

BY LOLA FLOWRET.

ONE fine summer day as Emma was sitting by the window, reading a new book that her father had given her, she saw a carriage drive up to the door, from which a young man alighted, whom she recognized as her cousin Richard R., who lived in the country.

Emma instantly forgot her book, and running to her mother exclaimed, "Mother, cousin Richard Rogers has come. O, I do wonder if he has not come after us! don't you think he has, mama? for he has brought his carriage, and there is no one in it but himself. You know he said, when he was here the other time, that he would take us home with him some day, and now he has come, O, I am so glad."

Emma had always lived in a city, and nothing pleased her more than a visit to the country. Perhaps nature's lovely scenes looked more beautiful and precious to her because she rarely saw them in all their beauty. Be that as it may, I know she loved them dearly, and often wished that she could always live among them, where the

wild birds would wake her with their thrilling songs, as they built their nests among the tall green grass, or on the trees. Richard had surely come to take them to his home, as Emma predicted, and they were soon ready for the journey.

"Good-by, papa," said Emma, kissing him, "we shall not be gone a very long time, and when we get back I will tell you all about the country."

"Good-by," said her father, smiling, "I expect you will be very wise when you get home again."

On the way Emma's thoughts were much occupied, anticipating the meeting with her cousins, whom she had not seen for a long time, but that did not hinder her from enjoying the journey. The prairie was covered with tall grass and flowers of every hue, which waving in the breeze, that always sweeps across those vast, verdant plains, looked like the gentle undulations of the calm, deep sea. Such large, bright flowers, Emma thought she had never seen, and often when they passed clusters of beautiful flowers, she would unconsciously stretch forth her hand to pluck them. Once as they were ascending a mound, they saw a short distance from them, a herd of deer quietly grazing. As the sound of the carriage broke upon their ears, they raised their lofty heads and for a moment gazed steadily at it; then turning and shaking their graceful antlers, bounded lightly away over the prairie, till lost in the distance. Would you not like to see a deer? Perhaps some of you have seen them. A flock of these animals is a beautiful sight. The buck, with his lofty, branching antlers, his stately tread, and noble bearing; the timid doe, the very emblem of gracefulness and modesty, and the sprightly, bounding, playful fawn. If you lived in the West, you might sometimes see such sights.

But to return to Emma. In the course of a few hours, they arrived at her aunt's, but it was so near night that she could not see much about the farm, but she soon became acquainted with her cousins, and found them very agreeable companions, so, of course, the evening passed speedily, and she retired to rest with a light and thankful heart. In the morning she arose with mind and body refreshed, and returned thanks to God, for all his mercies and kindness, in having watched over her through the night, and in giving her so many things to make her happy, and kind friends to share her pleasures with her. She then ran to her cousins, who went with her to

the garden, and showed her all the pretty flowers, on which the fresh dew-drops clustered, sparkling in the bright sun, like glittering diamonds. She stayed long amid the lovely flowers, admiring their varied beauties, smelling their sweet fragrance, and culling a boquet, which she arranged and presented to her mother.

The next that claimed Emma's attention were the fowls. There were a great many hens, some of which had large broods of chickens, to which they seemed very much attached. There were turkeys with flocks of little ones following them, every now and then uttering a plaintive 'peep.' Then there were ducks and geese swimming in the little brook that ran through the farm, and some of these had young ones clustering around them. O, such pretty little things; the goslings all covered with soft yellow down, and the ducks variegated with dark and light! How lovingly they nestled by their parent's side; now and then stretching up their little heads to gabble to her. Emma could not understand them, but she thought they must have said something pretty; for the old goose would answer them kindly, and then the little things would dive under the water, chasing one another in their play, and shaking their tiny wings, as though they were very happy. One of Emma's cousins caught a gosling and gave it to her. The old goose seemed very much alarmed about it, she would stretch up her long neck, and look at the little one in Emma's hand, and then she would call it; but the gosling did not seem to be afraid; for it would put its little head up to Emma's, and gabble just as it did to the goose. O, how Emma wished that she could have such pretty things; how she would like to take care of them! She did not hold the gosling very long, for she was a kind-hearted girl, and did not wish to give pain to any of God's creatures, and she saw that the goose was very much troubled concerning it. The ducks were much more sprightly than the goslings, and did not allow themselves to be caught, but Emma thought they looked as pretty playing in the water, as they would in her hand, and enjoyed themselves much better.

Adjoining her uncle's house was a large orchard, through which ran the same crystal stream that the ducks and geese were swimming in. Often, accompanied by her cousins, would Emma wander among the rich green trees, viewing with unbounded admiration the light green peaches, with a soft rose tinge just stealing over their downy cheeks; or peeping at the tiny blue, white, or speckled eggs, that

lay in the small soft nests, which the confiding birds had hung upon the trees. Often would she follow for hours the graceful windings of the clear, cool stream, watching the little fishes that sported in its sparkling waters, plucking the sweet wild flowers that grew on its banks, or gathering the smooth pebbles that lay like frozen flower-buds in their watery bed.

When weary with rambling they would sit down to rest on the soft green grass, beneath the branches of a fruit tree, and while its cool shade refreshed them, they would read a pleasant book, or spend the time in cheerful conversation.

In this pleasing manner Emma spent several days, but so delightfully had the time passed, bringing with it so many pleasing incidents, that she scarcely realized its rapid flight, and it was with feelings of deep regret that she prepared for her departure. She gave all the lovely scenes around the farm a parting visit, and with many thanks to her cousins, for their kindness in contributing so much to her enjoyment, and innumerable earnest invitations from them to come again, she departed for the city, well pleased with her country visit.

MOTHER.

Years have rolled away since these eyes looked their last, in this world, upon "Mother," yet I cannot now write the name, but it sends a thrill of joy and sorrow through my frame. Joy that I had *such* a mother; sorrow that I was so soon deprived of her priceless counsel and sympathy. While I think of it, ere I am aware, my eyes fill with tears, and those tender chords of affection that bound me to her, vibrate again with all their wonted vigor, and she seems near me still. I hear her voice—I feel her hand upon my head—I see her, as once I did, and rejoice in her presence. But when my senses would realize the fact, I am like the man who has lost an arm; he feels the hand, the fingers, as they were, though amputated years ago; but when, with the other, he would touch it, 'tis not there.

Oh, how indelibly does the mother stamp her moral precepts upon the hearts of her children! Has she a tender conscience, venerating the word of God as its *only* guide? You may trust her children, if *she*

lived to train them until they became active citizens. 'Tis true sin may hide for years, and seem to annihilate her principles, yet they are "like fire in the bones," as the prophet says, or like a pent volcano in the bosom. Sooner or later they will burn out, and the pastor or Christian teacher finds that the foundation for his work was laid years ago, in the prayers and tears of a FAITHFUL mother; and he, under God, is only permitted to clear away a little of the rubbish, and bring to light what that mother has done. I sometimes think it is well that mothers do not FULLY comprehend the power they possess; if they did they would sink under the weight of their responsibility. Oh, if there be any difference, surely, nearest, and dearest to the Saviour's heart, is the patient, faithful, Christian mother.

Seeing, in a recent publication, an article headed the "Door in the heart," I have endeavored to embody the sentiment with some additions and alterations in the following lines. Should they encourage any in a persevering labour of love, they will fulfil their desired object.

THE KEY TO THE HEART.

No bandit on the mountain,
 No robber on the plain,
But hath within a fountain,
 Of sympathy to gain.

No tyrant o'er a nation,
 Though Nero were his name,
No outcast in creation,
 But hath some sense of shame.

No heart how hard soever,
 And callous'ed o'er by sin,
But there we may discover,
 Some door to enter in.

The way is often winding,
 That hidden door to reach;
Yet sure 'tis worth the finding,
 Salvation's truths to teach.

Take with you constant kindness;
 Be sympathy your guide—
Not long you'll grope in blindness,
 The key is on your side.

Nine times in ten, I'll venture,
A mother's name you'll find,
Has been the key to enter,
That door within the mind.

Then bear thy burden, mother,
Aye bear it patiently,
Thy name is like no other,
The heart's most sacred key.

J. B. B.

EPITAPH ON MY LITTLE WILLY.

Farewell, sweet boy! thy gentle form
We here consign to peaceful rest:
Early conveyed through life's rude storm,
Thou 'rt gone to mingle with the Blest.
As flowers that fade at opening day,
Thus quickly hast thou passed away.

Long will we fondly think of thee,—
Yea, earth and time can ne'er destroy
The freshness of thy memory,
Tempered with sorrow and with joy.
We *mourn* the ties thus early riven,—
We *joy* that thou art now in heaven.

While bending o'er thy little grave,
With meek submission may we say,
"God's will be done!—Our Father gave,
Our Father took this child away.
His own it was his right to claim;
And ever blessed be his name!"

R. Furman.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS.

I ALWAYS read with interest any thing that is calculated to encourage mothers, or to impart instruction or advice with regard to the duties devolving upon them. And it is my wish to be personally benefitted by such instruction. But, notwithstanding this, I almost invariably think, when any thing of the kind comes under my notice, of the old adage: "It is easier to preach than it is to practise."

At the present time we hear much about the trials of mothers, with careless, negligent, bad servants, together with those which of course a mother must experience, if she has the care of her children. But there is a class of mothers who are seldom troubled with bad servants, who have not only the care of the family, but the work of the household to perform; who are toiling day after day, and esteem it a privilege, if in the enjoyment of health. But they too, are subject to pain and disease like others, and need our sympathy, and at times they have it, but are they not too much overlooked? There is Mrs. S. for instance, the mother of five children. Her husband is a mechanic, and respected by his neighbors, but his income is not sufficient, with strict economy, to admit of keeping a servant. We will just glance at one day in her experience, (and not a washing-day either). The husband has arisen early in the morning, and says, "come Mary, I want my breakfast: I must be at the shop by such a time you know." Mrs. S. leaves her bed, weary, having scarcely slept an hour at a time through the night, on account of the children. She steps quietly out of the room for fear of disturbing the baby, and she sets herself about preparing the breakfast. Directly she hears the little one, for Kate has been hugging her little brother till she has made him cry, and he is not to be coaxed to lie any longer, but up he must get, and the mother must have him in her arms. The meal is on the table at last, and Mr. S. eats, and after a few words to the children, who by this time are up, he is away to the shop. The others are to be dressed, after which Mrs. S. calls them round the table, and waits upon them as well as she can, with the baby in her arms, and some of us can imagine how little she would eat her-

self in such circumstances. Time passes, and the older ones must go to school. They are washed, and brushed, but just at this moment Willie happens to think that the teacher said that he must have a new book, and Sarah has broken her slate, and little Jane wants a pencil to mark with. The mother, with a promise to each, sees them start for school. She now scarcely knows what to do first; the house must be put in order, and the dinner made ready. The husband comes home at the usual hour, and when seated at the table, the promise made to the children in the morning, is mentioned. Mr. S. says, "well, really, there is something wanting all the while." The mother thinks it best to get the articles, but he is soon away again, and they are forgotten. She feels after dinner that she needs rest, but who will see to the little ones, and so she toils on till night.

Willie and his sisters return from school. They have their supper, and after hearing them say their prayers, and seeing them in bed, the mother, with a pain in the head, and weary, and care-worn, seats herself by the cradle to repair a coat for her husband, who, by the by, is in a neighboring store talking and smoking his cigar, with his associates. The clock has struck ten, and Mrs. S. goes to see if all is right with the children, as is her practice before she retires. She finds one breathing hard, and with a hoarse cough; she fears the croup. There is no time to be lost, and she immediately goes to doseing and bathing the child, with but little prospect of rest for her weary limbs, or her aching head. Who will not say that this mother needs sympathy? Yes, and she has it; there is a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and she can go to Him, and pour out her heart before Him, and ask for wisdom to direct, and strength to perform whatever is before her.

Then, there is the wife of the intemperate man, who has her peculiar trials, and the widow, who has to support herself and children by her own industry. There are hundreds of mothers in these different classes, who think no one cares for them, and who feel at times discouraged by reason of the roughness of the way. But, faint not, dear mothers; bear with patience these trials, for if we are the children of God, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ,"

"Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home."

A. F.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR THE PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

DERIVED FROM THE GERMAN, AND ADAPTED TO THE AMERICAN POPULATION.

Upon the subject of bathing we have first to observe, that the entire person, from the earliest infancy, should be kept pure and clean, in order that the pores which cover its surface, and with a magnifying-glass may be seen like innumerable mouths, may be kept open. From them is constantly pouring forth the invisible perspiration, which is so necessary to the preservation of health, that if it is once entirely stopped it produces death—in partial stoppage produces what we call a cold or a fever, and its slightest obstruction is felt in some more or less disagreeable derangement of the system. The question now arises as to which is the best to clean the skin—warm or cold water. Let us take the magnifying-glass, and try: Strip one limb, put it in blood-warm water, and observe the effect;—the pores open, the substance that filled them is dissolved; use a little soap, rub a little, and then wipe dry, and all is as pure and free as possible. Now take another limb, put it in cold water, or dash cold water over it, and at once every pore is closed tight, puckered up, till with the naked eye we can see them. As to removing the dirt, the ostensible object of washing, that is for the most part held tight, pinched up, and if possible forced further and tighter into the pores. But if you will take a coarse towel and rub the limb smartly, the pores will again open, and the whole surface turn red and feel warm. It proves the mercy of Providence that it is so, or the first shower-bath a man took would have been the death of him.

The present mania for cold bathing has gone to such wild extremes, that persons seem to think that man, after all, would do better to live in the water. It would be hardly surprising to hear the Creator accused of having curtailed him of "his just proportions," in not having bestowed fins, scales, and some other little appendages of a like nature, to enable him to indulge more freely in his favorite

pastime. They think it is some new thing. It is the novelty attracts many; and yet twenty-six centuries ago, Thales declared "water to be the first principle of all things"—a declaration that does not seem to have made much impression on the world till the present day; for, notwithstanding the great name attached to it, man obstinately clung to *terra firma* till this nineteenth century, when we find him all afloat. We are in danger of seeing all our fair ones turn Undines, and our dandies Halabrands.

Dr. Combe says that water is one of the most powerful agents known for the removal of disease, but that, like all other powerful remedies, it must be used with great caution—the state of the patient must be exactly and certainly known; for that, if generally resorted to, in nine cases out of ten its effects would be in the highest degree injurious. A physician, in extensive practice in this country, states, that he attributes the great prevalence of disease of the heart at the present day to the constant use of the shower-bath, for it acted in this way: "When the water was first dashed all the blood retreated at once to the heart, and a consequent chill was felt. But then the patient will say: 'Such a delightful glow succeeds, and I feel so warm after it that it is delightful.' But little does he dream how this glow is produced. While the chill is on the blood is all in and about the heart, and the organ makes a mighty effort, and throws it off again to the extremities. This effort it can make on an emergency, for nature provides even for accidents; but if the heart is called upon to make this extraordinary and uncommon effort, in the lapse of months or years its powers begin to fail, irregularity of circulation, palpitations, &c., are felt—in short, the heart is diseased—a disease altogether beyond the reach of medicine. But the shower-bath is never once thought of as the cause."

We were particularly struck by these remarks, coming as they did from an American, because six years before, we chanced to be in a part of Germany where just such a mania for cold water prevailed as is now running its course in the United States, and we had heard it remarked in a company of medical professors that complaints of the heart would be the result if the practice was not put a stop to; at the same time they described its action on the system in almost the same way the American now did. There is nothing that conduces more to the health of a family, and nothing

so safe, as to put each of its young members every day into a tub of water just blood warm, (always try it with a thermometer,) rub them a little with a sponge, wipe dry, and dress warm. Do it in a room where the thermometer is above sixty-five degrees, and not till two hours after eating, and no harm will ever arise from it. Ten o'clock in the morning, or five in the afternoon, are the best hours. Pussy and the cow admire, too, the tepid bath, whenever they are at leisure. I suppose human mothers will do the same. However, here we bipeds have some signal advantages—for instance, substituting the sponge and warm water, for the tongue and saliva. —*Mrs. Whittelsey's Magazine.*

THE INFLUENCE OF TRIFLES.

"Trifles may have no trivial influence," is the language of one of our own most talented authors, when speaking of the literature of our country. It is the sentiment of one whose purity of thought and character, and whose deep and thorough acquaintance with the world, added to his high literary attainments, have well prepared to be a competent judge; and our own experience furnishes abundant proofs of its truth. Even in the simplest and most common occurrences of life, how often do we see this principle most forcibly illustrated, not only in the fearful consequences which follow some trifling act, but in the happy effects which flow from some very slight cause; so slight perhaps, that, at the time, it passed unnoticed. Thus by one single act, or it may be by a word, a train of influences may be set in motion, which will not only leave their indelible "footprints on the sands of time," but, like the onward course of the rolling river, they will flow, deepening and widening, until they can be fathomed only in eternity. A single spark carried from the chimney of some retired cottage by the wind, and lodged on some dry roof in the heart of one of our great cities, may be fanned by the breeze, which is so refreshing to the wearied and fevered brows of its inmates, into a flame, that spreading with increased rapidity and force by every additional combustible it meets, will soon defy all effort to check its course, till scores of buildings are swept down before it, swallowing

up in their ruins many human beings, who, but an hour before, were buoyant with bright hopes and cheerful anticipations, thus bringing keen disappointment and bitter anguish to many a happy hearth, and extinguishing the light in many a dwelling. The captain of a steamboat, or the conductor on a railroad, may deem it a trifling offence to order an increase of speed beyond the usual and proper limits, and the engineer deem it equally as light a thing to neglect for a moment to keep his faithful watch, but the most fearful consequences may result from those careless acts, as the late disasters loudly and impressively declare. Just so it is on the other side of the scales. Some slight act of kindness may send a thrill of joy to the saddened heart, and kindle hopes and aspirations that have long been crushed by adverse storms, and a kind and cheering word impart life and vigor to the slumbering faculties of the mind in which perchance is the germ of true greatness, waiting only for the refreshing dews of encouragement to enable it to burst its prison-house, and develop its beauty and strength. Truly has it been said,

"There is nothing in the earth *so small* that it may not produce great things,
And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead eternally astray.
A landmark tree was once a seed; and the dust in the balance maketh a difference,
And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble;
The dangerous bar in the harbor's mouth is *only* grains of sand,
And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy, the work of a colony of worms.
Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant,
And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the brook.
A spark is a molecule of matter, yet may it kindle the world.
Vast is the mighty ocean but *drops have made it vast.*
Despise not then a *small thing* either for evil or for good,
For a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wrath.
The walking this way or that, the casual stopping or hastening,
Hath saved life and destroyed it, hath cast down and built up fortune."

If such are the effects flowing from trivial causes does it not become us to look well to the moral influence we are exerting, especially those who sustain the high and sacred station of mothers. The intimate relation we sustain to our children, the daily and hourly intercourse we hold with them, gives us an influence, which no one else can, or should exert. The mind of the child is like the block of marble in the hands of the artist, on which every word, look and act, leaves its impressions with a permanency which time can never efface. But ah! sad as is the thought, how many seem perfectly un-

conscious of the fact that their conduct, their habits, and even their manners are leaving an indelible impress upon the group of imitators that gather around them, and appear to feel and believe that acts and words once dropped are buried in the dark waters of oblivion. Would that mothers could be aroused to a keener sense of their responsibilities, and remember that the memory of their child is a living marble, and bears an imperishable record that will be read, and re-read, even till "the hoary head" adds "the crown of glory," and that early impressions engraven upon it are as lasting as if stamped upon adamant, and often give character to the whole life. Who can estimate a mother's influence? J. P. G.

A LEAF FROM A STEP-MOTHER'S JOURNAL.

April 6th. What a responsibility have I assumed, since last opening the leaves of this little book. A wife and a mother now, and I have promised my conscience and my God to discharge faithfully the obligations pertaining to these relations. May He, by his needful grace, aid me to keep the important promise. I do not anticipate so much of difficulty in performing my duty to my husband. But these children, so easily impressed, and to whom rightful guidance is of such immense importance, who need in their maternal guide so much of wisdom, care, and patience, and above all the uniform light of a lovely, consistent example. Ah, I need increase of faith to be unto them all that my Divine Director requires me to be. I may doubtless learn much to aid me in their guidance, by carefully noting his dealings with myself—lessons of love and forbearance, from the tender love and long-suffering which he has never wearied of exercising in my behalf. If, in firm but humble trust, I make him my exemplar, I shall ever act toward my children from the all-controlling and abiding principle of love.

May 9th. These conjugal and maternal duties leave little time for journalizing. It is nearly a month since I greeted my diary with even a simple "How d'ye do." In the interval my husband has subscribed for the Mothers' Journal for me, and I consider it a very valuable present, and think it ought to be found in every

family. The contents prove very valuable, and very interesting. How my heart responded to "Alice Raymond's Security." And the children took great pleasure in guessing the allegory out. Mary read "The Table Cloth" quite attentively, and with much apparent gratification. She possesses a rather uncommon degree of observation, and is much attracted by such reading as addresses itself to this faculty. Emma gave more attention to "The Little Girl's Dream." In fact, she developes quite a taste for poetry, although she is yet but a mere child. Both were strongly attracted toward "The Sunshine of Home;" and I was gratified to observe that this important monthly brings interesting instruction and stories to the children, as well as sympathy and aid to the mother.

May 21st. The children gain daily upon my affection. It is a delightful employment to watch the unfolding of their minds. They are so different from each other that the study presents much interesting variety. Both however are eager seekers after the why and the wherefore, and the energies of my mind are often tasked in vain, to answer their numerous questions. This habit of asking questions is one of the small things which needs much wisdom on the part of those who are training up children, to treat in the proper manner. It is the spontaneous language of nature, and should never be abruptly or rudely checked. It has its proper limits, but it is sometimes difficult to define them accurately, and still oftener difficult to detain within them the impatient child who is ever pressing forward to learn more of the wide unknown. How skillfully and successfully was this earnest desire of human nature wrought upon by the subtle Tempter, when he induced our common mother to disobey the Divine command.

GENTLE WORDS.

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart:
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh fainting heart?

In lonely wilds, by light-wing'd birds
Rare seeds have oft been sown,
And hope has sprung from gentle words,
Where only griefs had grown.

DR. GRANT AND THE MOUNTAIN NESTORIANS.

WHILE reading the very interesting account of the life and labors of this godly man, we wished that all the readers of the Garner could peruse it too. We marked several passages to transfer to our pages, descriptive of the wild mountain scenery—the sufferings of the poor Nestorians, when attacked by their ferocious enemies—and the untiring labors of Dr. Grant amid their mountain fastnesses, "in journeyings and deaths oft—in perils of waters, in perils by the heathen, in perils by robbers, in perils of the city and the wilderness, in weariness and watching, in hunger and thirst, in cold and heat," that he might not only administer the balm of healing to their afflicted bodies, but point them to the great Physician, who can cure the malady of sin. The close of his eventful life is peculiarly affecting. His grave is at Mosul, on the banks of the Tigris, near the ruins of Nineveh. The following summing up of his Christian virtues, by one who occupies the post where he died, is a bright example for Christians to follow. "Fearless, even to an extreme; full of faith, even to enthusiasm; shrinking from no hardship; at home in the Kûrdish castle, the Nestorian hut, or the palace of the Pasha:—every where a Christian and a Christian teacher,—whether with the Patriarch or his servant, inculcating the same universally adapted truth. A man in advance of the slow pace of the church, with a faith to attempt all things; whose bones will be wept over, and his memorial set up, when the great army comes to the spot where he fell."

The following tribute to the memory of Dr. and Mrs. Grant is full of touching pathos. "It is an extract from an address by one of the pupils of the Female Seminary at Oroomiah, (Persia) at its anniversary in 1852. She is the daughter of a mountaineer."—ED.

"AND now, before we give the right hand of separation for this year, it is good that we renew the wings of our loving thoughts, send

them to the years that are past, and see where rests the dust of some of the dear teachers of this school. Listen! there comes a voice: 'They are not to be found among the living.' Yes, the place of one is empty here, and of another there. Then, where are they? Ah! thou, O country, art a witness that they have pressed thy soil. Ye blessed winds, I hear you answer, 'They have parted!' And ye, green leaves of time, are true witnesses that they are to be found among the numbered dead. But where shall we find them? A wide distance is put between them. We must visit one* that first put her hand upon the head of some of us to bless us; and though we remember her not, she many times embraced us in the arms of love, and carried us before a throne of grace. Yes; she was one of the *first* that left all her friends behind, and ploughed the mighty waves of ocean, that she might come to Oroomiah's dark border. Though the fierce tempests and heavy waves raised themselves above the ship, her prayers, mingled with love for the Nestorians, ascended higher still, and overcame all. At the foot of Mount Ararat she doubtless renembered the bow of promise: and the consolations of her heart were renewed, when she thought of it as a prophecy, that a company of the fallen daughters of Chaldea should rise up and become heirs of glory. She so labored that the Lord is rewarding her, even to the third and fourth generation.

"But though, with such holy zeal she engaged in her work, her journey was short. Some of us had not seen our eighth summer when those lips, on which was written wisdom, were still, and that tongue, on which dwelt the law of kindness, was silent in death. Now she rests in this church-yard. She sleeps with *our* dead, and her dust is mingled with the dust of our fathers, till that day when she shall rise to glory, and a company of ransomed Nestorians with her.

"But where is that other dear friend of our school,† who was the beautiful staff of her support? Yes, he encouraged her to labor for us, while many of us were as yet unborn. His heart was large enough to love every son and daughter of our people. He sowed with many tears, and gave himself for the Nestorians. Shall we not believe that the fruits of his labors have sprung up among us? Then let us search,—where is he? Let us go silently, silently, and stand above that ancient city, Nineveh, and ask it, Where is

* Mrs. Grant. † Dr. Grant.

he? It will direct us; 'Lo, he rests on the banks of the noble Tigris.' Would that our whisper might reach the ear of the wild Arab and cruel Turk, that they walk gently by that stranger grave, and tread not on its dust! Then shall we think no more of it? No, with a firm hope, we expect that those mountains on which his beautiful feet rested shall answer his name, in echoes, one to the other; and the persons who saw his faithful example there shall mingle in the flock of his Saviour.

"No, ye are not lost, ye spirits made holy; but, as it was necessary that some should come here to labor from a distant land, so ye were necessary in heaven, to do a greater work. We believe that ye are doing more than ye could have done here. Yes, that ye are a part of that great company of witnesses that encompass us to-day. Then, loved one, we would not call you thence;—cling closely, and more closely, to the bosom of your Saviour, till we too, through free grace, shall share in your glory!"

MATERNAL RESPONSIBILITY.

All will acknowledge that our responsibility as mothers is very great. It is nevertheless true that we do not *always feel* it as we should. There are times and circumstances calculated to draw out the tenderness and depth of our affections for our little ones, and with it a realizing sense of our responsibility. What event so likely to produce this effect, as the sudden and protracted illness of one of these dear ones. Go with us to the sick room and watch that mother's anxious face, as she gazes upon the form of a well beloved child prostrated by disease, fearing that it will fix its arrows in her heart and rankle there until she will become weary in trying to resist its influence upon her sensitive frame, and yield to its insidious attacks upon the very citadel of life.

She feels the event is with a just God, yet sadness sits upon her brow, and the unbidden tears dim her eyes, as every omission of duty, and every unjustifiable act on her part is vividly, pictured in

memory. The agonizing thought that she may be even *now* called upon to restore her treasure to Him "who doeth all things well," leads her to look about her and inquire whether "she had done what she could" towards polishing and preparing that *gem* of immortal birth to shine for ever and ever in the light of a glorious Eternity. See those penitential tears, listen to that confession of unfaithfulness in duty, and pleadings for Divine forgiveness. Hear her earnest prayers that her child may be restored to health. "Holy Father" (says she) I know that 'Thy ways are not as my ways, neither Thy thoughts as my thoughts,' and I do desire to bow in humble submission to Thy holy will, but is it not in accordance with that will, to rebuke disease in that frail flower, restore the bloom of health to those wan cheeks, wonted purity to her fair brow, the lustre to her laughing eyes, and the sweet smile to her fevered lips? O! I pray Thee to forgive *me*, in that I have not done my *whole duty*, to this dear one Thou hast committed to my care. Fill my heart with Thy love, teach me to know myself, that I may put my dependance in Thee, and thus be better fitted to train her up for Thee. Spare her yet a little while, and help me to 'redeem the time;' grant me the influence of thy Holy Spirit to direct and assist me in cultivating this immortal bud in such a manner as Thou wilt approve, that it may be transplanted by Thee in Paradise, there to bloom in perfection of beauty, forever."

That prayer is heard in heaven,
Those vows recorded there;
Health to her child is given
In answer to her prayer.

Well for her if she remember those reflections by the bedside of her sick child, and strive to fulfill those good resolutions she then formed, and *well for us* to consider that we have the charge of immortal spirits, and cannot if we would rid ourselves of responsibility.

C

"There is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with care oppressed;
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease
And all be hushed to rest."



PLEASANT CHILDREN.

Every where—every where—
Like the butterfly's silver wings,
That are seen by all in the summer air,—
We meet with those beautiful things!
And the low sweet lisp of the baby child
By a thousand hills is heard,
And the voice of young heart's laughter wild,
As the voice of the singing bird!

The cradle rocks in the peasant's cot
As it rocks in the noble's hall,

And the brighest gift in the loftiest lot,
 Is a gift that is given to all;
For the sunny light of childhood's eyes
 Is a boon like the common air,
And like the sunshine of the skies,
 It falleth everywhere!

EDMONDSTONE.

THE PIONEER MOTHER.

PERSONS who move in the polished circles of large cities, or even in the farming districts of the old states, know little of the hardships, privations, and self-denial of frontier life. Nor do they entertain just notions of the character, feelings, and moral sentiments of those living in the backwoods. A very common but mistaken notion is, that our sparse frontier settlers, who live by hunting and farming in quite a primitive style, are stolid, ignorant, and verging towards a state of barbarism. The pioneers of the western valley were not a rough, uncouth, semi-barbarous, fighting, gouging, whiskey-drinking, indolent race, as some have imagined. Individuals were vicious, and some had fled from the restraints of law and good order, but every where there have been the germinating principles of truth and righteousness, and constant progress has been the result.

We have lived and labored for many a long year, amidst the real backwoodsmen; have partaken of their homely fare, slept in their log cabins, and shared in their rustic, but hearty hospitality. We have been associated with not a few persons, fathers and mothers, who could not read black marks in books, and who yet were not destitute of education and kind feelings. If education consists in the development and invigoration of the native powers of the mind; if it includes the knowledge of men and things,—of nature as well as of books, then were the class of men and women who were pioneers in the valley of the Mississippi an educated people. Nor are kindness, gentleness, and strong maternal feelings confined to those females (we purposely omit the modern term *ladies*) who thumb the piano, go out shopping in fair weather, suffer with distressing *ennui* in a rainy season, or send visiting cards to their friends.

In all the older states, modern improvements have banished the spinning wheel and loom from the farmer's house, and only a class of old folks remember the age of homespun garments, apple cuttings, and the art of making pies and puddings for thanksgiving and Christmas. These antiquated notions and primitive habits still linger through that portion of the United States once denominated the "Great West,"—or more properly now, with our changing geography, called the "Valley of the Mississippi."

But our story goeth farther back than the age of homespun and yarn stockings, knit by the buxom daughters, matronly wives, and sedate grandmothers of the past generation in this region of modern habits. We shall write of those who removed from the frontiers of Virginia to the country of Illinois, when buffalo and bear skins formed the bedding, and deer skins, dressed by the hunters, the garments worn by both sexes. In 1785, Captain Joseph Ogle, one of the stalwart defenders of Fort Henry on the present site of Wheeling, from a ferocious Indian assault, with his family and several neighbors, migrated by water craft to the far distant country of Illinois. Knowledge of that country was brought to the settlements along the waters of the upper Ohio, by the volunteers who enlisted under the chivalrous and heroic Col. Clark, the conqueror of the French villages on the Mississippi and Wabash. Their glowing descriptions of the vast, undulating meadows of the richest soil, stretching far as the eye could reach, with groves of timber along the streams, and furnishing a luxuriant "range" for raising cattle, horses, and swine;—the droves of buffalo, elk, deer, and other game;—the simple and unique manners of the French inhabitants, clustering in little villages, inspired the frontier people with the passion for emigrating to this *El dorado* of the "Far West."

Captain Ogle had married his second wife, and had a large family of children. One of his daughters, by the name of Catharine, had previously married James Lemen, and circumstances made it inexpedient for them to accompany her father. But we regard her, in a peculiar sense, the PIONEER MOTHER. There is a pleasant family tradition that this couple, soon as they set eyes on each other, were both impressed with the conviction that they were destined for each other's happiness. It is a certain fact that for forty-three years passed in the connubial relationship, not an unkind word was ever spoken between them, nor a single unkind feeling manifested between

them. Yet no childish fondness, no mawkish sensibility was ever seen by their most intimate acquaintances. Their daily companionship was rational, truthful, and affectionate.

James Lemen had lost his father in Virginia at a tender age, and was trained by a Presbyterian step-father in stern and rigid habits of piety and morality, which gave the distinctive elements of his character during life. The young couple manifested none of the refined sentimentalities that abound in a class of novels. They were sensible people, trained up to the realities of life. They married as all backwoods youngsters do, without any of the modern comforts of life and the conveniences of housekeeping. Their accommodations consisted of two or three utensils of iron, a few wooden trenchers, or at best pewter plates, a couple of noggins, a bucket, some stools, which every backwoodsman makes as a substitute for chairs, and a coarse bed with a scanty supply of covering, to be replenished and made more comfortable by the frugal and industrious housewife, when she could gather worn-out, cast-off garments of cotton to construct a homely coverlid. The house was universally a log cabin, in a rough state, without a nail or a pane of glass, with a huge, open chimney of sticks and clay, and a single room, until the occupants could find time from more pressing avocations, to put up another room. The table was made of clap-boards, hewn smooth and fastened to strips of wood by pins, and supported by four round legs. The bedstead was usually made in the corner of the room by two small poles being stuck into the logs, and sustained at the outer corner by a post or fork inserted in the floor. On these poles clap-boards were laid, which supported the bedding. What would the young wife now do in such a "fix" for housekeeping? And yet we have given the indispensable items of furniture for a log cabin of the once "Far West." For many a night, after a weary day's ride, we have enjoyed the hospitality of the cheerful and contented occupants of such cabins, and under such circumstances. And we have visited the same families on the same spot after a lapse of years, finding them in a brick or framed tenement, surrounded with all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. The unerring rifle and hunting knife are inseparable companions of every man who lives on the "range."

But to return to the Pioneer Mother, and her resolute, undaunted, and adventurous husband.

It was in 1786 they came from the vicinity of Wheeling to the wilds of Illinois. Their eldest child, now a venerable man of three score and ten, was in his fourth year, and their second child, now living, and who has been a preacher of the gospel forty-five years, was some fifteen months old, when this couple entered a flat boat to make the long and tedious journey down the Ohio river. Their boat floated with the current in the day, and was fastened to the shore during the night. This was to be their home for many weeks. On the second night the river fell, and left their boat stranded on a stump, where it careened and filled with water, and their eldest child, with the bed on which he lay, floated off on the strong current. The father's quick eye saw the danger of his first-born, and by an instantaneous manœuvre he saved his life. But their bedding, scanty articles of furniture and provisions, were in the river and irretrievably lost.

Frontier people have energy, and with them often "necessity is the mother of invention." They contrived to obtain a passage on a keel boat, and after a voyage of three months or more, reached the ancient town of Kaskaskia; and from thence to the settlement of Captain Ogle, on the American bottom, in the present county of Monroe. There was a scattering settlement of American families, without schools, without preachers of the gospel, and at that period subject to the hostile depredations of the Kickapoos and Shawanoes. Indians by nature delight in war and plunder, and these in their marauding excursions from their villages a hundred miles distant, committed barbarous depredations on the frontier people. On the first visit of Europeans to the continent of North America, the Indian tribes were engaged in murderous assaults on each other. The native innocence and moral goodness of savages, over which philanthropists at a distance have speculated and formed beautiful theories, is all poetry. The blessings of the gospel and of civilization should be carried to the Indians, not because they are an honest inoffensive people, who are guided in the pathway of righteousness by a light within them, but because they are ferociously wicked, delight in war, and will commit depredations on others from their love of fighting, and insatiate desire for plunder. The Shawanoes and Kickapoos who made war for ten years on the Americans in Illinois, did not own an acre of land in that country, even in the Indian sense. They were supplied with arms, ammunition, and

blankets, by the British, who held possession of the military posts along the northern lakes, in violation of the treaty of 1783.

The American immigrants in the country of Illinois, were then confined chiefly to the present county of Monroe, and were compelled to erect "Stations" for their defense. These stations were a species of rude forts, containing a large, square enclosure, surrounded with the log cabins of the families, and palisades planted in the ground, with a huge gate of timber at the entrance. To this shelter they retreated, lived in a kind of community, and cultivated a field in common, adjacent to the station. There was no certainty when Indians were near. In some seasons, for many months, none of their enemies showed themselves, and the people would retire to their farms, and when all were lulled into security, the shrill war-whoop, uplifted tomahawk, and gleaming scalping-knife, were the first signs of danger. Many a lovely family was massacred, and many a traveler was way-laid, shot and scalped. At the same time, there was in reality no organized government in the country. Virginia transferred all her claim to the Continental Congress in 1784, and this portion of the North-western Territory was not provided with magistrates until 1790.

The only person who had been a communicant in a Christian church in the States, was an obscure female. In the French villages, after morning mass was said by the visiting priest, the Sabbath was a day of hilarity and amusement. A part of the American families delighted in this state of unrestrained indulgence. Hunting, dancing, wrestling, drinking, and running horses, were favorite amusements on the Sabbath, and a "row" and a fight the natural results. Another class of families, among whom was Captain Ogle and his son-in-law, regarded the Sabbath as time God had consecrated for his worship. The thought of raising their families with such unholy and corrupting influences around them was painful, and though no one had made a formal profession of faith in Christ, and none attempted to offer a prayer in public, they met in an orderly manner, on that day in some one's log cabin, or under the shady grove in mid-summer, sang hymns, and one of the number read select portions of Scripture, or a sermon from some book. An old book, entitled "*Russell's Seven Sermons*," brought to the country by one of the families, furnished spiritual food on many a Sabbath.

In 1787, Rev. James Smith, a Baptist preacher from Kentucky,

visited Illinois, and preached the gospel with much effect. He was the first minister of Christ who visited those remote settlements, and most of the heads of families who held meetings in the imperfect manner described, were converted. From this period there were persons to pray in meetings, which, except in case of Indian alarms, were kept up regularly. Soon after, Mr. Lemen removed to the upland country, to the spot afterwards called New Design, where he and his wife were baptised, with two other persons, in February, 1794. This was the first baptism ever performed in the Illinois country. The first church was formed in 1796.

During the period of Indian hostilities, and subsequently, Mrs. Lemen gave habitual instruction to her young children, and, in the absence of her husband, always prayed with them. No visitors would deter her from this duty. Many a day while there was danger from Indian alarms, she would barricade the door of the cabin, and gather her children around the ample fire-place, and by the light reflected through the aperture of the chimney, teach them to read, and implant in their young minds the principles of the gospel. At that time, and in that country, no modern facilities existed to aid this good mother in her pious labors. The only books to be had were the Bible, and Watts' Psalms and Hymns. She became the mother of ten children, two of whom died in early childhood; and eight lived to become the heads of large families. Of this number, six were sons and two daughters. They were all trained up in the way they should go, all made a profession of religion in early life, and four sons, now venerable men, bowed by the weight of years, are ministers of the gospel, and have been among the most faithful, self-denying and successful men on the western frontiers. We have rarely known a mother, even under far more favorable circumstances, exert a better and wider influence on her descendants than Mother Lemen. The character of the wife and mother, drawn by King Lemuel, in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs, found its parallel in this humble, and comparatively unknown pioneer. Throughout a long life she was a pattern of maternal industry and piety. Her husband well might have praised her, and her children and grand-children called her blessed. In the early part of this century her husband commenced the labors of the gospel ministry, and until his death, devoted his talents, and all the time he could command, gratuitously to the gospel field. And no minister's wife ever sub-

mitted with more cheerfulness to the absence of her companion, in his visits to distant settlements. The business of the farm, the duties of the household, and the service of God in the family, were faithfully performed. And when called to part with her beloved companion, as he entered the valley of the shadow of death in 1823, her faith in the promises of Christ, and her hope of a joyful meeting beyond the waters of Jordan, bore her above the pangs of connubial affection so rudely severed.

In 1840, this excellent widow passed the age of three score, slept in Jesus, and was buried by the side of her husband, on the farm where they had so long resided. She left a long line of descendants; children, grand-children, and great-grand-children; and nearly all who had come to years of understanding, were members of churches in that and in adjacent counties.

The writer of this sketch was called on by the relatives to preach a funeral discourse, a few weeks after the burial, at the church of which two of the sons were pastors, and where nearly every descendant of this PIONEER MOTHER was present. J. M. P.

COULDN'T! COS HE SUNG SO!

LEANING idly over a fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came Nature's plea: "a link—a link—a l-i-n-k, bob-o-link, bob-o-

link, a-no-weet, a-no-weet! I know it—I know it! a-link—a-link! don't throw it—throw it!—throw it!" &c., &c.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him, and inquired:

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression of half shame and half sorrow, replied:

"*Couldn't! cos he sung so!*"

Who, then, will say that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity, and humanity mercy! The angels who sang at the creation whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys! don't stone the birds.—*Clinton Courant.*

"LITTLE THINGS."

MANY of the readers of the Home Garner, are doubtless acquainted with the excellent little book bearing the above title. None can rise from its perusal without a deeper sense of the importance of the "little things" of which it treats, and a more heartfelt conviction "that all things are not trifles which are called so."

Due consideration and strict watchfulness in little things, are of importance to the happiness and welfare of all,—but how especially do little things commend themselves to the attention of a *mother.* In the sphere of her duties can anything be estemed little or trifling? We think not. She has to deal with little folks. To the mother is intrusted the directing and the moulding of little intellects just beginning to bud and to expand. Can anything be deemed trifling that influences, whether for good or evil, these young but immortal minds? Oh, let a mother weigh well her words, before she allows herself to say of anything pertaining to the little ones around her, "It is but a trifle."

Your little boy utters an untruth. Do not say, "It was about a mere trifle, and besides it did not deceive me for a moment. It is not worth while to make a fuss about it!" A trifle! Is it a trifle in the estimation of that little fellow? It did not deceive you! Did he not *mean* to deceive? Oh, as you value his future happiness and your own peace of mind in after years, beware how you pass lightly over the least departure from truth. Gloss it over with no softening terms. Let the little one of two years old know that a lie is displeasing in the sight of the great God. Let him see and feel that nothing can grieve or displease his mother more than to hear her darling "tell a lie." Speak of it ever with contempt and disgust, and let him see in every word and action the high value you set upon TRUTH.

On entering the breakfast room you perceive a little hand hastily withdrawn from the sugar bowl, or from the plate of biscuit. Do you say, "Well, I'm sure a lump of sugar, or a biscuit is a mere trifle. And the child is heartily welcome to it. I hope you would not pretend to call that stealing." What does the child herself consider it to be? Why was the little hand so hastily withdrawn? Why are her cheeks like crimson, and why is her manner so confused? Does she not know that she has taken what was not her own? Is there not a monitor within which tells her she has done wrong? If you pass by the act as too trifling for your notice, it will be repeated again and again. She also will consider it as a trifle, and the habit, the fearful habit of pilfering will grow upon her. Little by little —little by little; till at last whatever she wishes for, she will take, provided only she thinks herself secure against detection. And what misery will be yours if one day you awaken to the consciousness that your cherished daughter hides, beneath a lovely exterior, the hideous sin of theft, and its twin brother, lying! You start with horror from the very thought. Beware how you pass over the slightest act of pilfering, lest you one day find it to be a dreadful reality.

To turn to less serious matters. You look with pleasure on a well bred child. You say perhaps "I wish my children would keep their clothes neat, and try to give civil answers when a stranger speaks to them." Have you watched them in these respects? Or have you allowed many a little instance of rudeness to pass unreproved? and considered it too troublesome and fussy to teach them habits of

cleanliness? Is "Give me some bread;" "I want some pie;" "Get me my hat," the usual way in which your children make known their wants? and do you let them have the things they ask for thus, because you "don't like to make a fuss about such trifles?" No wonder then that they grow up rude and uncouth in speech. It is as easy and pleasant for a child to say, "Please," and "Thank you," *if he is taught from the first to do so*, as it is for him to say, "Give me this," "I want that." It will require, it is true, constant attention to this *little* matter till the habit is formed. But is it not worth the trouble? Rudeness of manner may seem a trifle at two years old. Is it a trifle by the time the boy reaches twelve or fourteen years of age?

We might go on multiplying examples, but the few hints we have already given will suffice. And we wish to add a word or two upon the importance, on the other hand, of noticing and encouraging every little effort to do right.

A mother should endeavor, as far as possible, to enter into her child's thoughts and feelings, and to view things as he views them. Then she will be able in some degree to estimate the greatness of the struggle in the little bosom, as the child stands making up his mind to lend a favorite plaything to his little sister; and the pleasant, "Here, Fanny, you may play with my cart till you are tired of it," will not be passed unnoticed, but receive the wished-for kiss of approbation.

The love of praise is stronger in children than at any other period of life. Children may certainly be overpraised, and flattery has sown the germ of much evil in the youthful heart; but we do think that very many err on the opposite extreme. They are busy and do not notice the child's little effort to win an approving smile; or something has put them out of humor, and they do not feel in a mood to praise.

The blocks have all been arranged in their box, and the playthings put neatly away, and the little boy runs to his mother to tell her of his industry. If she merely says, hurriedly, "Very well, very well, now you can go up to bed," what a disappointment she will cause to the little heart that expected a pleasant smile and an approving, "There's a good boy."

Such encouragement consumes very little time; it need encroach on none of your duties. But it does make one important demand

on you, which is, that your attention be continually alive to every thing which may promote the progress and improvement of your child; and that your hearty sympathy be at once aroused by every little effort which he makes towards well doing.

And is this too much to ask of a mother? Is it not your highest duty, your sweetest privilege, to direct, to support and encourage those trembling little steps which without your watchful guidance will surely stray in paths of error and of sin? The steps are feeble and faltering now, the progress is slow; but Christian mother, let yours be the blessed task of placing those little feet in the right way, and aiding them in their gradual progress, and then yours will be the bright reward of beholding them in later years *running* with patience the race set before them, "pressing on towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.'

Doubt it not, for the word of the Lord has spoken it.

M. F. A

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

Not far from a beautiful town in New England, lived two little girls, who were cousins. Their names were Clara and Lucy. Clara was the eldest, and with her parents resided a little way from Lucy, who was an orphan, and lived with her aunt, Mrs. Dunning.

One day these little girls had permission to visit the town, where they had seldom been in all their lives. The road was very pleasant and they were as happy as two children could be.

When they arrived at the town they were filled with wonder and delight at the sight of so many beautiful things. They walked about the streets, looking at the large houses and the tall steeples, and the shop windows filled with all sorts of curiosities, until they were so tired that they were glad to start for the quiet country. They had nearly reached their homes, when Lucy, in taking her pocket handkerchief from her bag, found in it a tiny book. Both girls were astonished; they very well knew that neither of them had bought it, but remembered they had seen a great many like it, at a toy shop where they rested awhile.

Poor Lucy felt very badly, and cast an anxious look behind her, to see if any one was after her. She had never stolen a thing in her life, and the fear that the shopkeeper might miss the book, and send an officer after her, was little worse than the thought that she would be regarded a thief.

Her first resolution was to turn around, and carry the book back immediately, notwithstanding it was more than a mile, and she so very tired; but Clara told her not to do that. She said the lady would never miss it, it was but one penny, and it would be very foolish to take so much trouble about such a little thing. "If you carry it home," said she, "your aunt will think you meant to steal it, and will make you take it back, and punish you beside. Now if I were you, I would throw it away, and say nothing about it."

After some deliberation, Lucy decided to follow her cousin's advice, and the little book was hastily concealed in the wall by the road-side. Foolish girl, thus to hearken to the words of Clara!

It was near night when they reached Mrs. Dunning's, who had prepared a nice supper for them. After they had eaten, Clara left for home, and very soon Lucy went to bed, but not to sleep. Her head ached, and thoughts of the book, and the fear of detection, made her very unhappy. After a while, overcome with fatigue, she fell asleep. The first thing she heard in the morning was the voice of her aunt, calling her to get up, and go and find that book which she had stolen and hid in the wall!

What could it mean? No one knew it but Clara, and surely she would not expose her, after advising her to do just as she did, and promising to keep it a secret. With a heavy heart she rose and began to prepare herself to go down to her aunt. Mortification and grief caused her to weep more bitter tears than she had shed for many a day.

"Oh," said she to herself, "how much better it would have been if I had done right, and not listened to Clara. I knew the book was not mine, either to keep or destroy. If I had carried it back to the owner, I should have been a happy girl this morning; now I am covered with shame and disgrace: or if I had brought it home, and told the truth, I dare say my aunt would have believed me, and given me much better advice than a little girl like Clara. Oh! how sorry I am I did not do what I knew was right."

My little readers are wondering, I dare say, with Lucy, how the

sad tale got to the ears of Mrs. Dunning, and I will hasten to tell them.

As soon as Clara got home, she sat down to tell what she had seen and heard. Among other things she said Lucy had stolen a book in the city and torn it to pieces, and put it in the wall on her way home. Oh, Clara, did not you have something to do with that affair? Are you not more to blame than Lucy, and are you not breaking your promise? Is that doing as you would be done by?

As soon as Lucy was dressed, she went to her aunt and told her all about it, begging her to forgive her, and promising never to listen to what she knew to be wrong again. As Mrs. Dunning had never detected her in a falsehood, or known her to take without permission what was not her own, she very readily believed her; "but," said she, "though the lady may never miss such a trifle, and perhaps never know it, yet the great God knows it. He sees all we do, hears all we say, and knows all we think. And besides, if you are dishonest in little things, you will soon become so in great things." She then bade her put on her hat immediately after she had eaten her breakfast, and go to the town; if she could find the book take it with her, if not, tell the lady all about it, and pay her for it.

Lucy was soon on her way, and as she drew near the spot where she had concealed the book, she began to look around, fearing that some one would see her, and feeling that every body would think she looked guilty. She found the book just where she left it, perfectly safe. With joyful haste she took it to the owner, who received her very kindly, and after commending her for her honesty, gave her the little book, and likewise treated her to some nice fruit and candy, bidding her eat and refresh herself after her long walk.

Now, there are two points in the conduct of these girls to which I wish to direct the attention of my little readers. One is the folly of Lucy in hearing the words of Clara, instead of taking the book to her good aunt and asking her advice. If children could only realize how much better it would be for them to consult their parents or guardians on all questions concerning which they are not perfectly sure what is right, they would escape a great deal of trouble themselves, and save their friends from much anxiety on their account. Go to your mother, my little friends; whisper in her ear all your troubles and perplexities. She is your best friend. Your happiness is her chief desire,—she is capable of directing you on

every subject. But, do I hear some darling child say, "my mother sleeps in the cold, dark grave." So did Lucy's. But God had given her another friend to supply in a great measure the place of her sainted mother: and so it is with you. He who takes care of the young ravens has raised up some one to take care of you and advise you.

The other point to which I refer is the treachery of Clara. By this I mean her dishonesty and unkindness in disclosing that secret which she had promised always to keep. And besides, she told what she knew was not true. Honesty, in all your intercourse with each other my dear children, is very important. Never do or say any thing to bring your companions into trouble. I have always thought that Clara did not fully understand what a treacherous part she was acting, but like many little girls, had such a strong desire to *tell* the secret, that she could not overcome it, and in order to do that in such a way that no blame would rest upon herself, she was forced to tell a falsehood.

A. L.

SPINNING WHEELS AND LOOMS.—These wheels are now so out of fashion and use, as hardly to be known by their names among the modern city belles, as former articles of household thrift. They must, therefore, be told that the first is the name of an old-fashioned piano, with one string and one melody—the other was a big house organ with but few stops. They sometimes joined their melodies, and sung most cheerily airs of olden time, like these, "The diligent hand maketh rich," "She seeketh both wool and flax," "She stayeth at home, &c."—*Watson's Annals.*

Let my children be husbandmen and housewives. This leads to consider the works of God and of nature, and divests the mind from being taken up with the vain arts and inventions of a luxurious world. Of cities and towns, and of concourse *beware.* The world is apt to stick close to those who have lived and got their wealth there. *A country life and estate I like best for my children.*—*William Penn.*



THE RAINBOW. Gen. ix. 13.

"Oft as the Rainbow's glittering span,
Shall sparkle on the stormy sky;
My gracious covenant made with man,
I do confirm—he shall not die!"

Thy word of promise, Lord, we hear,
When o'er our head the tempest breaks,
It falls like music on the ear,—
But oh, a nobler hope it wakes!

For thou unto thy Church hast given,
Promise of mercies dearer still;
And wilt thou set thy bow in heaven,
Yet fail those mercies to fulfil?

No! Thou wilt make each promise good,
To us and to our infant race;
And never shall temptation's flood
O'erwhelm the soul that seeks thy face.

J. N. B.

ON RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION WITH CHILDREN.

On this important subject, in which every Christian mother feels deeply interested, it is desirable to obtain every aid in our power. If the following ideas, thrown hastily together, will afford any young mother assistance in this duty, my desire will be fulfilled.

In Deut., vi. 7, we read, "Thou shalt teach them to thy children, thou shalt talk of them when thou walkest by the way: when thou liest down, when thou risest up; and when thou sittest in thy house;" and again, "Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little."

From this we may learn that there is no danger of making the subject too familiar by frequent repetition. To make an impression on the mind of a child, it is necessary often to repeat the same idea; yet if that idea is enlarged upon at one time it may produce uneasiness. A protracted conversation on one subject will destroy its effect, as the minds of children cannot receive or enjoy a didactic method of discourse.

With children as with others, the apostles' suggestion should be borne in mind; "Let your conversation be with grace, seasoned as with salt," that is, let religion be the all-pervading influence at all times, rather than a separate subject. When walking by the way let the falling leaf teach the certainty of death; the springing grass the hope of a resurrection; the expanse of water the infinity of God in power, love, mercy; the rainbow the faithfulness of God to his promises; the sun, Christ as the light of the soul. When sitting in the house let every little incident teach some truth, or enforce some divine precept; and when the attention is aroused, and interest excited, encourage inquisitiveness, and rather answer than ask questions. I have never known children weary of listening to answers to their own questions.

The time when children are usually more inclined to listen to religious subjects, is evening; and I have often noted that remarks, narratives, or illustrations conveyed at bed-time, made a more sure and lasting impression than at any other time, and the deeply interest-

ing questions which are proposed the following day, prove the fact. The Sabbath furnishes another peculiarly suitable time, as the usual occupations are laid aside, and the minds are comparatively unoccupied; then a scripture history will afford amusement and instruction, and elicit remarks and questions which will make a lasting impression.

In such conversation we should avoid wearying the child, by stopping when the attention flags, and a cheerful sympathetic manner must be manifested. If we take no lively interest ourselves in such discourse, we shall produce none on our children.

Never make such conversations a part of punishment. Nothing will excite a distaste for it more than a long lecture on the evil which has been manifested at any particular time. Let such a reproof be short and pointed.

These thoughts are some of the results of many years' experience in the education of children, and to which I feel the need of constantly recurring as a grandmamma.

E. S.

THE WORLD FOR SALE.

HERE is something written on the top of the 'tenth wave' of a whole tide of thought and mournful experience, excellent to our finding. So said the New York Mirror, some ten or twelve years ago, when we clipped from its columns the following, and transferred it to our scrap book as a gem not to be lost. We now bring it from that treasury as too good to be hidden, just as brilliant with vivid thoughts as when placed there. It no doubt will find responses in many a disappointed heart. Would that all in letting go the shadow, might as firmly grasp the substance of things to come—the fruition of heaven.

M G. C.

THE WORLD FOR SALE! Hang out the sign
Call every traveller here to me;
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set my weary spirit free?
'Tis going!—yes I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring,—
The world at auction here, to-day!

It is a glorious thing to see,—
Ah, it has cheated me so sore,
It is not what it seems to be!—
For sale! It shall be mine no more.
Come, turn it o'er and view it well—
I would not have you purchase dear;
'Tis going—going—I must sell!
Who bids? Who'll buy the splendid tear?

Here's wealth in glittering heaps of gold—
Who bids?—but let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold,
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace,
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain;—
Who'll buy himself a burial place?

Here's Love—the dreamy potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart—
I know its power, alas! too well;
It's going!—Love and I must part!
Must part!—what can I more with love?
All over the enchanter's reign;
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,—
A breath of bliss, a storm of pain?

And Friendship—rarest gem of earth,—
Whoe'er hath found the jewel his?
Frail, fickle, false, and little worth—
Who bids for Friendship as it is?
'Tis going—going!—Hear the call;
Once, twice, thrice!—'Tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all—
But now the broken staff must go!

Fame!—hold the brilliant meteor high—
Ye millions now's the time to buy;
How dazzling every gilded name!
How much for Fame? how much for Fame?
Hear how it thunders!—would you stand
On high Olympus, far renowned?
Now purchase, and a world command!
And be with a world's curses crowned!

Sweet star of Hope, with ray to shine
In every sad foreboding breast,
Save this desponding one of mine—
Who bids for man's last friend, and best?

Ah, were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure should my soul sustain—
But Hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

Ambition, Fashion, Show, and Pride,
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an o' erwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
By Death, stern sheriff, all bereft,
I wept, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left,
My Faith, my Bible, and my God.

CHILDHOOD.

Every one can but think sometimes of that happy portion of their lives called childhood. The various scenes in which we have engaged, and perhaps acted a conspicuous part, are often remembered with great pleasure, and we sigh for only one hour of such enjoyment again. To be sure, the remembrance is sometimes a painful one, for then, as now, we often erred; but there is still a consoling thought left us, by which we may excuse ourselves; that in childhood we were not conscious of the extent of the wrong, or capable of seeing or judging how our words and actions might affect others.

One great cause of our happiness in childhood, may be attributed to that playfulness and gaiety which usually predominate so much at that time in our nature. We are always eager and anxious to engage in any amusement, or to have new scenes presented to our view: to walk, to ride, or to do anything which will gratify this strong propensity. Perhaps there is nothing which children relish more than stories. Indeed, they are the spice of childhood. And can we imagine a more agreeable way of spending time? How quickly does a long winter evening pass away when seated round a cheerful fire, and listening to a pleasant story. Not many years since, the minds of children were filled with accounts of ghosts and witches. But now in their place are substituted generally, more

harmless stories; and perhaps in a majority of cases, religious instruction is interwoven throughout. What impressions do things learned in childhood make on our minds. They are so deep, that they are vivid even in old age. And should we not be thankful that we live in an age when superstitious tales are not listened to, and in their stead an opportunity is afforded for impressing the young and tender mind with religious truths, and impressing them in such a manner that they never can forget them.

In childhood we differ as much in our tastes and amusements as in older life. The things which please the most, and yield the highest enjoyment to some, create aversion in others. Perhaps this is not so much the result of our own natural feeling, but owing more to an early and regular training of the mind, or to an influence which is about us from our earliest infancy, and which we are so accustomed to yield to, that we are apt to ascribe it to our own judgment. In this connection Pope's line,

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"

comes to the mind with more than usual force, and to mothers especially, when they consider the charge they have entrusted to them, and the vast responsibility they are under, and how much of the future happiness or misery of this charge depends on them. Seeing they have such an influence over their children, how careful should they be so to train them as shall be for their best welfare and happiness.

M. F.

MORAL AND MENTAL EDUCATION.

The Scotch writers on education have forcibly felt the importance of beginning it in early youth. Mr. Stow strongly insists on the necessity of beginning moral—not intellectual—training at the very earliest age; and he says, that eighteen years' experience has proved most triumphantly the advantages of doing so, and demonstrated that "you increase geometrically in power as you descend in age, for if *training* at twelve years of age be as *one*—at nine it is as *two*—at seven as *four*—at five as *eight*—and at three years of

age as *sixteen*." This is most instructive and unexceptionable testimony, and we are convinced that the same principle would apply at a still earlier period; but no children being received by Mr. Stow under three years old, he, of course, could speak only of his experience from that age upwards.

A mother may have a charter to extol her blood, but none to spoil it by misgovernment; and it is surprising how soon, and how often, this is done. That an object so utterly helpless should be animated by so strong a will as we often see exhibited in children of a few weeks old, is certainly surprising. Refuse a child what he has been imprudently allowed for a few times, and his energy of will can hardly be believed. He wills, that is to say, he is determined, to obtain the object which he covets; and if refused, he will often persevere for days in his efforts to conquer his nurse by the energy of his crying. If, at birth, the human mind is so blank and void as Locke and Condillac asserted, whence does this strong determination arise?

It is impossible that it can be the result of what he has learned during a few days of a life principally passed in sleep; and we are rather tempted to admit that this strong will is but the continuance of a faculty already familiar to the human soul before it was united to the infant body. But, however it may fare with this explanation, the fact should teach a mother the importance of training the infant from the very first in the way he should go, and of teaching him that by his fits of passion he cannot subdue his mother or nurse. If this be not done, then mothers must learn, to their own cost—

> "How oft in weak and sickly minds,
> The sweets of kindness lavishly indulged
> Rankle to gall."

If this be done, the general health of the child will be better, so will the tone of his nervous system; for, doubtless, in the habitual passions of infancy are laid the foundations of some of those direful nervous disorders which appear in after-life.

We have been lately introduced to a little girl who is asked every morning what she will have for dinner; it is difficult to find anything that can please her: she has run through the whole curriculum of toys, so they excite no interest; she is literally "used up" before completing the fourth year of her age. What will be the sequel of this prologue?

While discountenancing everything like what is usually termed instruction or book-learning before the seventh year, we think that period the most important for the education of the moral man. "The lessons of infancy are graven on stone, and the lessons of riper years disappear like the nests of birds," is an Arab proverb which was told us in the desert, but which holds good in all countries. Many philosophers have rightly considered that there could be no new formation in the moral man after the seventh year; and most nations, by placing the full appreciation of right and wrong at this period, show that they consider that "the child is father to the man."

We have seen how the tone of the child's nervous system may be so strengthened that darkness is deprived of its terrors, and solitude of its irksome monotony: the next object is to protect him against the consequences of the exaggerated development of the conceptive faculties.

We know how strong are these faculties in early life. The strength of conception is shown by the manner in which children will remain for hours making strange combinations with the rudest things, symbols of new thoughts, as in rapid succession they flit across the child's mind. The frequency and vividness of dreams is another proof of the strength of the mental power in young children. A little later this activity of mind is shown by the continued jumble of words sometimes poured out in such torrents that they almost choke the child, who is obliged to stop to take breath. Towards the last years of this first period of life the child begins to evince his own views of things, the reminiscences of what he himself knew when younger; and he often makes inquiries astonishing and puzzling to the most acute mind.

This, too, is the period when so many nurses and parents take delight in anatomizing the physiognomy of wonder depicted in a child's face when his mind is filled with stories of robbers, fairies, ghosts, and hobgoblins; but however amusing this may be to the experimenters, it is very pernicious to the nervous system, giving undue exaggeration to the imaginative and supernatural faculties, and predisposing the mind to romance, credulity, and superstition, to hysteria, nervous disorders, and insanity. It is true that this pernicious system has sometimes developed and fostered poetry and genius. But is this the object of education? Is it not rather to *prevent* the excessive development of those faculties which constitute

great poets or men of genius? We all know that the real poet is not an enviable being; and the poor children of genius, whenever they emerge from obscurity, and are by common consent crowned kings in their various departments, soon find their crown is indeed a crown of thorns, that their sceptre cannot command peace, and that happiness says to them, "I am not for such as you." God knows when and where to make genius spring up to serve His views in the government of mankind, but education never made genius.

When a poor stranger comes to our country totally ignorant of our language, our manners, and our civilization, common courtesy prompts us, while we teach him our language, not to impose on his credulity by absurd tales, or an elaborate system of deception. We treat him with respect because he is a stranger, and we represent things as they are, adapting our description to the nature of his understanding, which, like ours, is human.

A little child is termed a stranger; then treat him with respect. He comes from a far country, from an undiscovered bourne; but his mind is not a barren blank, as supposed by some, but full of knowledge, power, and love, the mysteries of which he cannot as yet reveal, because he knows not our language. Teach him then to speak, but beware of imposing on his young credulity, for fear of warping the noblest of man's attributes—his intellect.

We have already hinted that a child should be taught from the cradle the stern lesson of that obedience which must be observed through life. Thus would his nervous system be spared the continued irritation and fretfulness which spring from the still-entertained hope of doing what he is told not to do; irritability and vexation of spirit which, if continued in youth, predispose to hysteria, and in later years are sometimes the primary cause of insanity. The principal art of governing a child seems to be, to convince him fully that he does not live under a weak government, vacillating at his caprice, or to be overthrown by his resistance. Let him never find himself deceived, either as regards promises of reward or punishment,—both should be equally sacred, and should be meted with immutable precision; but in punishing a child, care should be taken that he is always thoroughly convinced of the justice of his punishment: for do not we all remember how long our young minds have brooded over some chastisement which we considered inflicted more to gratify the passionate anger of the being we had offended, than

called for by the magnitude of the offence? This destroys the child's confidence in parental justice—the representation of God's; gives him an early acquaintance with the tyranny and fallibility of all human authority; and brings home to his mind the conviction that his best efforts may be misinterpreted, and that the world is given up to misgovernment. Such is the principle of all good government, which must guide parents in their management of children, as it does those who rule over nations, and guides even the omnipotent Ruler of all; for history is but the unavoidable justice of God made visible to man.

But, notwithstanding every care and anxiety on the part of his parents that all their acts should appear to a child weighed in the balances of truth and justice, he is keen enough to notice the failings of those around him. When the charm of maternal infallibility is impaired—and that is very soon—so soon as the belief in the paternal infallibility has been shaken, the belief in God should be carefully instilled into his mind, that he may be, at least, kept in awe by the unseen, unknown power, before whom from his very cradle he should have been accustomed to see both his parents kneeling with submissive features.

In some families, when the child lifts up his little hands to say his prayers at night, the mother makes him recount to her what he has done amiss during the day, and ask God's forgiveness. This plan cannot be too strongly recommended, as this constant communing with a higher power must help to give a right bias to the moral principle.

By this it will appear how much we deprecate the advice sometimes given, to delay the religious instruction of a child until his reason has grown strong. In latter times religion has been treated with more courtesy,—and still we must object to the cold and solemn respect with which it is now bowed out of education, as in the last century it was, with much politeness, bowed out of the circle of philosophy and science.

We object to those who seem to consider religion a peculiar but useful branch of human instruction, like music or mathematics, which should be taught only on Sundays by some professor of religion, parson, priest, or minister. A man is not to be made like a sandwich, by placing side by side slices of his components; they must be melted down into one organic whole. If religion is to be

any thing in education, it must be accepted as a living principle, and allowed to give life to all man's conceptions, and to sanctify all his actions.—*Tilt's Elements of Health.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

MY MOTHER'S ROOM.

I AM an old woman now. My hair is whitened with the frosts of many winters. In a few years I shall have reached the age of three score and ten, the ordinary limit of human life.

I am residing at my paternal home, stricken with the infirmities of declining life, and mostly confined within the walls of my solitary chamber. My household is small, consisting only of my maid Hitty, and myself. It is quiet enough too, for Hitty goes about the house with the soft and careful tread of a cat, and except upon extraordinary occasions, she has never, until recently, been known to raise her voice above its ordinary pitch, which is remarkably low. Now, however, that I am dull of hearing, she succeeds in speaking sufficiently loud. It is seldom that I am not able without any wearisome effort on my own part to obtain a distinct apprehension of her words. She is a treasure to me, this faithful maid! But I am admonished that the term maid is obsolete in our republican land, that some other must be substituted, more in harmony with our principles of social equality. Well, be it so. I will try in this instance to conform to modern usage. But I must be pardoned if long habits and weak memory sometimes lead me astray. Besides, I am conservative; my tastes and prejudices all inclining me to the customs of "Auld Lang Syne."

I am writing in the chamber once occupied by my parents, in the very room where I first opened my eyes upon this changeful world. How striking a contrast to its present quiet is the noisy mirth with which I can remember—myself nothing loth to contribute a full share—my brothers and sisters used to make it echo. It was my mother's room, and mothers' rooms are usually privileged places for children, at least so was this of our dear mother's. To be sure we

were not allowed to carry our noisy playthings there, nor to go without leave to her work-basket or drawers. But we girls could convey thither our dolls and our rag-babies, with their miniature bedsteads, and the patchwork quilts we had begun to make, and the pretty pieces of calico or gingham from which we designed to fit them dresses. And there, we always found a ready and willing hand to help us in tastefully arranging the one, and in fitting the other to the form of our inanimate pets. And the boys could draw on their slates, and play their geography cards, and occasionally spin their tops. This playing geography cards was quite a rare amusement in those days. Geographical cards, or cards of any kind, combining amusement with instruction, were rare novelties then. Among my circle of young acquaintances, I never met with but three sets, and they were all exactly similar to those of my brothers. The time for circulating them in every variety of form, of making them illustrative of almost every possible subject, without excepting those of Divine Revelation, had not yet arrived. My good grandfather would have been much shocked, if he could have looked forward to such a card-patronizing generation. I well remember his strong expressions of disapprobation when my aunt Sarah presented the boys with their geographical cards. It took much eloquence, and a long time for my parents to reconcile him to their use. He took one extreme concerning these juvenile possessions, but then the present age have surely wandered to another as wide.

But there were stronger inducements for us children to seek our mother's room, than those which have already been enumerated. She had many an interesting story to tell us of her early life, and of her brothers and sisters, when they were children, just like ourselves. She had likewise a fund of stories, that she had heard or read, on hand, and there was nothing that we liked better, than to sit and listen to them. These stories were often from the Bible, for she was very desirous that we should all learn to love that sacred book. Sometimes after telling a story in her own words, and she knew well HOW to tell stories, she would read over the whole account, as it was in the Bible; and she would often read to us from this sacred book concerning the Saviour, and how much he had done to save sinners. In a sweetly persuasive manner she would urge us to seek his love and favor. It was no fault of hers, that we did not in early childhood choose God for our portion. And it is a striking

fact that when, as I trust, we began to prepare for a life beyond the grave, we all referred to her early counsels, as the most effective among human instrumentalities of bringing our hearts to God.

We always sought this favorite room, whenever anything had happened to cause us more pleasure than usual, or when anything had arisen to mar our enjoyment. We well knew that our dear mother's sympathy was always ready for all our childish joys, and sorrows. She was intimately acquainted with the child-world; had made herself familiar with the sources both of its enjoyment and grief. She never seemed at a loss to comprehend our feelings, although as it is common with children, they were often but imperfectly expressed. She entered into them at once, and her joy in our joy rendered it doubly grateful, while her sympathy in our disappointments and grief made it much easier for us to bear them, without repining. Her gentle words soothed our ruffled feelings, and often quelled our excited passions. She never failed, kindly, but plainly to point out to us where we had been wrong in any transaction which had occasioned us sorrow. And thus, when we considered ourselves aggrieved, she many times led us to think more of our own share of the blame than of the faults of our companions. She taught us too, many a lesson of forgiveness. And here she was truly an apt teacher, for she was herself a pattern of meekness. Hers was that enduring charity which *suffereth long, and is kind.*

Ah yes, this chamber has witnessed many an impressive lesson, from the lips of our loving and watchful mother! Would that in the days of my youth, I had more heedfully regarded them! Here she taught us to lisp our first simple prayers. And here she often prayed with us, that we might early love and serve God. It had been a happy thing if our hearts had sincerely joined in those prayers, and if we had consecrated the freshness of our young lives to our Creator. It would have saved us from much of sin and sorrow to have chosen him for our portion *then.* It would have given us a peace and happiness, which nothing beside can confer. There would have been no looking back with remorseful anguish, to long years of alienation from God, and the struggle between the evil and the good would have been far less severe than when in later years we attempted to live unto Christ.

My father sometimes joined our little party in this favorite room, but his image is not so inseparably connected with it, as hers who

was its almost constant tenant. A chamber adjoining, fitted up for a library, was more emphatically *his* room. There he often taught us of God and heaven, and holy things, and enjoined us to choose that good part which could not be taken from us.

At the time of which I am writing, it was not usual for Christian parents to urge upon their young children, the claims of personal religion. But our parents believed, that even in early childhood God might be loved and served, and they therefore sought to have us remember him in our young days.

THE MORN OF LIFE.

But these apart. In sacred memory lives
The morn of life: first morn of endless days.
Most joyful morn; nor yet for nought the joy:
A being of eternal date commenced;
A young immortal then was born; and who
Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
Abroad on God's creation, fair, and saw
The glorious earth, and glorious heaven, and face
Of man sublime? and saw all new and felt
All new? when thought awoke; thought never more
To sleep? when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed
And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life?

Nor happy only; but the cause of joy,
Which those who never tasted always mourned.
What tongue? no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name;
As living jewels dropt unstained from heaven,
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,
Than every ornament of costliest hue.
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
With all her playful band of little ones,
Like Luna, with her daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron majesty and grace?

POLLOK.

A MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL TO HIS PARENTS.

On Leaving them for India Nov. 7, 1832.

My father and my mother! ye have seen me for the last!
How like a dream the changing scenes of my early years have passed;
For you and me those scenes are closed—our visit on earth is o'er—
I leave you for the ocean—and the palms of a foreign shore.

My mother, did ye think it, when I slept upon your knee,
That so soon from you your darling child should be severed by the sea?
Perchance ye thought that when I died, ye should lay me on my bier;
Or did ye hope, in your own last hour, the voice of your son to hear?

My father and my mother—ye my voice no more shall hear!
When ye toss upon your dying couch, your son will not be near;
But his prayer shall rise to God for you, that joy be round your bed,
And your hopes be bright in the solemn hour, when ye journey to the dead!

My father and my mother!—not again ye take this hand,
Till, clothed with immortality, we tread the spirit land;
I shall meet you there—I shall meet you there—but not to mingle tears—
I have no farewell to bid you more, for the everlasting years.

N. Brown.

THE ANTIDOTE OF CARE.

In the collection of Village Hymns by Dr. Nettleton, is one which probably more than all the rest, has been read and sung. Those familiar with that collection, need only be reminded of the first line:

"I love to steal awhile away," &c.

With most Christians, its words throughout are household; and next to the pious breathings of David, come home to their experience, and give wings to their aspirations. The spirit of the hymn so Christian and subdued, so pure and hopeful in thought, so beautiful in expression, and true in fact, make it one of the few things not soon to die. Probably few of the thousands whom it has refreshed and delighted, know its author is still living. In the quiet town of Monson,* not far from Springfield, she may be found, and though her "toilsome day" is drawing to a close, she has still a hand and heart ready for every good work.

* Massachusetts.

Being one of the many to whom her spirit seemed kindred through that "twilight hymn," and supposing such a hymn—one which embalms itself so readily in all hearts—might have a history worth perusing, though an entire stranger, at some sacrifice an interview was sought at her obscure, yet very delightful home. She lives in a small white cottage, embowered with shade trees and shrubbery—everything fresh and neat around, and in front a spacious lawn, skirted by a solemn and sombre forest, just where we might suppose a quiet and chastened fancy would love to revel. As I gazed on her countenance, of which the "twilight hymn" is the happiest index, and listened to conversation so chaste, and pure, and holy, it brought to mind the well known stanza;

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The occasion of the hymn as related by herself, was this: At one time she had to walk in the lowliest vale. She was pressed sore with poverty, and obliged to struggle hard to help support a large family, part of whom were invalids, with several small children. In one of the darkest periods, shut up in a small unfinished house, where not a retired spot could be found; invaded by sickness, and anxiously toiling from morning till night, when the cares of the day were over, she used to steal out to her quiet and shady retreat, and there on her knees, "where none but God were near," she would pour out her soul and draw from the living well. There she gathered strength for the "toilsome day."

Her visits to this loved spot so regular at the evening hour, drew the attention of a neighbor, a lady of wealth and influence. This lady, (long since gone to her rest in heaven,) after observing her for some time, was led to pass censure in the presence of others, and more than intimated that instead of rambling out in the evening, she had better be at home with her children. Nothing of course could be more crushing to a sensitive heart. She was grieved above measure that an hour's relief from most exhausting labors, employed in communing with the God she adored, should be construed into neglect of her family. Grieved and sorrowful, she sat down at evening with a babe in her arms—the tears of anguish rolling from her eyes, as she said

and wrote her, "Apology for her twilight rambles," intending the next day to send it to the lady whose words had so lacerated her heart.—But feeling keenly the contrast of condition, she never had courage to send it, and laid it by, supposing forever. It never once occurred to her that a hymn could come out of it, till about the time Dr. Nettleton was preparing his collections, when a friend in looking over her manuscripts to find something suitable for that collection, was overjoyed to bring this gem to light, and at once had it inserted. None but herself, not even her husband, knew of the hymn until it was published. Some stanzas were stricken from the original copy, and alterations made in others—alterations necessary for its general use, but which, if the circumstances could always be known, we might wish had not been made—as in the first stanza:

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care."

What can be more touching, in view of the circumstances, than the original, which reads:

"I love to steal awhile away
From little ones and care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."

In the original copy were nine stanzas, from which selection was made, and some left behind, which, to say the least, are equal to any published, as for example, the seventh, in allusion to death:

"I love to meditate on death—
When will his message come
With kindly smile to steal my breath,
And waft an Exile home?"

What thought more beautiful, more comforting, than death bereft of terrors, wafting the Exile home?

It may be well to add, that a pen gifted as such a hymn would indicate, has not been wholly idle. Amid scenes of trial such as fall to the lot of few, she has written for periodicals, besides twenty or more hymns, some of which are published, and some are still in obscurity.

Long may this good mother in Israel be spared to distil her influence—gentle as the dew of Hermon, and receive the blessing which the Lord will command, "even life for evermore." *N. Y. Observer.*



"O DANIEL, IS THY GOD ABLE TO DELIVER THEE?" DAN. 6. 20.

A MODEL CHARACTER.

THERE is something touchingly beautiful in the history of Daniel. Every incident of his life which is recorded is so marked by firm principle and high purpose, all controlled and guided by divine power, that the mind loves to dwell upon it. We first find him a captive child in Babylon. He was from the tribe of Judah; but of his parents we know nothing, only what we read from his strict integrity in resisting the temptations of the voluptuous court into which himself and companions were brought. How diligently he had been instructed in the law of his God, we learn from his "purpose of heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank." This was not the spontaneous growth of a human heart, but had been fixed there by the interweaving of the commands and filial fear of God with all his thoughts and actions.

He had been taught to fear God more than any earthly monarch; —to obey implicitly his laws, trusting in His almighty arm for protection and help. He had been taught that "His favor was life, and His loving-kindness better than life;" therefore he hesitated not to refuse the dainty food, and strong drink which were appointed him. Yet the refusal was not made in a haughty boastful manner, but with modest respectful decision, in the form of a request. He asked that he might not defile himself, and said, "Prove thy servants I beseech thee ten days; then let our countenances be looked upon, and as thou seest, deal with thy servants." This request was granted, and he found favor in the heathen court. Oh how lovely is virtue!—and the manifestation of firm adherence to principle, commends itself even to the ungodly.

This was his introduction into public life,—an eventful life,—full of honor and distinction. Enough of knowledge and wisdom were his,—of glory and adulation from men, and favor from Heaven, to make a common mind giddy, and to inflate a common heart with pride and self-complacency. He, however, received and bore all these distinctions with meekness, while he did not hesitate to declare

the sin and doom of those, from whom he was receiving all this worldly aggrandizement. The fear of losing his office as ruler of the whole province of Babylon, would have deterred a worldly mind from telling in the ear of Nebuchadnezzar, that he was "to be driven from among men," with reason dethroned, "to dwell with beasts, and eat grass as an ox;" exhorting him to "break off his sins and iniquities, if perchance it might prove a lengthening of his tranquility;" —or to have deciphered before Belshazzar that terrible writing on the wall;—"Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting,— thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." But Daniel conferred not with offices of state, or rewards, while declaring the counsels of God. He stood a fearless and undaunted defender of truth; and God fulfilled what he had spoken. "He that honoreth God, him will God honor;" and the ignoble death of the Chaldean monarch, and subjugation of the kingdom, threw no blight upon Daniel's prospects or fame. In the new court, Daniel was "preferred above all, *because*, an excellent spirit was in him." Those who regarded him with jealous envy, confessed they could find no fault or error in him, and to carry out their malicious designs, said, "we must find it concerning the law of his God." His adherence to his God had been so often tested, that they knew they could assail and overcome him there. They had too often heard his humble confiding petitions before heaven's King, to expect that he would cease to pray. They had too often witnessed his fidelity to principles to expect that he would for a day *seem to yield* so far, as to pray in any but his wonted place, and at the appointed hour, for this his heart-sacrifice. At their request the decree was ratified, "that no petition be made to God or man, for thirty days, save of the king; whoever disobeyed, should be cast into the den of lions."

All that had befallen Daniel before sinks into insignificance in view of this. The intrinsic beauty of his character had never shone so dazzlingly bright, as when he knew that his death warrant was issued, "he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime." Mingled with his prayers were praises. No doubt he chanted, in sweet subdued strains, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help. In God I have put my trust, I will not fear what man can do unto me. What time I am afraid I will trust

in thee,"—while to his calm spirit the responses came back, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shalt abide under the shadow of the Almighty." "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder, the young lion and dragon shalt thou trample under feet." Ministering angels were about him, for even the monarch whose word consigned him thither, was so challenged by his unwavering faith, that he said to him as he was cast into the den of lions, "Thy God whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee;" and then turned to his palace to pass a sleepless night in fasting and sadness.

Daniel was now where nothing but a miracle could save him, and the malice of the enemies of God was triumphant,—as when Jesus lay in the tomb of Joseph, with the great stone at the door, and sentinels keeping the guard. But the presence of the angel subdued the fury of the lions, and they were as harmless lambs at Daniel's feet. In reply to the king who came very early in the morning to inquire "if Daniel's God were in very deed able to deliver from the jaws of the lions," he said:—

"My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." "So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, *because*, he believed in his God." This was the secret of his actions and successes through all his subsequent life,—the crowning excellence of his character—firm belief in God:—and through his conduct the name and power of Jehovah was made known to that mighty idolatrous nation. The times of Daniel were peculiar, Satan had joined issue with the chosen people of God, and had well nigh destroyed them. They were in captivity, and their temple in ruins.

Each period in the world's history has been peculiar, and demanded peculiar characteristics of its men. The present is a peculiar time, demanding a host of Daniels to exemplify in their lives the principles of virtue and integrity, and to vindicate the cause of truth and righteousness; and we seize upon the exhibition of his character, to impress upon parents its excellency, and the necessity of implanting a like fixedness of aim, and unfaltering purpose of heart in their children. It needs no prophet's ken, neither is it a vagary of the imagination, to see that *they* must fight the battle between truth and error, virtue and vice, liberty and the despotism of unrestrained passions and ignorant superstition. The hosts are mustering,—they

are already in the field; and assuming every possible form for attack. The lions' dens are all prepared, and the enemy waits not to doom them there when he hears the voice of prayer from their chambers, but seeks to lure them in beforehand with honeyed words. The roaring lions are let loose "seeking whom they may devour." The welfare of our country and the world demands the utmost efforts of strong men, with true hearts and undaunted courage. The preparations to meet this demand, must be an individual work. Parents must feel that the work is theirs; that if they fail to train their children to meet the emergency, all may be lost.

Father! mother! *thy* darling son is just stepping forth into the world, where he must meet the vices and temptations which stalk at noonday, unabashed, through the length and breadth of the world; for the whole world is now an open arena before him. Have you so diligently instructed him, by precept and example, in all the ways of honesty, virtue, and religion, that he will not listen to their insinuations, nor be led into their snares, but be able to answer to your anxious inquiry: "My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut these lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me?"

Thy son, perchance, must sit in a nation's councils, form laws, and see them executed. Is his mind so stored with wisdom, and his heart so nerved with high and holy principles, that he will not cringe for popular favor, nor do reverence to the vices of kings?

Thy son must go forth in the battle of life, and stand with scoffers and infidels who are tearing in pieces the word of God, and stamping it beneath their unholy feet, while in their bitter rage they devour the souls of men. Is his spirit so imbued with the precepts and love of that word, that he can return from the fight unharmed, saying: "My God sent his angel, and shut those lions' mouths that they did not hurt me?"

Thy son may, ere long, be brought to the test concerning the law of his God; a penalty may await his religious faith. The scourge, the rack, the furnace, or the lions' den, may be the price of a single petition to the Lord of heaven. Has the sustaining grace of God been imparted to his soul in connection with thy earnest prayers and faithful teachings, that will enable him to walk unharmed through the fires, having the form of the Son of God as a shield; that he can with calm serenity say: "My God sent his angel, and all the malice of wicked men hath not hurt me?"

Oh! let this truth be impressed deep in our souls, and actuate all our conduct, that nothing but a firm belief in God and his word will save our children from misery and degradation, and make them truly honorable and happy. Mrs. M. G. Clarke.

REMEMBRANCES OF THE AGED.

BY H. W.

"The fathers, where are they?" Aye! where? I look back even a brief space along life's highway, and recall successively the aged forms I used to reverence. Once they were many; but now that remembered past is dotted with grave-stones, where the loved and venerated, having fulfilled their mission in life, have lain down in their long slumber.

There was a kind old man, whose house I used to pass on my way to school, (and, by the way, there seemed to me more flowers and sunshine there than elsewhere,) and he used to stand in the gateway for hours in the bright summer mornings, speaking a kind word to every child who passed. I used to look for him there, and if perchance he were absent, I passed on with a shadow on my heart. I still retain a little purple covered book which he gave me one New Year's morning, with my name in his own writing upon the fly-leaf. His memory will remain fresh in my heart when years have faded out the writing.

There was an old lady, too, who always sat at the south window of her sitting-room, through the summer, where the high white rose-bush, leaning in at the open sash, mingled its blossoms with the rich and fragrant damask that grew upon the other side. In winter she sat in the large easy chair beside her glowing wood-fire where the red coals glistened upon a still redder hearth, for such a modern innovation as a stove or furnace, was not tolerated in that old fashioned household.

She always had the best peaches and apples, the prettiest kittens, and the most entertaining story books and papers. Many an hour have I sat at her feet, reading aloud to her some juvenile paper, or gaz-

ing with an awe that thrilled to my fingers' ends, on some treasured relics of her departed daughter's childhood, in the form of various little ingenious pictures and toys. Her voice was soft and low, and a gentle admonition or kind word of commendation fell upon my ear as from an oracle. She and her decrepit husband, whom she always addressed as "James, dear," have long since gone home.

There was one more—long cherished be his memory—whose presence and counsel gladdened and strengthened my childhood; and many hearts beat quicker and eyes glisten at the mention of his name. Even now I seem to hear his quick step upon the school-house stairs, and the smart rap of his cane upon the door. He enters, bowing right and left, as smiles and brightening eyes welcome him; he places his hat upon his cane and leans them together in a corner of the room, and seated at the desk he examines class after class, smiling upon, and encouraging the diffident, and puzzling with knotty questions the brightest and boldest. How heartily he laughs with the scholars over some ancient joke, which he draws from his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes for their amusement, or, by way of illustration. How accurately he can furnish the date of every event of local or historical interest, from the very settlement of the country.

How energetically he reads some spirited sentence, and how strong and musical his sonorous voice mingles with the voices of the little children as we sing Old Hundred!

And now he prays! The room is still, and soft breezes from the open window steal in and dally with the silvery locks that fall wavily over his collar. Dear old man! his last prayer was long since offered, his last earthly hymn of praise exchanged for the song of the redeemed in heaven, and the grass has grown green and high above the hands that so often rested upon the head of childhood in blessing!

"And dead must be the heart, the bosom cold,
Which warms not with affection for the old."

LIFT UP THY HEART, AND LOWLY BEND THE KNEE.

BY HENRY C. FORD.

Go where the silvery moon is shining brightly,
As once it shone in still Gethsemane;
Go where the pale stars gleam in beauty nightly,
As once they beamed upon the Trinity;
Where pearly dewdrops kiss the sweet flowers lightly,
In solitude with none save God and thee—
Lift up thy heart and lowly bend the knee.

Where the clear brooklet murmurs on in gladness,
Rolling its waters to a troubled sea;
Where autumn's forest parts its leaves in sadness,
Emblems of life and frail mortality;
Seek its dark shades ere thou art gone forever,
Ere thou art lost in far eternity—
Lift up thy heart, and lowly bend the knee.

Wander in spring-time where pure flowers springing,
Open their petals to the winsome bee;
Listen in summer where the wild winds ringing,
Carol a mighty anthem for the free;
Watch the sere leaf when autumn stern assailing,
Chills the last beauty of the dying tree;
Mark the loud roar of winter's storm bewailing,
The end of all the happy things that be—
Exalt thy soul—all worldly thought unveiling—
Lift up thy heart, and lowly bend the knee.

When sorrow pales thee—in thy closet kneeling,
Breathe unto God thine ever earnest prayer;
A holy light throughout thy bosom stealing;
Will fast dispel the darkness of despair;
And heavenly calm, a Saviour's love revealing,
With trusting faith will free thy soul from care.
When the dark clouds of earthly strife assail thee,
Lift up thy heart, and lowly bend the knee.

EXERCISE.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Who that has watched the ever varying motions of youth, and seen the restless impatience with which they endure restraint, can doubt that exercise is indispensable in forming a good physical and mental organization, and that such a super-abundance of nervous fluid should be allowed to propel itself, into all the natural sports of childhood. Children should be aided in their habits of exercise by the suggestions of a kind parent or judicious friend. They should be taught to love useful and industrial habits. Being creatures of imitation, they love to do as others do; and nothing will delight a little girl more than to be allowed to do just what her mother is doing; and although she may be sometimes troublesome by the improper performance of labor, yet the effort is made, and it will prompt a desire for a second trial, a second for a third, and so on until the habit is formed and the art is perfected.

A great deal has been written and said on the best invented plays for the exercise of the young; dancing, jumping rope, calisthenics, mountain walks, horseback riding, &c. The evil influences connected with some of these are a sufficient reason why they should be totally abandoned. I have seen little girls jump the rope, until they were completely prostrated, in striving to rival some little competitor in the number of unbroken swings. Only a few days since, I noticed the death of a little girl in New York, occasioned by jumping the rope two hundred times in succession. This violent and unnatural exercise has long been approved of and recommended. Dancing has been resorted to by the high and low, rich and poor; in the palace, in the gardens, on the heath, and on the moor; by the barbarous and the civilized. It is an exercise as elevated as might be expected from those dark and ignorant portions of the globe, where light and civilization have never dawned upon the human mind. Where the

female is a slave to the baser passions of man, and personal cleanliness, household comforts, and the cheerful interchange of social domestic intercourse, never come. It is well enough for minds thus debased to spend their miserable leisure in kicking and jumping upon the harvest green. And there is a refined dancing, practised by those in the higher walks of life, who have been drilled night after night in the art of step and figure. These cannot be classed among the intellectual, for intellect has its seat in the head and not in the feet. We are too utilitarian in our feelings and habits to require an importation of this kind. And here, too, where all classes are intellectually and religiously trained, and so much industry is required to preserve the purity and health of body and mind, and where the poor and the sick make such unremitting demands upon the active and generous sympathies of our hearts, and the practical and efficient co-operation of our feet and hands, it is a libel on the purity of our morals, to descend to those indelicate waltzes, those pernicious and destructive public balls, where the whole night is often appropriated, with its paraphernalia of show, music, dress, wines, champagne, false lights, false teeth, false hair, false hearts, rouge, and perfumery, to smooth the wrinkles and disguise the age; and worse than all, the false pretensions of love that are often made to the confiding and inexperienced girl, who has not been thoroughly initiated in the arts of coquetry and deceit. No female can long endure the excitement of the public ball-room, without a nervous and broken down constitution. There is no place, not even the theatre, that will afford such a rich harvest as the ball-room, of the delirium of reason, the bewildering infatuation of pleasure, the reckless and daring prodigality of health and strength, from the imprudent exposure of feet and limbs to the chilly damps of night dews, frost, and snows.

No amusement should be indulged, to the exclusion of those more homely duties of sweeping, dusting, putting the parlors in order, washing dishes, making bread, preparing meats and vegetables in a digestible manner. These, and innumerable other little services, interspersed with walks and rides in the open air, will afford them not only fine exercise of limbs and chest, but will give them a practical acquaintance with those domestic arrangements, which are so indispensable to every well regulated household.

The appliance of the sciences, (with which the young lady is daily

toiling to store the mind) may give a finer relish to those varied and complicated duties: viz.; the many changes produced by chemical combinations, the affinities which different bodies have for each other, the definite and indefinite proportions by which such nice and distinct combinations are formed; in calculating mathematically the saving of expense to parents by each hour's labor of a faithful and affectionate daughter, in the economical arrangement of food and fuel; of care, in preserving the furniture from the merciless bruises, and the crockery from those avalanche crashes of careless and disinterested persons who may be employed. Physiology may be applied in looking after the young of the flock, (the little brothers and sisters,) preventing untimely falls and other accidents to which they are exposed without a guide, and providing against atmospheric changes by suitable articles of raiment.

Children may be easily taught to love labor, if they commence in season. Habits of industry are as necessary to a high moral sentiment as to a vigorous physical ability. Very little good will result from the loftiest conception of the mightiest intellect, unless it be accompanied by some practical demonstration to the world. The pleasures of those wonderful inventions in steam and electricity could never have gladdened our homes, by the swift transportation of absent friends to our firesides, and the lightning speed intelligence from distant lands, had not these thoughts found hands to execute their designs. A young lady may receive the highest honors which can be conferred on literary achievements, still, if she be wanting in those practical lessons in domestic economy and housekeeping, if she be placed at the head of a family, she will be but a miserable wife and mother, when left dependant (as most of us are at the present time) on some of green Erin's greener lasses, who will promise to do "every thing," but in truth can do nothing as it should be done; who knows not even the name of our common kitchen furniture.

Then let our daughters be taught self-reliance, and as the poet says:

> "Be knowing in all needle-work,
> And shine in dairy and in kitchen too,
> As in the parlor."

G. M. J.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY HOME.

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

I HAVE passed a sleepless night. Visions of the loved and loving, who have long since departed to the far country, have disturbed my slumbers, and carried me back to the days of childhood and youth. The lost and lamented companions of my early life, with their sweet familiar faces, have gathered around me, giving rise to thoughts and feelings too intense for utterance. Oh, it is a sad thing for the lonely to look back upon the time, when they were blessed with faithful and devoted parents, with affectionate brothers and sisters, and with all the dear delights of a social and happy home. Their deprivation and solitude seem harder to be borne, when contrasted with the vivid remembrances of scenes, so entirely different.

I am the last of my near kindred. I have survived my faithful parents, my beloved sisters, and my frank and generous brothers. I have survived too the husband of my love, and my own cherished children. I am alone in the world now; but the images of the lamented dead are ever around me.

Still I have much cause for thankfulness. All the dear ones, who have taken their last journey, left behind them a good assurance, that its end would be both peaceful and happy. This is the only consolation, which the heart, stricken by the loss of beloved friends, can admit. And I bless God for the hope, which through his abounding grace he hath given me, of meeting them in a world where there shall be no more separation.

One of the earliest recollections of my life, is connected with my father's purchase of a little wagon, of which Henry, my then baby brother, and myself were to be joint owners. I was three years and a half old, when the purchase was made, and young as I was, I can even at this distant day recal its exact appearance. My delight knew no bounds, when I was placed upon the seat, for a pleasant ride. Hepsy, our "little girl," as she was called until past eighteen, seemed to enjoy drawing it as much as I did being drawn. But Henry raised a loud cry, when an attempt was first

made to put him in the little vehicle, and it was several days, before he appeared quite at his ease while riding. In a short time, however, he began to be pleased with it, and would laugh and crow, whenever he saw it brought to the door. We never wearied of these rides, but were sorry to discontinue them, even after we were considered too old for such an indulgence, and after another claimant for the use of the carriage in the person of a blue-eyed little sister, had made its appearance in the family. We both dearly loved our little Elsy, as the babe was called, after our maternal grandmother, and longed for the time when she would be old enough to run about and play with us.

When I was about two years old, my mother had a severe attack of illness, and for a long time afterwards her health was extremely delicate. In consequence of this, my aunt Sarah prevailed upon my parents to allow Robert my elder brother to reside in her family, until my mother's health should be somewhat restored. Her residence was in another state, nearly a hundred miles distant from the town in which my father lived; so that when Robert returned home, just after he had reached his seventh year, no one in the family, excepting my father, had seen him for nearly three years. His return was a joyful event to us all, for he was full of mirth and good humor. Henry and myself were delighted with our new playfellow, although he sometimes annoyed me by insisting, that he loved Aunt Sarah quite as well as he did mother. Even at the early age of five, I was jealous of my mother's rights, and ready to resent any infringement upon them. And I could not understand, how it was that one of her own children could love another woman as well as herself.

Soon after little Elsy had learned to prattle in her pretty childish way, and to follow us all about over the house, and yard, and garden, God gave us another sister, with bright black eyes, and hair which, before she was a year old, curled all over her head. My mother named her Ruth, in remembrance of an early friend of hers, who died in youth, and whom she fancied she resembled. She was an uncommonly bright and lovely infant, and the cherished pet of the whole family. She lived through three bright summers, and every succeeding day of her young life, she entwined herself more closely about our hearts. Then she sickened with a burning fever. Her little frame was racked by the most severe pain, and

after extreme suffering for five days and nights, her spirit ascended to the God who gave it.

It is a sad thing when death enters our homes, and removes from them forever those whom we dearly love. It is a grievous trial to mark the fixed repose of the cherished form, so lately full of life and health, to know that the voice which was as music in our ears is hushed, and that the closed eye will know us no more on earth.

Our tears flowed fast, as we bent over the stiffened form of our lost darling. But not even the pallid and motionless features, nor the marble coldness of the brow, could make us children realize, that our little Ruth had gone from us forever. For myself, I can truly say, that it was not until her remains had been laid beneath the sod, that I awakened to the conviction, that she had passed away from us, to return no more.

Our little Ruth died when I was eleven years old, and the reflections and feelings to which this bereavement gave rise, seemed to render me some years older than I had been before. For months after the death of our babe I could not play as usual upon the green, or talk merrily with my brothers and sisters. Robert felt deeply the loss of his little pet, but he had been much less with her than myself, and his spirits seemed sooner to resume their usual buoyancy. Henry and Elsy talked much about her, and often wished that she could be with them again. And then they would check themselves, saying, that she had gone to live in a more beautiful world than this, where God and the angels would always take care of her, and love her.

My father grieved for the loss of his youngest born. He missed her bright smile, her gentle voice, and the ready welcome with which she greeted him, when he returned from his daily business. But he mourned as a Christian father, who trusts that his child is safe in heaven.

My mother's sorrow was quiet and unobtrusive. Young as I was, it touched my heart, and excited my sympathy, in no common degree. I have sat and watched her, as she has been engaged with her needle, and seen tear after tear fall upon her work. I have noticed her choked voice, as she attempted to reply to one of Elsy's questions, concerning sister Ruth, and I have seen her sad countenance as she has looked upon some plaything, or other memento of the dear departed. Still she sorrowed not, as one without hope.

Years afterwards, she told me that there were times, even during the first year after her bereavement, when she could fervently thank God, that he had removed her darling from the temptation and sin of this world, to a home of holiness and happiness.

About two years after the death of our little sister, Robert was very earnest in attempting to gain the consent of our parents to what had long been his favorite object. From early childhood, he had evinced a strong disposition to become a sailor, but my father had till now considered it but as a boyish whim. He found, however, that Robert had thought much more upon the subject than he had supposed, and that he had a strong disinclination to any other mode of life. At first he objected decidedly, and Robert came to me for comfort under his disappointment. I must confess that it was something of a disappointment to me, likewise, for he had talked so much of the pleasure and honor of a sailor's life, that I had insensibly imbibed many of his prejudices in its favor. After considering the subject for a few days, my father surprised us both, by saying that if Robert could obtain our mother's consent, and adhered for another year to his present choice of a business for life, he would at the end of that time, no longer object to his becoming a sailor. The fact was, my father very well knew, that it would be hard work to settle Robert in any other employment than that which he had chosen. He was ardent, enthusiastic, possessed of a strong will, seldom yielding his purposes, except from necessity. While he would never, I think have commenced a sea-faring life without the consent of his parents, he would have been restless and unhappy in any other vocation. To become a sailor would still have been the master desire of his life, and very likely have impeded his efforts for success in any other pursuit.

My father's objections to a sailor's life had arisen, not so much from its privations and hardships, as from its peculiar exposure to temptation. He was himself of a fearless and determined spirit, never shrinking from suffering or danger, when they came in the path of duty. But he shrank from placing his boy in a situation, where he would be surrounded by more than ordinary temptations, where, far removed from his watchful eye, he might yield to their influence, and his heart become more and more hardened in sin.

Under existing circumstances, however, he judged it best to allow Robert to follow his own inclinations, concerning his future

employment, provided he could, as was said before, procure my mother's consent, and continued through the succeeding year to desire it as ardently as now.

My mother's consent was hard to obtain. At first she was hardly willing to hear the subject mentioned. She even, and I verily believe for the first and the last time in her life, called in question the wisdom of my father's decision. She wondered that he could have favored so wild a scheme. My brother exhausted his eloquence, but it seemed to be all in vain. At last, however, my father's calm and dispassionate reasonings began apparently to produce some effect. She was more willing to consider the subject, and to hear it talked over. But it was months after Robert preferred his request, before he could extort any thing in the shape of assent to his wishes.

Robert was now nearly sixteen, a fine manly lad, open and generous in the extreme. Henry was a fair-haired, delicate looking boy, just entering upon his eleventh year. He was as candid and generous as Robert, but much more easily influenced, and more quiet in his habits and tastes. He was very fond of books and of working in the garden, and he had already began to talk about being a farmer, as soon as he should be old enough.

Our blue eyed Elsy, was a gay, laughing girl of eight years old. Robert used to say, she was like the butterfly, now here, now there, never remaining long quiet in one place. And mother sometimes expressed a fear, that her volatile spirits, and eagerness for pleasure, would prevent her from becoming steady and useful. She was warm-hearted and obliging, but thoughtless and quick-tempered, although her anger passed away, almost as soon as it was excited.

But different as we might be in many things, we all agreed in one; that of loving each other fervently. It is a strong and sacred tie that binds together brother and sister, and our parents had always been exceedingly watchful, lest any thing should happen to weaken it. Separation from each other though but for a few days, was a great trial to us, even in early childhood. And after our sweet little Ruth had passed forever from our midst, we clung to each other more closely than before.

Now that Robert had realized the fulfilment of his wishes, in obtaining our parents' consent to his commencing a sailor's life, it seemed to me a much less sanguine plan than before. I thought more of the loss of his society, and of his privations and peril, and

less of the bright prospects, which he had so often spread out before me. I was gloomy and dispirited, when I thought of his departure, and once or twice I tried to dissuade him from his purpose. I might, however, as well have talked to the winds, as to any effect my remonstrances produced. So I relinquished efforts, which I knew must be in vain, and comforted myself with the reflection, that it would be some months yet, before he would leave us. He had commenced the study of navigation, and worked at it in good earnest. He also proposed becoming my teacher in this science, but after a few attempts to comprehend his first lessons, I gave up discouraged. I once saw Elsy, turning over the leaves of the volume, from which he studied, and as she closed her survey, she exclaimed; "What a big book, and not a bit of sense in it!"

My father was much pleased at Robert's progress in the study of navigation. He commended him for his application and industry, and said on one occasion that he had accomplished much more than he had expected. Robert's eye glistened at this praise from a father, whom he dearly loved, and highly respected, and after that, he applied himself to study more closely than before.

The time, which was to decide the durability of Robert's resolution to choose a sailor's life, had nearly passed, and his purpose remained unchanged. The spring was fast hastening on, and its approach was to be the signal for preparing him for his first voyage.

It was a sad preparation. My mother and myself were employed three or four weeks, in fitting him out, but we could neither of us talk over our work, as cheerfully as usual. My father procured him what was then considered a good voyage. The vessel was to sail on the first of May, and summer, and autumn, and winter, were all to pass away, before its return.

We took leave of our wanderer with sorrowing hearts, and our home was far less joyful because of his absence.

"The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeper's brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now."

THE PROPOSED JOURNEY.

My young readers may have got quite weary in looking for the Journey, but I hope they will excuse the delay, and now renew their acquaintance with little Maria Burton. Two days of travel at a very moderate pace brought them to the end of their journey. Ten days were very pleasantly spent in visiting. Maria formed many childish friendships, and found much to enjoy—most especially did she enjoy her father's society, and better and better still did she love him, as she every night at twilight nestled in his lap for a while, and told him of all the joys and trials of the day. But we will pass on to their return home. It was a delightful morning when they turned their faces towards that dearest spot on earth. The old red horse, with ears erect, and cheerful step, seemed animated by pleasant anticipations. Maria felt so blithe and gay, that she was in full sympathy with the birds and squirrels that were enjoying the morning with her, and Mr. Burton's countenance was beaming with gratitude while he quietly sung a hymn of love and praise to God.

Mr. Northam did not return with them, but Maria often thought of him on the way. The very pleasure which she now felt, reminded her of him, and with that pleasure, she felt a sort of regret that he was not with them, that she might teach herself to like him, and give up some of her comforts for his sake. She thought she was now quite willing he should ride with them, and yet she was glad he did not choose to return. Her feelings perplexed her, and she finally said, "Father, is it wicked for me to be glad your friend did not come back with us?"

"I cannot tell you," answered her father, "unless I know what is the cause of your joy. If it arises from benevolence it is not wicked, but if from selfishness, it is."

"How can I know which it is, father?"

"Have you been thinking how happy it is for Mr. N., a man who has no home, and no relatives in this country, that he found so many

friends among those people who were lately strangers to him, and has on that account concluded to spend the winter with them?"

"O no, sir, I did not know anything about it."

"Nor about the young gentlemen who were rejoiced to have him remain as an instructor for them?"

"No father."

"Then I fear your joy has arisen from a selfish motive."

"I tried to love Mr. Northam, and I think I did, but I am glad he did not come, and so I think I should be ill-humored again if he were to ride with us. Is it not very strange, father, that I do not understand my own feelings?"

"O no, my daughter, you are like other children and grown people too. 'The heart is deceitful above all things.'"

"But father, did you say Mr. N. had no home and no friends? I thought he told me a story about his own little children."

"No, dear, he has no family. Perhaps he recalled some part of his own childhood, and pictured for you a pleasant scene far away across the ocean when he was a child, and his brothers and sisters were around him."

"Oh yes, father, I think it was. How kind in him to tell me that story. I hope Mr. N. will come to see you again. Do you think he will?"

"Yes, I shall expect him again." L. L. H.

Brilliant talents, graces of person, and a confirmed intrepidity, and a continual habit of displaying these advantages, is all that is aimed at in the education of girls: the virtues that make a moderate fortune and a retired situation comfortable, are never inculcated. One would be left to imagine, by the common modes of female education, that life consisted of one universal holiday, and that the only contest was, who shall be best enabled to excel in the sports and games that were to be celebrated on it.

A LETTER FROM THE WEST.

As many of the youthful readers of this volume have never lived any where but in cities and towns in the older states, a few remarks about the far west may not be uninteresting.

The state of Wisconsin, perhaps, is one of the richest and the most beautifully diversified with woods, rolling prairies, and fine picturesque scenery not surpassed, if indeed equalled, by any other in the Union.

Sitting, as I do now, in my nicely arranged study, I have a beautiful stream flowing in front of my residence, where the splendid white water lily is now in full bloom upon the waters, offering a fine contrast of snow-like purity among the flowers with which the sides of the river are ornamented. Beyond this, in the same direction, are two log houses, and although rough in exterior, within they abound with comforts of almost every description.

The vast prairies of which, doubtless, you have heard and read, may be called extensive pastures; some of them without a tree to be seen; others ornamented with single fine oaks, or frequently standing together in clusters, adding greatly to the beauty of the scenery. Sometimes these large prairies are flat and level, and soft as a carpet; at other times they are rolling or uneven, with ascents and declivities like the waves of the ocean, and then they appear truly charming to the eye. But the most imposing feature about them to the young botanist is the constant succession of such a diversity of brilliant flowers, which, were they transplanted to our eastern gardens, would be considered great rarities. Here we have the widow's tear, the wild sweet william, and wild sweet pea, with a variety of dwarf rose bushes which produce their flowers from the deep blushing red, to the pale white, with all the intermediate shades of complexion; also the wild sun flower and the Indian mocassin, which is a most curious production, and nearly resembles the article of that name.

But my dear young friends, we miss the many delightful birds we

used to hear sing eastward, such as the bobolink, the robin and others, although many which we have here are of very beautiful plumage. Here you will see great numbers of the quail, the same sort of bird, you well remember, with which God supplied the camp of the people of Israel in the wilderness. They are a pretty creature, and often run before us in our path like a tame half grown chicken. The moaning dove is very general, filling the air with its melancholy ditty, reminding me of one or two which I once reared and kept about the house, when they became very interesting creatures; they would perch upon the hands of the children, and actually began housekeeping, for the lady dove laid us several eggs, but she had not patience to hatch them, and eventually they flew away to the woods and we saw them no more. The Indian bird or prairie hen, as it is often called, is a fine large fowl, which flies up before you with a loud fluttering noise, and when it is upon the ground raises its head like a young turkey. Their young ones resemble chickens, and many have been the attempts to tame them, but these attempts have never succeeded. The note of the whippoorwill we frequently hear in the evenings, but I think it has a dull, monotonous tone, and no beauty whatever about its plumage. It seems something of the hawk species, but like the cuckoo in the mother country, there appears to be a great deal of mystery about it, and its history is by no means known.

About ten years ago, there was not, I believe, a framed house, and but one or two log houses within a circuit of a dozen miles of where I am now sitting. The poor Indian roamed the prairies, hunted the deer, and drew the fish from the streams. They have now disappeared, but have left behind them traces of their former existence, and we have their mounds, or sepulchres of their dead in which we find the bones of their ancestors waiting the morn of the final resurrection.

And now, my dear young friends, we in this distant part of the country, are by no means favored with religious advantages, which you enjoy. The nearest built church is at a distance of eight miles, although we have school houses in every district, where we have occasional preaching. I have preached in many of them, and often find it difficult to satisfy the numerous applications I receive to hold meetings of a religious character.

Sabbath schools are established all around us, and they are truly, I may say, the most important institution we have, and all who go

westward should make up their minds to lend a helping hand in this important matter of training the young. The youth here are by no means slow to learn, and their attendance at the Sabbath school would be worthy the imitation of our eastward children. I have an interesting class at which young men and women, and even old persons, feel it a privilege to attend, and manifest great interest in the study of the scriptures.

A very affecting and solemn incident took place at a station where I was holding a meeting a few weeks since. Two youths were playing with a scythe, when one of them, while they were thus amusing themselves, was so cut across the thigh that he died in less than fifteen minutes, even before he could reach his home. His parents were Roman Catholics, and having no priest here, the father or some other person present, read a few Latin sentences, and the poor youth, about eight or nine years of age, was buried in the ground. How thankful, my dear children, ought you to be that you have been taught, and trained under a purer and a more consoling system.

We got up a celebration here, in these ends of the earth, on the Fourth of July, and had quite a turn-out among the Sabbath schools, when the scholars were treated with cake and other provisions. Several suitable addresses were delivered and hymns sung in celebration of the day. A beautiful striped flag was hoisted upon one of the oak trees of the grove where we were assembled, and when all was ended, we made a cavalcade of nine waggons, drove into the village in fine style, and then separated to our respective homes.

The greatest evil with us at present is the use of alcoholic drinks, and several very solemn deaths have taken place in the midst of us. A few Sabbaths since, while sitting at dinner, a gentleman called upon me, requesting me to preach a funeral sermon that afternoon at a school house about three miles distant, for a man who was quite in the prime of life, when he fell under the temptation, and went down into a drunkard's grave. I was exceedingly affected when I beheld the young, delicate widow, with the fatherless children, enter the house of worship, the eldest perhaps not more than nine years of age, and so cleanly and neatly clad, as to excite the strongest feelings of interest in the minds of all present. I felt it my duty, the next time I preached at this place, to bring forth the subject of temperance, and from this and other deaths of the same kind, to

urge upon the community the necessity and the duty of every one to do all in their power to get rid of this great evil.

We have great hopes of getting the Maine law, as our legislature have left it to be decided by a vote of the people. I hope all the readers of the Mothers' Journal, especially the young, will ever use all the influence they can exert, to restrain and stay this great destroyer of the peace and comfort of families.

For the present I now take my leave, and perhaps at some future time, if at leisure, you may hear from me again.

R. S.

HOW TO AVOID A BAD HUSBAND.

1. NEVER marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesseth.

2. Never marry a fop, or one who struts about dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silvered cane, and rings on his fingers. Beware! there is a trap.

3. Never marry a niggard, a close-fisted, mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.

4. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire with their eyes wide open.

5. Never marry a mope or a drone, one who drawls and draggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course.

6. Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man.

7. Never, on any account, marry a gambler, a profane person, or one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.

8. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or his dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the heart.

9. Shun a rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.

10. Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, you are better off alone, than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted, and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

In the choice of a wife, take the obedient daughter of a good mother.

THE JEWEL NOT LOST.

SELECTED BY A BEREAVED MOTHER.

THE black waters of the river of death were rolling sluggishly onward. There approached one whose features bore traces of anxiety and sorrow; and with a bowed form she gazed into the turbulent stream, as though she would fain descry something far down in its fathomless depths.

A being of benign and celestial aspect appeared at her side and said: "What seekest thou, sorrowful one?" "Alas!" she answered, "I wore a sparkling jewel upon my bosom. It was not a paltry bauble, but a monarch's gift, and invaluable. The wealth of India can yield none to match it. In an evil hour it dropped from its resting-place into this dark river. For a moment I saw it float near the brink, and stretched out my hand to regain it, but it was beyond my reach, and it sank down till I saw it no more. It is gone—lost forever!" And in deep gloom she turned to depart.

"Stay, mourner! Grieve not, but look again into the waters!" She looked, and a cry of joy burst from her lips: "It is there! I see it floating on the dismal wave. Oh! shall it not be mine once more?" The answer came: "Nay, but thou art deceived. What thou seest is but the semblance of what was thine. Yet, turn thy eyes upward, and rejoice!" She obeyed, and beheld a star gleaming from a bright spot of azure in the murky sky, whose rays gave even the waves of that gloomy river a tinge of brightness, and whose reflection there she had mistaken for her own lost gem.

Then came a tender and musical voice, as the beautiful appearance vanished: "Mourner, these restless billows, though fearful and dark

to thee roll up the gate of heaven. Ever faithful to their trust, they bore the jewel that was lent, not given to thee, to its rightful owner, the Monarch of Heaven; and transferred to his care, it will shine forever in its glorious resting-place."

The mourner departed with a countenance thoughtful, yet cheerful; her gaze no longer bent upon earth, or the river of death, but meekly and trustingly raised to heaven.

And that star, beaming into her spirit with rays of hope and gladness, was ever after

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

I shine in the light of God!
His image stamps my brow!
Through the shadow of death my feet have trod,
I reign in glory now!
No breaking heart is here—
No keen and thrilling pain—
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear
Hath rolled and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of an angel band,
To my head a crown of gold is given,
And a harp is in my hand:
I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus has set free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With the newborn melody.

No sin—no grief—no pain—
Safe in my happy home—
My fears all fled—my grief all slain,
My hour of triumph come!
Oh! friends of my mortal years,
The trusted and the true!
Ye are walking still through the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you!

Do I forget? Oh, no!
For memory's golden chain
Still binds my heart to hearts below,
Till they meet in joy again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And life's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light,
To the world from which I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do you weep when the raging voice of war,
Or the storm of conflict die?
Then why should your tears run down,
And your heart be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,
And another soul in heaven?

THE EARLY DEAD.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.)

A LITTLE maiden went out early one morning, to gather the fairest of her roses for a garland. She found them still in bud, or only half unclosed—the perfumed chalices of the morning dew. "I will not break them yet," murmured she, "but wait till the sun has opened them; then will they be more beautiful, and more fragrant."

At mid-day she went out again. The sweetest of her roses had been eaten by the worms, bowed by the sun's rays, blasted and withered.

Then the little maid wept over her folly, and the next morning gathered her garlands early.

So God calls *early* to Himself the dearest of his little ones, before the sun of this world scorches them, or the worm of passion feeds on them. The Paradise of children lies near the 'Excellent Glory,' and the most pious man, if his soul has been stained, cannot attain to it.

H. P. R.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

In a recent visit to the home of the aged parents of a family now widely scattered, I fell in with a letter sent by a son to his mother on his *birth-day*. It has been the custom of that son, for many years, to send such a letter to the venerated parent on the return of his natal-day; and it occurred to me that it was a beautiful custom. There is nothing particularly remarkable in this letter, but in the hope of leading some of your readers to adopt the custom, I transcribe it for the "Garner." H. C. F.

My dear Mother:

I know that you will be looking out for a letter from me about these times, and I am not going to disappoint you. Some people almost never observe the return of their birth-day, but let it pass unnoticed and forgotten, like any other day. I confess I can never do this.

The day usually comes to me like a remembrance of the past. The goodness of the Lord in giving me life and being; in preserving me in my tender infancy and boyhood, and all along up to manhood, I can never, on such a day, fail to call to mind. Then, also, my obligations to my kind parents, especially my MOTHER, who brought me into being, and not without much suffering and anxious concern; these I can not, I *would* not forget.

All this, and much more, passed through my mind this morning and last evening. It may be a pleasure to you to know it. Of course it is out of my power to make suitable returns for this self-sacrifice on your part; but I have often thought that the *greatest* reward which a parent could ask of a child is a grateful remembrance, and a life of virtue, honor and usefulness.

I hope you are not wholly denied this in the case of your children; and especially do I hope that I may so live as to cause you to thank God upon every remembrance of me.

A child ought to seek the ways of wisdom and well-doing, if from no other motive, but to render happy his parents.

But I will not begin to moralize. I only took my pen to assure you that you are not forgotten.

"I'm living far from thee, mother,
Far from my happy home;
I've left the land that gave me birth,
In other lands to roam;
And time, since then, has rolled its years,
And marked them on my brow;
Yet I have often thought of THEE—
I'm thinking of thee now."

Yes! and I shall not cease to do this as long as I think of anything. Surely that is a hard and corrupt heart, which wears not fresh upon it the image of her who has been the means of introducing him into the world.

Clara and the sweet babes would join in kind regards for the "Old Folks at Home," and the entire circle of loved ones there.

May your declining years be peaceful, and your final resting-place the bosom of God! As ever,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE SON.

HOME IS WHERE THERE'S ONE TO LOVE US.

HOME'S not merely four square walls
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the hearth hath builded!
Home!—go watch the faithful dove
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us—
Home is where there's one to love!
Home is where there s one to love us!

Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet?
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us!

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

BY REV. B. BEDELL.

MOTHERS how do you spend your Sabbaths? Is each moment of that holy day so properly employed, that your influence on your children will be salutary, and such as you will be pleased to have them cherish in after years, when they leave the parental roof, to dwell among strangers, where they will be exposed to temptation from the thoughtless Sabbath breaker?

When I was a small boy, like other children my conscience was tender, and I was easily wrought upon; but with childish thoughtlessness I would break over the restraints of conscience and give myself real cause for grief, and then come to the conclusion that I loved play too well ever to be good.

One Sabbath morning, I remember, the sun shone bright and every thing around was lovely and inviting. I longed to be out in the fields at my sports; but I well knew that mother would not permit me to play on the Sabbath if she saw me. So I went up stairs to my sleeping apartment, where were my toys and playthings, and concluded to have my play there. I commenced arranging my toys, and after fixing them to my satisfaction, I took a stag's horn, with wide spreading branches, and placed it on the floor in such a way that it stood on the tip of its branches, and served me for a horse. On this I seated myself in high glee, and was just settling myself down for a fine holyday, when I heard my mother's voice in the room below me, and I knew by the intonations that she was reading the Bible, though I could not distinguish a word. Conscience smote me, but I tried to amuse myself at my play. I tried some new arrangement of my toys, yet so long as I could hear the hum of mother's voice, as she sat reading the Bible, I could not relish my sport.

I tried to drown her voice. It was merely a low murmur, but although I moved my feet on the floor, and tried in a number of ways to make sufficient noise to prevent me from hearing her, yet that low sound would reach my ear. At length that murmuring sound became intolerable. I could endure it no longer. I pushed aside my playthings in disgust, and left the room. I walked softly

down stairs and passed out of doors, though the room where mother sat. I remember well how she looked to me, at that moment. I hardly dared look at her, but just caught a glimpse of her as I passed. The fire, the chair, the Bible, are all fresh in my memory. I looked upon my mother as the purest being on earth, and that very purity troubled me. I had a vague wish to be as good and pure as my mother. I went out of doors and walked in the yard and felt relieved, but the impression never fully left me. I never could again attempt to play on the Sabbath.

It made way for those convictions which disturbed me at times, night and day, till in my tenth year, as I trust, the Spirit formed my heart anew. And now, if I am in any degree useful as a laborer in my Master's vineyard, it is attributable in part, at least, through the divine blessing, to that circumstance. If mother had been conversing, or even reading to herself, I might by spending that day in sport have laid the foundation for Sabbath breaking, the effect of which might have followed me through life, and rendered me an object of dread to all pious parents who wished their children to keep that holy day.

Mothers think of this. Remember that every act of yours, however trivial it may appear, has its influence for good or ill; and if you would be instrumental in the salvation of your little ones, let the burden of your prayers ever be that you may be directed by unerring wisdom, in order that every act may tell for good on the immortal souls committed to your trust.

THE WORK OF FEMALE MISSIONARIES—A CONVERTED HEATHEN MOTHER.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MRS. MASON TO THE EDITOR, DATED MONMOGAN, APRIL, 1853.

When husband's ill health obliged us to leave Newton, I had no longer access to the Pwos; but tried to do what I could for the Burmese and East Indians. I do not speak Burmese, and of course had to speak through an interpreter. In this way, which is how-

ever but a lame way, I conversed in one year with near two hundred heathen women, who never, but one of them, visit the teachers, or attend Christian worship. And among all these but one could read; sunk in ignorance, and degradation, going blindly down to death. These women I visited at their own houses, some of them repeatedly, and some of our interviews were deeply interesting; and I trust not wholly unprofitable.

Since my husband's removal to Tavoy, he has been an almost constant sufferer, in consequence of which I have not so much time at home, for direct mission work. A man's duties here in Burmah must be nearly all of a public character; but it is different with a woman. Her efforts for the heathen must be blended with the care of her husband, and the instruction of her children. We have no schools to aid us in teaching our little ones, but every bit of their instruction must be drawn from their mothers' lips.

When my husband has writing to do, which I can do as well, it seems best for the cause that my time should go, rather than his; and I have sometimes copied forty quarto pages in a few weeks.

Last November his health was so good, that I was able to leave home, and made a tour of a fortnight into the jungle, with the intention of establishing a Pwo school in this vicinity. I visited six hamlets, and enjoyed the privilege of conversing with some seventy heathen women; and as many men who came to me for conversation, besides many children. We had some very solemn seasons, but I could not say that one of them appeared to be seriously inquiring. There was one woman, however, who was different from most pagans. Our way lay among the mountains, and was very tedious, so that it was necessary to walk most of the time; and when I went up the ladder of this woman's house, she immediately went and brought water, and insisted upon washing the blood off my feet with her own hands. Many will neither bring water, nor let us rest under the shadow of their houses; but generally during this tour, they received us kindly.

I enjoyed a most delightful season on the way with the sisters of Mata; and spent some time in examining with them the 14th of John. Their answers showed that their teachers had not labored in vain. They were very happy to hear the Scriptures explained, and some portions of the chapter seemed to give them great comfort.

There was one woman here particularly interesting. She had

been for many years the pythoness (witch or priestess) of her family; and was converted by means of a daughter. Oh, if you could but have seen this woman when she came inquiring after her unconverted child! We had scarcely time to sit down, on returning from our tour in the mountains, when we were surrounded with inquiring lips on every side. "Did you see my son?" asks a mother, clasping our feet.

"Did you see my *mother?*"—"my sister?"—"my aunt?" questioned a half dozen voices in succession. I immediately recognized, among the foremost, the old priestess.

"Did you see my daughter?" she inquired in a tremulous voice, laying her hand upon my arm.

"Yes."

"Did she say she would believe?"

Oh, how I longed to answer yes, but I could not; and when I was obliged to answer that her daughter was still impenitent, the converted heathen bowed her white hairs and wept.

IMPORTANT DISCIPLINE.

"Mother, I have been insulted this morning, positively insulted. These are the wise laws of Massachusetts, I suppose! I wish father had never thought of moving into this State."

Mrs. Weston looked up from her sewing, and saw that Henry's face was flushed with anger and excitement, and she drew a chair beside her, and asked him to sit down and give her an account of whatever had happened to him.

"Well, mother," said he, "I just stopped to draw in my kite, and put it away, after the school bell rung, and behold! when I got to the school, the door was locked against me, and so I had to sneak off, as though I had been doing some wicked deed, and the scholars looked out of the window and laughed at me. What a shame, mother, that the town, or committee, or whoever it is, should take upon themselves to punish me in this way, just because I lose five minutes of my own time! I thought we lived in a free country!"

"We do, my son, and wholesome laws are the basis and support of our freedom."

"But such a law as this for a school! Can you, mother, see any reason or propriety in it?"

"Yes, a good deal of both. In a large town, many families would be very remiss in sending their children punctually, if not forced to do it in this way, and the authorities have a right to secure good order in the opening of the school, and also to see that the pupils, for whom the public funds are expended, get the greatest benefit from them. Free schools are worth something, and parents and children must be made to realize it. But, the greatest benefit of this regulation, and one which you, Henry, especially need, is that of acquiring in early life a *habit of punctuality*. If you go through the whole course of study in these schools, as your father intends to have you, I hope you will learn the value of this habit, and get the practice of it, as your cousin James did, who has now entered a store in New York."

"Was cousin James ever locked out, mother?"

"Yes, when he first entered the school, and he felt very impatient of such restraint; but as he grew older, and saw the propriety of the rules, he began to love punctuality. When he was promoted to the High School, he found this habit was considered of more importance than in the lower departments; punctuality was even reported to the examining committee, at the close of each term. James was not remarkable for scholarship at that time, but his ambition became aroused with regard to punctuality, and he thought, 'I will excel in one thing at least.' He began to rise early, to do all his work and errands in season; and then his mother must, to conform to his early and prompt habits, by having all things ready for him to do at an early hour; this she cheerfully did, for the school was the great business of the boy, and all other duties must yield to that.

"Term after term passed, and James was reported as never absent, never tardy. It was impossible for him to take so deep an interest in the order of the school, without becoming interested in his studies. He began to think, 'I excel in one thing, I may in others. I will not only be punctual, but studious;' and this resolution he carried into effect, as he did the other. He became a very respectable scholar, and secured the warmest esteem of his teacher and school-mates."

L. L. H.

VANITY OF EARTHLY GLORY.

Crowns of royalty have never proved a shield against the shafts of hatred and envy, or the retributions of just vengeance. An elevated position in society involves the most imminent danger; as it exposes the whole character to public gaze and criticism. Virtue appears there doubly beautiful; but so much the more excites the bitterest malice of those who hate her purity, and dread her rebuke. Vice can dwell in a corner, or creep through by-paths unmolested; but if by any means her form is elevated to a place of power—how hideous she becomes, and how loud the invectives which are raised against her! Yet offices of distinction, and stations of public trust must be filled, and their various duties performed; and it is but right that those who occupy and discharge them, should be respected and honored—honored, because of the weighty responsibilities imposed on them, and the accumulated amount of blessings which will result from the faithful performance of those duties.

But who covets their corroding cares, with all the honor which a capricious public ever bestowed on a mortal?

Personal ease and domestic comfort always must be, in a great measure, sacrificed to any public service, and no motives but a towering ambition, or a strong sense of duty and desire to do good to communities or nations, will lead to the surrender. How unsatisfying and vain the one!—how honored the course, and how full the compensation of the other! "I now feel," said 'Mary queen of Scots,' after a few brief periods of supremacy, and continued strife for power, when on her way to execution—"I now feel that all this world is vanity."

Mary Stuart was born the rightful heir to the throne of Scotland in 1542, four years previous to the death of Martin Luther. She lived during those years of political strife and religious commotion which succeeded the Reformation. Her unusual powers of mind, her learning and accomplishments, with her rank, might have rendered her a great blessing to her country—a messenger of peace in those troublous times—the admiration of the world!

But the unwise, mistaken ambition of herself and friends defeated

the success of their plans; and her life ended ignobly in the land where she had sought to reign. For about thirty years she buffeted the waves on the stormy sea of political strife. We see her, for a few months, the happy wife of the king of France—then as a young, royal widow, disappointed by a rival claimant to her husband's vacated throne, seeking stealthy admission to her native Scotland, to assert her right to its crown; but, by her long absence and education in France, estranged from her subjects, almost without a recognizing friend—a bigoted adherent to a faith which had just been overthrown by the popular voice, she met emergencies for which she was illy prepared. However, with a zeal worthy the purer faith with which she contested, she endeavored to reinstate the rites and forms which had been expunged. But with the principles of truth and religious freedom she waged unequal warfare. She could not withstand the appeals and arguments of John Knox, though her youth, beauty, and affability, won her many friends. Taking advantage of every circumstance to secure popular favor, and employing every stratagem to further her own designs, she maintained for a few years her position as queen; but, after a series of improprieties and abuses of public sentiment, she was made a prisoner, and compelled to abdicate the throne, in favor of her own son, then one year old. After another ineffectual struggle for the queendom, she fled to England, to obtain if possible the favor of that court. There she was suspected of rivalry by Queen Elizabeth, and was detained as a captive for nineteen years—watched with jealous eyes—at last accused of being accessory to a conspiracy against Elizabeth, condemned, and beheaded in 1587.

Her ambition and pride of spirit, though so often foiled, were not in the least subdued, as is shown by her words when summoned to answer to the accusation. She says, "I came into the kingdom an independent sovereign, to implore the queen's assistance—not to subject myself to her authority; nor is my spirit so broken by past misfortunes, or so intimidated by present dangers, as to stoop to anything unbecoming a crowned head, or that will disgrace the ancestors from whom I have descended, or the son to whom I leave my throne."

Her only son, James I. of England, it seems, was reared without the tender guiding influence of the mother, and with little respect or veneration for her. Yet, in her last moments, the feelings of the

mother triumphed:—it is the brightest halo of glory that encircles her history! To Sir Andrew Melville, the master of her household, when taking her leave of him, on entering the hall where she was executed, she said, among other words, with tears, "Tell my son, I thought of him in my last moments, and that I said I never yielded by word or deed to aught that might lead to his prejudice; tell him to remember his unfortunate parent; and may he be a thousand times more prosperous and happy than she ever was."

She possessed noble powers of mind—highly cultivated—gifted with genius and song, with a high taste for literary pursuits; and with these, well balanced and rightly directed, what an influence she might have exerted on that son, who was destined to rule over Scotland and England for more than fifty years! "Mary, queen of Scots," though dead, might have lived, and reigned, and been honored through that son, when all the fitful fame which she won during her career had gone out in darkness!

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

"Yes, all that live must die.
Here, behold an end of all thy greatness!
Though thy name be high emblazoned
On the scroll of fame, though beauty deck
Thy brow, and wealth thy coffers fill—though science
Enrich thy mind, and heavenly themes inspire;
Yet the grave is opening, and its dismal
Gloom is gathering blackness—grim spirits
Urge thy passage to its drear abode,
And hungry reptiles wait thy coming.
Oh, who can lift the veil, that hides the past
And future from our view, and think on man
As merely *mortal*—the creature of a day!
* * The soul can never die."

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

COUSIN MERCY'S VISIT.

COUSIN MERCY! How well I remember her! She was one of those cheerful, bright, good-humored persons, who seem to carry happiness with them wherever they go. She came to visit us, just after Robert had left home for sea, and her visit helped to fill the vacancy which his absence had made in our hearts. We were all acquainted with her at once; for her countenance wore a cordial warm-hearted expression, the influence of which it was scarcely possible to resist. And but a short time elapsed after her arrival, before a strong friendship seemed to have sprung up between her and each of the members of our little family. My father and mother appeared to regard her with almost paternal affection, and Henry and Elsy were never happier than when with her. Even Hepsy, whom she often helped to make pickles, preserve fruit, and "get up" a variety of nice things, seemed quite animated by her presence. She used to say it did her good to see Miss Mercy's bright face, and to hear her cheerful voice. As for me, I learned to love her dearly, and we were almost inseparable companions; and she returned our love with all the warm and cordial affection of an ardent and susceptible nature. She was a rich blessing to our family throughout the period of her visit.

She was very benevolent, and became much interested in the poor people of our neighborhood. A little lame boy, who with his widowed mother lived only a short distance from our house, was an object of her especial interest. She used to gather flowers for him almost every morning, and it was seldom that she failed to visit him, at least once in every day. I have often seen her hunting over our juvenile books, to find something which she thought would interest little James; and before she left our house, she had taught him to read. She was a most patient and hopeful teacher, and he a most willing and docile scholar. How pleased the little fellow looked, when, as he said, he could read for himself. I remember, as if it were only yesterday that I had seen it, the lighting up of a happy

expression in his pale thin face, as he told me that he could now read a whole chapter in the Testament, without spelling a word! And then, what a reader he became. He seemed almost to devour every book that was brought within his reach. Poor child, he could do little else but read, and cousin Mercy had opened to him a rich and exhaustless source of enjoyment. She gave him much religious instruction, likewise. She told him much about his Father in heaven, who never afflicts willingly. She told him of another better and holier home, which the blessed Saviour had given his life to purchase for all those who love Him. She talked with him about that Saviour's sympathy in all his childish troubles, and urged him to give his young heart to so precious and unchanging a Friend. She was herself a most devoted Christian, having consecrated herself to God in the days of her youth, and she earnestly desired that this poor helpless boy might obtain that hope which made so peaceful and happy her own life. It was remarkable to witness the eager interest with which James listened to the teachings of his faithful friend; and it was impossible not to be touched by the affection which he expressed for her, in his simple and childlike language. "My pretty flowers make me think of her," he would sometimes say; or "she is bright like the sunshine;" or "I love her better than I ever did my poor little lamb." This lamb had been a present from my brother Robert, and James had been very much attached to it, and he had sorrowed much when it died.

Once when Mercy and myself had been speaking some time with him, he seemed much fatigued, and she proposed singing him to sleep. Her soothing voice soon lulled him to rest, and while he was sleeping, she left him to do a short errand in the neighborhood. I was alone with him when he awoke. He looked around the room, and then said, as if disappointed, "Is she not here?" I explained the cause of her absence. He said, "I have been dreaming of her. Won't the good angels in heaven look like her?"

It was not long after Mercy's first visit to James, before he gave good evidence that he truly loved the Saviour. His mother said it was wonderful to see how he had taken to serious things, and that he seemed to grow more patient and gentle every day. She said, she had always thought him a remarkably good boy, that he seldom murmured, even when suffering great pain, and that he always tried to save her all the trouble he possibly could. But now he seemed

so thankful for everything, and so afraid of doing wrong, and he would rather read in the Testament than in any other book.

The mother of James was, as I had often heard my parents say, a sincere and humble Christian; but, like many other mother's, she did not suppose that her son was likely to be converted to God in the days of his childhood. She thought him too young to receive much religious teaching, or to become a disciple of the Saviour. The event proved her in the wrong; for certainly her feeble, sickly boy became a most devoted follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. My mother used to say that his confidence in God, his patience, and his humility, and his earnest devotion to obey all the Divine commands, put to shame many an older Christian.

And cousin Mercy! how she delighted to converse with James concerning his new and bright prospects. I have seen tears gather in her eyes, as seated by his large easy chair she has listened to some touching expression of thankfulness to God, for the great blessing he had conferred upon him, in giving him a hope beyond the grave. He would often in her daily visits repeat to her some verses, which were contained in the chapters he had read in the morning, saying, "How blessed these verses are, and how grateful I ought to be that I am able to read in the Bible."

Mercy used often to talk with Henry, Elsy, and myself, concerning those things which related to the salvation of our souls. She was an earnest and winning pleader, and her words often impressed us with much, though transient seriousness. Even the volatile Elsy would listen with grave attention to all that she said upon the subject of religion. And Henry, with his thoughtful look and quiet manner, gave earnest heed to her words. He had always evinced a remarkable partiality for conversation upon religious subjects, and he was more disposed to reflection, and to seek the society of persons older than himself, than is usual for boys of his age. He was very conscientious, and I believe there were seasons, during cousin Mercy's visit, in which my parents both hoped that he had already chosen the good part. He did not, however, indulge any such hope until several years afterwards, when sorrow had begun to cast its dark shadows over his life.

How much did my dear cousin's devotedness to the service of God, as expressed by all her words and actions, condemn the alienation of my heart from a Being of such glorious excellence. I

look back with wonder and trembling on the days of my guilty perverseness, and I must ever humbly adore that Divine grace, by which alone my stony heart was softened. God is infinitely merciful—were it otherwise, I should not now be rejoicing in the light of his countenance.

Cousin Mercy's visit, which it was intended should only extend through three or four months, was finally protracted to nearly a year. We could not bear the idea of having her leave us, so every letter addressed to her home pleaded for a little longer absence. At last, however, her mother wrote that she could spare her no longer, and shortly after uncle Thomas came for her, to accompany him home. How delighted Mercy was at seeing her father. She wept like a child when he first arrived, but soon regained her composure, although the beaming eye and quivering lip would sometimes betray unwonted feeling. We all enjoyed uncle Thomas' visit, and soon learned to love him. He was more lively and talkative than our own dear father, and he seemed to inspire both our parents with new cheerfulness, while with us young folks he was a decided favorite; numerous were our rides and walks during his stay, and there was only one draw-back to our enjoyment—the fact that not only he, but cousin Mercy too, was soon to leave us for their own home.

The short, short days passed away, and the morning came, which had been fixed upon for their departure. Uncle Thomas bade a cheerful good-bye, and Mercy tried to follow his example, but I could see tears glistening in her eyes as the carriage drove from the door.

There is hardly any bodily blemish which a winning behavior will not conceal, or make tolerable; and there is no external grace which ill-nature or affectation will not deform.

Deep learning will make you acceptable to the learned; but it is only an easy and obliging behavior, and entertaining conversation, that will make you agreeable in all company.

THERE'S PEACE ALONE ON HIGH.

I've roamed the wide world over,
 I've searched in every clime
I've been the transient rover
 From pole to equa's line.
In cot or princely dwelling,
 Where want or mirth abound—
Where hearts with joy were swelling.
 No *peace* I ever found.

I've trod the dance's mazes,
 And sought to find *there* joy;
I've loved the world's vain praises,—
 But all! O all would cloy.
A moment's thrill—an instant
 Of seeming happiness;
But O! the *after* moment,
 The *end,* was bitterness.

This world has pleasures *seeming,*
 It's dazzling beauties bright;
It's scenes and hopes alluring—
 Ever changing to the sight;
But it no comfort yieldeth
 When sorrow's storms arise;
It's fondest hope but mocketh,
 And *seeming* pleasure flies.

O, then, for pleasure seek not
 Among this earth's vain shows;
It's choicest treasures sate not—
 True peace it never knows.
At dewy morn, or even,
 With mirth or sadness nigh,
Lift up thy heart to Heaven—
 There's peace alone on High.

H. J. S.

THE JOURNEY.

As they traveled on, Mr. Burton turned Maria's attention to the beautiful works of God. "See that charming little brook," said he, "leaping down from the side of the hill yonder. How cunningly it seems to hide itself there among the rocks and bushes, and then it peeps out again, and here it hurries away, as if it were playing hide and go seek."

"Yes, yes," cried Maria, "but I'll find it;" and as they rode on, "here it is father—now it is skipping over the rocks. It makes me think of that song brother sings, 'Stop! stop! pretty water'—but the brook did not stop for Harry's boat, and this will not stop for me. O how it sparkles in the sun, and what a pretty noise it makes; don't you think so, father?"

"A *pleasant* noise, my dear, rather than a pretty one. Yes, I love to hear it. The gentle sounds of nature all around us are pleasant to the ear. Let us think of our Heavenly Father, while we observe his works. Everything, and every being which we see, is obeying the laws which God has made for it. The smallest insect never disobeys God: should you think it would?"

"No, father, why should it want to disobey?"

"Well, I do not see any reason why it should—it has a pleasant home, and everything it needs to make it happy; but I know some little creatures that have much more to enjoy than the insects, and yet they disobey their Maker."

"Do you mean children, father?"

"Yes, my daughter. When you see these beautiful and excellent works of your Heavenly Father, does it not make you love him, and desire to obey him?"

"Yes, father, but I very often forget."

"Forget your Creator, my child! You had better forget your parents, and every earthly friend. Think of the solemn injunction, 'Remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'"

The conversation was here interrupted by their coming to a

watering place for horses, and observing a small, poorly-clad boy standing on a rock, near the road, and looking towards them.

"What do you wish, my little fellow," said Mr. Burton.

"I thought, may be, you'd let me put down your rein."

"O yes, and thank you," and Mr. B. turned his horse's head towards the rock which the boy had mounted, that he might be able to reach the check-rein. While the horse was drinking, the boy ran on, and planted himself on another rock to replace the rein.

"Now my lad," said Mr. B., "you would like to be paid for your trouble."

"Sometimes," said the boy, very modestly, "the gentlemen give me a cent." Mr. B. gave him a silver bit; and, as the boy raised his eyes with an expression stronger than the hasty "thank you" which he uttered, his face looked so intelligent, and yet so sad, that both Maria and her father wished to know who he was, and where he came from. L. L. H.

THE ERRING SON AND PRAYING MOTHER.

Eighteen or twenty years ago, there lived in Philadelphia a family, consisting of the parents and six children. The parents had long been devoted to God's service, and the children, as they grew up to years of thoughtfulness, in the order of the ages, followed the parents' holy example. But the youngest son seemed to be an exception. He was a reckless, disobedient boy, and though not fond of bad company, yet he found means to commit many great sins without any such unholy aid. Many were the fears on his behalf that agitated the breasts of those pious parents; and many the prayers that ascended from their lips, that God would open his heart to the showers of grace.

On one occasion, he was detected in a very heinous offence. The mother's heart was almost broken by this new instance of depravity. What could she do? He seemed not to care for punishment. How could his heart be reached? Taking him into her chamber, she talked with him long and solemnly about his conduct, while the big

tears chased each other down her sorrow-wrinkled cheeks. Then making him kneel by her side, she poured forth such a prayer as only a mother, with a heart stricken by a child's sinful wanderings, can utter. His heart could not withstand such an appeal. He was humbled, he wept, he repented.

A few years rolled away. Some few changes marked the history of that household. Yet the daily sacrifice continued to be offered on the family altar. One evening the father was hundreds of miles away, toiling for the maintenance of his loved ones. The elder brothers were absent at college. The high priest was indeed away, but the mother failed not to call around her the members of the family, and placing the Bible in the hands of the youngest son, asked him to conduct their devotions. He who once knelt by his mother's side, stained with sin, and trembling at her prayerful eloquence, was now indeed kneeling again by her side, but rejoicing in the peace-making blood of Christ, praying for her and hers.

The mother's supplication was not in vain. She is now gone to her rest; but that son still treads the path of the living. And while pressing along life's eager race, emulating the progress of others towards fame and usefulness, his busy mind often reverts to that chamber of prayer, and that mother's face stained with bitter tears. The hour of temptation is then his hour of strength, and the moments of grief for her loss are brightened by the recollections of her reward.

"Just before Dr. Grant's death, he said that the early religious impressions made by his godly mother had followed him in all his wanderings through life. Courage then, Christian mother! you deem your sphere of action, humble and obscure, but you may be moulding a character that shall be felt around the globe and down through distant ages."

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

BY LOLA FLOWRET.

One pleasant spring morning, as the sun was rising in all its beauty, blessing with its smiles the budding earth, and the birds were singing their sweetest songs, as if in praise to their great Creator, Eliza and little Celia took a walk to enjoy the soft spring air, and view the loveliness of nature. The trees were just putting forth their rich green leaves, mingled with delicate pink buds, and the grass, on which the pearly dew trembled, was just peeping from the damp earth.

"Who made all these pretty things?" asked Celia, gazing around admiringly upon the beauteous scene presented to her view.

"Who do you think made them, dear?" said Eliza.

"I don't know," answered Celia; "did you sister?"

"No, Celia, I could not make such beautiful things."

"Did papa?"

"No."

"Did mamma?"

"No, dear, they did not make them," answered Eliza, "God made them. He made everything that you see—the trees, and those pretty birds singing so sweetly in their branches, the sun that shines so brightly, and the soft green grass on which we tread."

"Did he? Is that the God I pray to when I say my prayers?" asked Celia earnestly.

"Yes, Celia, there is but one God."

"Did he make the sky, and moon, and stars, that shine so brightly in the night?"

"Yes, he made everything; the little lambs that skip about so playfully, and the geese and ducks which you see swimming and playing on that glassy pond."

"God is good. Did he make you and I?"

"Yes, dear sister."

"O how good God is," said the little one, her face lighting up

with a radiant smile, as if the Holy One was already whispering to her spirit, "I will love him, and dearly too?"

"Yes, Celia, love him with all your heart."

"If I love him, will he love me?" asked Celia, gazing earnestly in her sister's face.

"Yes, sister, if you are good, and obey God, he will love and take care of you."

"Then I will be good, indeed I will, and I will love God with all my heart. God has made a beautiful world for us—I do love him now and always will."

"I hope you will, dear," answered Eliza, earnestly, stooping and imprinting a kiss on the child's thoughtful brow.

Thus they continued conversing, the stronger, wiser spirit imparting to the infant mind her own glowing thoughts, and gradually, cautiously, prayerfully leading the tender soul along the shining pathway from earth to heaven. Day by day she poured into her gentle heart thoughts laden with precious fragrance; holy thoughts of God and heaven; and day by day the infant mind expanded, her thoughts becoming clearer and deeper.

Beautiful was it to see those two sisters sitting side by side; one telling of the beauties and joys of heaven, the other with her sweet blue eyes raised to her sister's face, with an expressiou of intense earnestness, listening to the words, while her heart drank in their precious meaning. Methinks angels in heaven stooped to view the lovely scene, and lend their blessed influence.

O the power, the beauty of a sister's love! How easily it wins its way to the hearts of her companions! How insensibly the little ones are drawn to her by the silken cord of affection! How naturally they go to her in all their little joys and sorrows, sure of her ready sympathy and loving smile! I have sometimes thought that an elder sister possesses almost as much influence over the younger members of a family as a parent.

If this be so, how carefully she should walk before them in the path of life; kindly calling their attention to its varied beauties! Teaching them to avoid the bitter thorns of sin, while they gather the fragrant flowers that cluster around their way. How earnestly she should strive to perfect her own character, to subdue her "easily besetting sins," and to cultivate assiduously the noble feelings of the heart—the godlike powers of the intellect, as well as its moral

faculties; and that sweet, subduing, soothing piety, which makes "love through all our actions run, and every word be mild." Then she will be better qualified to mould aright the tender minds with which she associates—to engrave indelibly upon their hearts pure and heavenly principles, which will be as a guardian star through life, and lead them silently to God and heaven.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

Mother, Home, and Heaven, says a writer, are three of the most beautiful words in the English language. And truly I think that they may well be called so—what word strikes so forcibly upon the heart as mother? Coming from childhood's sunny lips, it has a peculiar charm; for it speaks of one to whom they look and trust for protection.

A mother is the truest friend we have. When trials heavy and sudden fall upon us; when adversity takes the place of prosperity; when friends, who rejoiced with us in our sunshine, desert us when troubles thicken around us, still will she cling to us, and endeavor by her kind precepts and counsels to dissipate the clouds of darkness, and cause peace to return to our hearts.

The kind voice of a mother has often been the means of reclaiming an erring one from the path of wickedness to a life of happiness and prosperity.

The lonely convict, immured in his dreary cell, thinks of the innocent days of his childhood, and feels that though other friends forsake him, he has still a guardian angel watching over him; and that, however dark his sins may have been, they have all been forgiven and forgotten by her.

Mother is indeed a sweet name, and her station is indeed a holy one; for in her hands are placed minds, to be moulded almost at her will; aye, fitted to shine—not much, it is true, on earth, compared, if taught aright, with the dazzling splendor which awaits them in heaven.

Home! how often we hear persons speak of the home of their childhood. Their minds seem to delight in dwelling upon the recol-

lections of joyous days spent beneath the paternal roof, when their young and happy hearts were as light and free as the birds who made the woods resound with the melody of their cheerful voices. What a blessing it is, when weary with care, and burdened with sorrow, to have a home to which we can go, and there, in the midst of friends we love, forget our troubles and dwell in peace and quietness.

Heaven! that land of quiet rest—toward which those, who, worn down and tired with the toils of earth, direct their frail barks over the troubled waters of life, and after a long and dangerous passage, find it safe in the haven of eternal bliss. Heaven is the home that awaits us beyond the grave. There the friendships formed on earth, and which cruel death has severed, are never more to be broken; and parted friends shall meet again, never more to be separated.

It is an inspiring hope that, when we separate here on earth at the summons of Death's angel, and when a few more years have rolled over the heads of those remaining, if "faithful unto death," we shall meet again in Heaven, our eternal *home*, there to dwell in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and go no more out forever.

E. F. C.

LOST! LOST!

How difficult, nay, impossible, is it to realize the full meaning of that word "Lost," unless you have felt yourself—lost. I have lost many articles on which I set more or less value, and a feeling of mortification and vexation has always accompanied the discovery of their loss; for almost universally, it is the effect of carelessness, and self-reproach (the most painful feeling which can invade the human breast) follows.

Sometimes the gift of a much valued friend is thus carelessly lost, and if that friend is forever removed from sight by death or distance, *grief* is added to *vexation*, for it can never be replaced; and the memory of association conveys a pang of deep regret, while the knowledge that regret is unavailing only increases the pang.

But I have not only lost *articles;* it has been my painful experience, in common with the lot of others, to lose friends, parents, brothers, children. And then I have felt how small in comparison

was the loss of any mere *article*, however highly valued. Wealth was nothing worth when my child lay gasping for breath. The wealth of the world I would cheerfully have given, to retain that life fast ebbing out. But I have lost that child; and now is added to disappointment and grief, a sense of desolation that overpowers the soul. All, all seems gone, and present mercies, however abundant, are forgotten in the loss of—*one*.

Again, I have experienced the loss of that inestimable boon—health. For years, my nervous system was so affected that I had no enjoyment of earthly things; constant, agonizing pain preventing even a cessation by sleep. Now, my loss was constant and protracted.

But the most vexatious, mortifying, grievous, desolating, and all-absorbing loss I ever experienced, was when I lost myself. The circumstances were these: I was residing in Ohio, and had lately removed from a village to a farm two or three miles distant. A creek and strip of forest land lay between them, and I had traveled the road but a few times. On the afternoon of a pleasant day in May, I left my home with my nephew, to transact some business in the village, and was urged by some friends to spend the night. I consented, and sent a message home by my nephew to that effect; but, upon reflection, I repented of the resolution, and told my friends I would walk home. They tried to dissuade me; but I had been accustomed to take long walks around the streets of London, and did not realize the difference between an American forest and well traveled roads. Finding me determined, I was accompanied to within calling distance of my home, and entered the precincts of our farm, though uninclosed. There I turned into a wrong path, and walked till I came to a spot I had never before seen; darkness was gathering around me, silence reigned, and I felt lost. Oh! the distress of that moment; I turned round, and then that bewilderment, felt only at such a time, came over me. I knew not whether my face was turned home or contrary; and I wandered on, still keeping the path, till I reached a fence. This I climbed, and raising my voice to its highest pitch, called, Lost! lost! help! help! but no help came. It however, roused some dogs, and to escape them, I followed a path through some fields, and arrived at a house, which was vacated and closed (the family, as I afterwards learned, being absent on a visit). I sat on the door-step, and there felt my utter helplessness. I could do nothing but wait till daylight.

Mortified, vexed, grieved, reproaching self, desolate, absorbed in the one idea, I was lost. If hope had not been alive in my bosom, I should have sunk in despair. But now joy and thankfulness filled my heart, as I realized by faith, that I was not lost spiritually, eternally. He who seeks and saves those who are lost, and commit themselves to his guidance, was peculiarly lovely to my soul. And I thanked God, that millions once lost, have been found, and gathered home by him.

But then, again, I thought of the unspeakable misery of a soul lost eternally, when first it realizes its dreadful state. Lost, to home, to friends, to self. Lost through carelessness, neglect of good advice, self-confidence, by taking a wrong step, following a wrong path, lost forever.

THE SAINTED DEAD.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun!
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—yes!
I heard the bell toll'd on the burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!

COWPER.

THE Sainted Dead! they are our treasures! Like the inheritance upon which they have entered, they are incorruptible, undefiled, and they fade not away, but are reserved in heaven.

Ho! ye that would be rich—ye that seek for treasures—seek them not on earth. Earth yields only that which is mortal and

perishable. That which dies seeks the earth, not that which lives. "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." This our fathers have repeated, and this they have experienced. They die quickly, the flowers of earth. It rusts soon, the gold of earth. They fade surely, the gems of earth. They must perish, the foundations of earth—if not before, in the flames of the last fire. Ho! ye that seek for treasures: they are our treasures—living treasures—the Sainted Dead.

Let us look upward. That is the destiny of spirits. It is the earth which whirls and moves; the heavens stand permanent and sure. While the earth grows hoary with age, while empires fall and nations die, while the habitations of the dead are becoming more than the habitations of the living, while all things around us change and fade, the heavens still look down serene as of old upon this changing and restless earth. The stars which wink to us a loving "upward"—how changeless! They are the same which Abraham and Job saw, and which, ages ago,

> "Gladdened, on their mountain tops, the hearts
> Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they poured
> Themselves in orisons."

So calm, changeless, cheering, and loving, are the saints in light. Not like the false, fading glare of earthly treasures, is their pure and imperishable radiance; for they "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever." They are our treasures—changeless and shining treasures—the Sainted Dead.

Let us look up hopefully. "Not lost, but gone before." Lost only like the stars of morning that have faded into the light of a brighter heaven. Lost to earth, but not to us. When the earth is dark, then the heavens are bright. When objects around us become indistinct and invisible in the shades of night, then objects above us are more clearly seen. So is the night of sorrow and mourning; it settles down upon us like a lonely twilight at the grave of our friends; but then already they shine on high. While we weep, they sing! While they are with us upon earth, they lie upon our hearts refreshingly, like the dew upon flowers; when they disappear, it is by a power from above that has drawn them upward, and, though lost on the earth, they still float in the skies. Like the dew that is absorbed

from the flowers, they will not return to us; but, like the flowers themselves, we will die, yet only to bloom again in the Eden above. Then those whom the heavens have absorbed, and removed from us, by the sweet attraction of their love, made holier and lovelier in light, will draw toward us again by a holy affinity, and rest on our hearts as before. They are our treasures—loving treasures—the Sainted Dead.

Let us look up joyfully. Love is eternal. When the light and smiles of earthly love seem to perish in the grave, then it is night on earth and gloomy. "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then the stars arise, and the night is holy!" All is yet not dark. Heaven kindles anew, across the sea of space, beacons of hope and promise. Though the flowers of love die in our hearts, they lose not their fragrance. The looks, the forms, the voices, the smiles of the dead are still with us. We feel their mysterious nearness. The remembrance of their kindness and love still teaches us to love them.

> Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled—
> You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will;
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

Their names are still to us "like ointment poured forth," the odor of which comes to us richest in our loneliest hours. Their image, lonely as the purest thoughts we can form of them, floats before our waking visions, and smiles upon us in the dreams of the night. Being themselves holy, the light of our love falling upon them becomes holy too. The heart gradually becomes like that which it loves. Purer than we are, our affections are purified by the power of their attractions, as the sides of all objects grow bright that are turned towards the sun. These are our treasures—holy treasures—the Sainted Dead.

Let us look up longingly. Where our treasures are, there let our hearts be also. The heart of the miser is with his gold. The eye of the merchant follows his freighted vessel till it disappears in the dim, distant blue; then looks often into the vacant air that hangs

over the broad sea, for its return, till he sees at last its hopeful pennants streaming; and as it draws nearer, his heart grows fuller of grateful wonderment and hope. Now this they do for perishable gain. Let us do the same, yea more, for that which perishes not. If earthly treasures draw the heart so strongly, ought not heavenly treasures more? Yea, but our hearts are so gross and groveling, and feel so little the sweet attraction of the infinite and the pure. Let us long after them more ardently, our treasures—attractive treasures—the Sainted Dead.

Let us look up lovingly. Love is stronger than all ills, and will crowd itself even through death. Love seeks and finds its object—dies, and yet dies not, in the pursuit. Under its guidance, we shall find the objects of our affections; for it knows the homeward way. Come, ye living! let us sit together under the moaning but evergreen cypress, and commune with the departed. Let us drive from our hearts Cæsar's money-changers, and escape for a moment from the world's benumbing rattle. Let us draw softly down into the quiet border-land along the valley of the shadow of death. We will listen intently. The softest notes that float to our ears across the almost breathless solitude, shall tell us hopeful tales of a better land, and of those who dwell in it. We will cry earnestly into the hollow silence which so holds the lip of death's Lethean Jordan, as to allow it scarce a whisper of sorrow or joy. The earnestness of our voice will bring back tidings to the ear of faith. We will seek them, our treasures—eternal treasures—the Sainted Dead.

Will we see them again?—know them again?—love them again?—the Sainted Dead. This would we know? We will institute, humbly but earnestly, our questionings.

As "the deepest lore is the most universal," we will pass along the cool sequestered vale of common life, and listen to the deep longings and hopes of those who live and love

"In the low huts of them that toil and groan."

We will ask the mysterious prophetic sighings that come to us out of the Pagan gloom. We will seek for dawnings of hope in the Jewish twilight. We will look for clearer light in the Gospel dawn—He who brought immortality to light will teach us. We will draw nigh to the Apostles when they speak words of comfort to bereaved

hearts—some fragments that prove the existence of a loaf shall be ours. The early Christians, whose hearts were still warm from the words of inspired lips, shall make us wise by holy tradition. The wise of after ages, whose minds were clearest because their hearts were purest, shall utter to us right things on this interesting subject. We will sit at the feet of the poets, who are "the interpreters of the human heart—the expounders of its mysteries," and who have an utterance given them that is denied to others; they will not send us empty away.

In all these researches, we cannot fail to gather some rays of sacred wisdom, to shine away the sorrow of bereaved hearts, and much of the gloom of death. Voices, though feeble, and unheard by the dull ear of worldlings, yet comforting as sweet songs of promise, shall answer to our questionings. They will whisper soothingly to us: You shall find them—know them—love them—your fadeless treasures—the Sainted Dead.

CHILDREN AND CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

CHILDREN'S parties! What think you of them? In this age of progress, there is nothing more remarkable than the early maturity of our children. They are, at ten or twelve years of age, what the last generation were at twenty-five: as knowing, as profound, as easy in their manners, as assured of their perfect insight into all matters under discussion, as though age had set his signet on their brows; wiser than their teachers, "swift to speak, slow to hear." Now, the little unfortunates of this class are not so much to be blamed for the precocious development of their powers, as are we, their short-sighted parents; and we only now begin to feel our error, when we find ourselves rather rudely elbowed off the stage by these young prodigies of ours, who will scarcely permit us to finish a sentence, or relate an anecdote in their presence, without some correction or explanation of their own appended thereto. Truly this *is* an age of progress; but, however much we may exult in the march of mind in these latter days, there are few parents who do not feel that it would have been better, had their children not marched at

quite so rapid a rate towards premature man and womanhood. It is seriously a species of cruelty practised upon our children, when we deprive them of a natural relish for the amusements and innocent sports which the uninitiated child always delights in, by creating an early and unnatural craving after those pleasures and excitements, which, years ago, were only for those of mature years.

Look at the over-dressed children we see constantly—see them at church, and everywhere, scanning the dress of their companions—annoying one, despising another, coveting this, or ridiculing that article of dress, aping the manners of the mothers in receiving visits from their little friends, which are now as formal an affair, and as much a matter of fashion, as are the fashionable morning calls of the elder members of the family. Hear them talking about *beaux* and *sweet-hearts*, of how *they will live when they get married;* see the simpering little beau of ten gallanting home the little coquette of eight, each so full of self-conceit and admiration of their own dear self, as to have but little to spare for any one else; see their airs and graces, their attempts at imitating the small talk of the larger fry, and confess that the sight is both ridiculous and distressing: ridiculous, as everything in nature must be which is wholly out of place and disproportioned; and, worse than ridiculous, distressing, because the sweet simplicity and artlessness of childhood, which renders a true child so interesting, are gone (like the bloom of the peach rudely nipped off) never to return.

The ingenuous frankness, the freedom from affectation, the freshness of mind so characteristic of childhood, are all gone; and in lieu of them, what is substituted, but the excitements, the jealousies, and ambitious efforts after supreme admiration, which should never enter the imagination of a child!

But these children's parties, which I was thinking of when I began, are more objectionable on these grounds, than many other errors. These parties are, to the moral perverting of a childish nature, what the French boarding school is to the ordinary seminary; they give the finishing touches to the mind and manners, and complete the work of mischief. And yet Christian parents have yielded to the importunities (not to say orders) of their little men and women at home, and have both permitted their children to attend them, and given others in return. Here all the objections attached to large parties come in full play, with double force; the waste of money

and precious time in getting up the feast, the excitement attending the dressing, &c., the evil passions of ambition, jealousy, envy, coveting, evil speaking, &c., which such an affair is always sure to engender in the hearts of older persons, all these form an aggregate of evil influences, from which it is the solemn duty of the Christian parent to guard his child. Many a sorely tired teacher has wished from the bottom of his heart that such things as children's parties were never heard of—for how can he chain down the mind of a child to the dry realities of study, when the imagination is all on fire with the anticipated delights *of the party!*

Then, too, the party is *nothing without dancing;* and although church censures would be passed upon the family professing religion who would give a dance to *grown daughters*, yet the like rule does not apply to the *young ones.* So the whole family enjoy a dance, and it is nothing objectionable. Now, where is the nice distinction drawn, which makes it right in one case and wholly inadmissible in the other? Do you say it is *only children* to whom the indulgence is granted? What then? They become passionately fond of the amusement you now set before them, and when they arrive at years of maturity, you deny them the gratification of those appetites you have fostered. Are you not cruel, as well as unreasonable in so doing? and are you not taking these young immortals through a regimen, which will prematurely wear out their sensibilities, render them callous to good impressions, and hardened against all religious emotions, even while yet in age, they are nothing more than youth. Let the word of God, and the voice of conscience speak, and I am well assured your children will never have cause to reproach you for having trained them in such a manner, as to unfit them for usefulness and happiness here, and life everlasting hereafter.

S. B. S.

"What shall preserve thee, lovely child?
Keep thee as thou art now?
Bring thee a spirit undefil'd,
At God's pure throne to bow?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim;
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up—to Him?"

THE HARVEST MOON.

"Oh, mother, please throw open the shutters of the other window, for the moon shines in there so beautifully toward morning! Edward and I are awake then, and Edward says he loves to have the moon shine on his face. Oh! I think the winter is a great deal pleasanter than the summer, because we have such a bright moon. And then is it not a great saving to the city? for they will not have to light the streets as much, as when there is no moon."

It was difficult for Franky's mother to ascertain what idea he had respecting a "summer and winter moon;" and more difficult still, to make him understand that we had an equal distribution of moonlight in both seasons. He could not realize that he had usually been in his bed, and asleep in summer, before the light of the sun was fairly gone; and how, during its short nights, after the fatigue and languor of its long days, he had generally slept until the sun made it day again. Hence the little fellow had never had many opportunities to witness a summer-night, made enchanting by the glorious moon looking through the tall leaf-laden trees upon the dewy grass and flowers, and dusty street, and cheerless pavements, yes, and into his window too, making all appear like a landscape of beauty.

What made him call it a winter moon was, because he was feeling the chilly autumn air, which, in contrast with summer, seemed to him like winter. And he had for several nights found his room made uncommonly cheerful, after the good-night had been said to his mother and the candle, by the full round moon, which seemed nearly in the same place each night. That had been the object of his admiration and thoughts, and he had now told his mother the sum of them. She told him that this was the "harvest moon:" that the full moons of September and October, in northern latitudes, were the most beautiful in the year; as they rose several nights in succession, with but few minutes variation in time from one evening to another, and were familiarly called the "harvest and the hunter's moon." He could not have understood it, if she had attempted to explain to him how it was caused, by the position which the moon came to occupy toward the earth at that particular season of the

year. He could not have understood about the angles of the horizon and the moon's orbit, nor of the ecliptic and the signs of the zodiac.

But the fact he could believe and admire. He could feel that it was wonderful, and that God, who made the moon and stars and sun, and held them in their places in the great blue depth, was a wonderful being, and ought to be loved for blessing us with their light, and feared and obeyed because of his wisdom and terrible majesty.

MRS. M. G. CLARKE.

THY FATHER.

"Grieve not thy father as long as he liveth."

THY Father! Why with locks of snow
Are thus his sacred temples clad?
Why droops he over his staff so low,
With trembling limbs and visage sad?
Care hath his brow with wrinkles scarred,
His clustering ringlets shred away,
And time with tyrant sceptre marred
The glory of his manhood's sway.

How oft that palsied hand hath led
Thine infant footsteps weak with fear;
How gently bowed that reverend head
Thy childhood's broken tale to hear;
And when those wayward feet have stray'd
'Mid youthful follies, rashly free,
Those lips invoked at midnight's shade
The pardon of thy God for thee.

If from his speech should dotage flow,
Or eye, or ear, be dull and dead,
Thou to his second childhood show
The love that smoothed thy cradle bed.
Grieve not thy sire! for if his love
Unblest, or unrequited be,
He whom thou call'st thy Sire above
Will bend a judge's frown on thee.

Old Paper.

THE CHARACTER OF DR. A. JUDSON.

ITS MOTIVE-FORCES.

BY FRANCIS WAYLAND, D. D.

HIGHLY as I estimate the intellectual elements of the character of Dr. Judson, I think that its motive forces—if I may use the expression—were yet more remarkable. Of these, the most conspicuous in the early part of his life was the intense love of superiority. He was ever striving to do what others had not done, or could not do. Everywhere it was his aim, though always by honorable means, to be first. This disposition, instead of being checked, was cultivated by his father. Hence the excessive exultation which both of them felt when he received the first appointment in his class. This element of character, though modified and purified by religion, remained with him to the last. Hence his preference to preach Christ where he had never been named. Hence his desire to give to a nation that had never known of an eternal God, their first version of his revealed will. Hence, too, his extreme care in the translation, and his ceaseless labor in revision. No pains seemed to him too great, if they only tended to realize his idea of perfection.

But this inherent love of excellence reposed on the basis of indomitable perseverance. When once he had deliberately resolved upon a course of action, it was a part of his nature to pursue it to the death. His spirit clung to it with a grasp that nothing seemed to relax. Difficulties did not discourage him. Obstacles did not embarrass him. Hence, when he observed that the friends of missions began to be disheartened because no converts had been made, after his residence of several years in Rangoon, the idea of failure never once occurred to him. Instead of sympathizing in the despondency of those who were merely giving of their abundance, without making a single personal sacrifice for the mission, he replied

by sending back words of lofty cheer, which struck upon the ear of the churches at home like the sound of a trumpet; adding the memorable request to be permitted to labor on in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and then, perhaps, said he, "at the end of some twenty years you may hear of us again."

But it sometimes happens that great talents, even when united with a considerable measure of perseverance, fail from the want of power in other elements of character. Such men have large ideals, and they strive to realize them; but they break down before the course is completed, and arrive at the goal only to confess that they have been distanced. They are unable to concentrate their efforts on a prolonged and agonizing struggle. They never come to the full and unreserved resolution to do or die. Their will fails at the critical point, and they fall back disheartened and beaten in the warfare of life. In this respect, Dr. Judson was peculiarly favored. He was endowed with a will of the very highest order. It was capable of controlling his physical nature, so that his body would do or suffer whatever it was commanded. It subjected the material to the spiritual in a degree very rarely attained. Its power over his spiritual faculties was equally worthy of observation. It held them steadily to their work, without cessation, under every mode of discouragement, and most of all at the very moment when inferior natures would most readily yield to the pressure of difficulty. Nor was this all: it was capable of moulding the faculties themselves into any form which the exigency of the case demanded. He could have made himself a mathematician, a philologist, a diplomatist, a statesman, an impassioned orator, and perhaps a poet, by the strenuous exertion of his will. This is, I think, one of the rarest of human endowments, and it is bestowed only upon men who are eminently gifted. It has seemed to me that the highest range of human talent is distinguished, not by the power of doing well any one particular thing, but by the power of doing well anything which we resolutely determine to do.

To this we may add, that, in common with other men of a similar character, he was capable of relying with great confidence upon the decisions of his own judgment. Satisfied that he was acting from motives with which selfishness did not intermingle, and conscious that with pure intentions he had sought for truth wherever it was within his reach, he came to his conclusions with remarkable dis-

tinctness, and he was always ready to carry them into practice at the cost of any personal sacrifice. From this element of his character it resulted that he rarely asked advice, and that he as rarely proffered it. Acting from the dictates of his own judgment, and taking it for granted that other men did, or ought to do the same, he was not forward in obtruding his opinions upon others, though perfectly willing to give to others the benefit of his counsel whenever it was desired. On this account, perhaps, it was frequently said, that he was peculiarly secretive, never revealing his plans or his counsels to his brethren. In how far this was the case I know not; but I can readily conceive that a man who was so prone to act on the decisions of his own judgment would not be forward in soliciting the opinions of others.

Such seem to me to have been some of the prominent elements of Dr. Judson's natural character. When he yielded himself, with his whole heart, as a servant of God, he became a new creature in Christ. He renounced the dominion of selfishness, and became the disciple of Him who went about doing good. The change in his character was marked; and, with Saul, his language at once became, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The answer to this question was received in the grove at Andover, where, as though an audible voice addressed him, the command reached his inmost soul, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." He "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision," but at once consecrated himself, with all his powers, to the missionary service.

His piety was in some respects peculiar. The change that was wrought in him was so great, that through life he never doubted either of its reality or of his title to a heavenly inheritance. This at all times cheered and animated him in the hours of most depressing loneliness. Never after his conversion did he look upon God as any other than a reconciled Father in Christ. Everything that happened to him was sent in parental love, and he was content. Thus, emphatically, "the joy of the Lord was his strength."

While this, however, was true of the relation which his religion bore to the outward circumstances of his life, it was by no means true that his inner life was destitute of wars and fightings. He seems from the beginning to have labored, with a rare earnestness, to subdue everything within him to the obedience of Christ. It was not enough that he abstained from outward transgression, and

felt assurance of his adoption into the family of Christ. He labored incessantly to achieve more and more signal victories over sin and selfishness, so that neither love of ease, nor ambition, nor social affection, nor dread of pain, or persecution, or death, could, in any manner, interfere with his love to God, and his cheerful obedience to the divine will. He seemed to have ever in his mind's eye the saying of Christ, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple;" "And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." His inner life seems to have witnessed a struggle, in simple earnest, to realize in his moral affections an habitual obedience to this precept. And he carried on this warfare in a remarkably practical manner. If he found that any desire or appetite was usurping an undue place in his affections, he proceeded at once to effect its entire subjugation. If the love of ease and comfort was creeping over him, he would spend weeks in a cabin in the jungle. If friends were becoming so dear as to becloud his consciousness of the love of Christ, he would live for weeks alone. If the dissolution of the body distressed him, he would sit for hours by the side of a grave, in order to overcome it. Nor were his labors unsuccessful. His dearest affections seem to have been subordinated in an uncommon degree to his views of religious duty. When his first wife, whom he loved so intensely, was obliged to return home for a season, he parted with her at Rangoon, leaving her to pursue her voyage alone, because he did not dare to leave the work which God had assigned to him, so long as he was able to perform it. When the second Mrs. Judson was obliged to flee to a northern climate, he would not have accompanied her, much as he longed to see his native land once more, had she been able to go without him. And when she had apparently so far recovered as to be able to proceed without him, they had both resolved to separate—he to return to Maulmain and resume his labor; she, with the children, to pursue the voyage to America. That must surely have been successful and vigorous training which enabled a soul to achieve such moral victories as these, and attain the habit of so athletic Christian virtue.

It may be supposed that the faith of such a man was in a high degree simple and confiding. In this respect I have rarely seen it equalled. It seemed to place him in direct communication with

God. It never appeared to him possible, for a moment, that God could fail to do precisely as he had said; and he therefore relied on the divine assurance with a confidence that excluded all wavering. He believed that Burmah was to be converted to Christ, just as much as he believed that Burmah existed. He believed that he had been sent there to preach the gospel, and he as much believed that the Holy Ghost would make his labors, in some way, or at some time, the means of the salvation of the nation, as he believed that there was a Holy Ghost. During his visit to Boston, the late venerable James Loring asked him, "Do you think the prospects bright for the speedy conversion of the heathen?" "As bright," was his prompt reply, "as the promises of God." And this same spirit of unshaken confidence in God was manifested in all the affairs of life. In prayer, he asked not as a duty, nor even as a pleasure, but he asked that he might receive. He acted on the assurance that his heavenly Father delighted to bestow upon him whatever was for his best good. It was a common thing for him to ask until he received in his own consciousness an assurance that his requests would be granted. Thus he prayed that he might be useful to the crew of the ship in which he sailed to the Isle of France, and to Maulmain; thus he prayed and labored for the conversion of the Jews, and his prayers were, in a remarkable manner, answered. Thus he ever prayed for the early conversion of his children; and it is worthy of remark that, since his death, three of them have, as we hope, become heirs of eternal life.

In treating of his religious character, it would be an omission not to refer to his habitual heavenly mindedness. In his letters, I know of no topic that is so frequently referred to as the nearness of the heavenly glory. If his loved ones died, his consolation was, that they should all so soon meet in paradise. If an untoward event occurred, it was of no great consequence, for soon we should be in heaven, where all such trials would either be forgotten, or where the recollection of them would render our bliss the more intense. Thither his social feelings pointed, and he was ever thinking of the meeting that awaited him with those who with him had fought the good fight, and were now wearing the crown of victory. So habitual were these trains of thought, that a person well acquainted with him remarks, that "meditation on death was his common solace in all the troubles of life." I do not know that the habitual temper of his

mind can in any words be so well expressed as in the following lines, which he wrote in pencil, on the inner cover of a book that he was using in the compilation of his dictionary:—

"In joy or sorrow, health or pain,
Our course be onward still;
We sow on Burmah's barren plain,
We reap on Zion's hill."

With these elements of character, intellectual and moral, cultivated by internal discipline and external affliction, it might well be anticipated that Dr. Judson's career as a missionary would be worthy of observation. It has been necessary for me, in the preparation of the preceding pages, to consider this subject with attention. The impression which it has made upon me is, I will confess, somewhat unlike that which many men would expect to find in the history of one of the most able and original of modern missionaries. I perceive in his missionary life, from beginning to end, no bold strokes of policy, no train of masterly combinations, nothing that would liken a man to the statesmen and soldiers, who have filled the world with their renown; but I behold something far greater—a man of decided ability, and probably capable of doing what soldiers and statesmen have done, planting the standard of the cross on an heathen shore, and esteeming his own wisdom foolishness, meekly laboring precisely as Christ and his apostles had given him an example. Though able to have struck out magnificent schemes of missionary labor, he never suggested one. Though he might have claimed the least laborious position, he always placed himself in the most laborious. Being the senior missionary of the Baptist churches, and by far the most conspicuous, he illustrated the conception he had formed by setting an example which all subsequent missionaries might most profitably follow. Old John Leland used to say, "There are many men little enough to be great—there are few men great enough to be little."

THE WATCH AND THE SOUL.

I ONCE saw a preacher trying to teach the children that the soul would live after they were all dead. They listened, but evidently did not understand it. He was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket he said,

"James, what is this I hold in my hand?"

"A watch sir."

"A little clock," says another.

"Do you see it?"

"Yes sir."

"How do you know it is a watch?"

"It ticks, sir."

"Very well—can any of you hear it tick? all listen now."

After a pause—

"Yes sir, we hear it."

He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand and the watch in the other.

"Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches."

"The little one in your right hand."

"Very well again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away down there in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch ticking!"

"Yes sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices.

"Well the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put in my hat. The watch goes just as well. So it is with you, children. Your body is nothing but the case—the body may be taken off and buried up in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see when the case is off."



A LITTLE child with a serious look,
Was wending her way to the school,
A card, with a text from the holy Book,
She bore in her hand as a rule.

They were burning words that she read by the way,
Which God on the mountain spoke,
O! heed them, child, or some terrible day,
He'll sweep thee away with His stroke.

S. S. G.

HOW HARRY BECAME A THIEF.

HARRY PENDLETON was as fine a little boy as ever shook a head of bright chestnut curls, or carried a pair of dark sparkling eyes. He had a noble, affectionate heart, and loved to chase the butterflies in summer, and in winter to drag his little sled about on the patches of ice around his mother's dwelling.

Harry was truly his mother's pet; being her only son, and her only child. It was a proud day for her when she first arrayed him in his new jacket and pantaloons, and took him out to walk, after she had crowned his head with a new velvet cap, with a large silken tassel hanging gracefully toward his left shoulder. Not many mothers ever received from the Master-hand so fine a specimen as this; and how her heart beat with satisfied pride, when she heard some ladies exclaim as they passed, "O, what a beautiful child!'

Mother, be cautious—let such words fall but lightly on thine ear. This is not the time for your heart to swell and be lifted up. That lovely form by your side is but an earthen vessel, though it contains a gem—a royal gem—an immortal gem, now in a plastic state. 'Tis left with thee, and thou canst give it shape, and as it hardens, grave upon it many a holy sentiment;—burnish it—and with His help make it fit for the Master's use. And will you do it? Did this mother do it? We shall see.

Harry's gentle winning ways twined themselves around his mother's heart-strings, like tendrils of the vine. He was so merry, so affectionate, and so coaxing, that she could hardly make up her mind to deny him anything he wanted; and if he now and then helped himself to a few pennies from her pocket-book to buy candies with, she could not say much, for she was so willing he should have them. And if he sometimes took an apple from the basket of Mr. Smith, the grocer on the corner, she did not think it was anything. Mr. Smith was so fond of Harry, she was quite sure he was willing he should have as many apples as he wanted, whether he asked for them or not. True she would sometimes say to him, "Harry, that is naughty, you must not get Mr. Smith's apples without leave· but Harry would say, "he don't care, he's got apples enough."

After Harry became larger, and took something of more value, his mother talked to him very seriously, and punished him quite severely, though she did not insist on his returning it; thinking it would not be missed, and it would only expose the child to disgrace. She herself, however, being a pretty honest woman, returned the article slyly to its place.

Mrs. Pendleton, however, was not a woman who thought much of little things. She didn't mind now and then borrowing a pair of gloves from the drawer of the lady who lived in the same house with her, without asking her consent to the loan. If she happened to be out of bread, or butter, she did not mind, in an extreme case, to help herself to her neighbor's store, though she always meant to return as much, or more, and quite as good.

Harry did not take anything for some time. At length his impressions wore away, and he began again to pilfer small articles, such as nuts and fruits. Sometimes he would venture to take a knife from his schoolfellow's desk, but generally he took nothing more than a pencil, and was always so sly and artful as to escape detection. He was also very lucky about finding things. If a peddler called at his mother's, he often found a ring or a little breast-pin under a chair after he was gone, and sometimes he would find a quarter or a shilling under some tree, by the way-side.

His mother sometimes feared that there was something not quite right about his good fortune, and would question him very closely about it; but he avowed that what he said was "certain true," and made everything appear so plausible, that his mother hoped for the best.

Years past on, and just as Henry Pendleton was verging upon manhood, he was sent to the city to be a merchant's clerk. At this time, in appearance, he was one of the finest fellows I ever met. In the city, as he became acquainted, he was caressed and flattered by all who knew him; and it scarcely need be added, that he drew to the store of Messrs. Edwards, Spratt & Co., many a fair customer. But, alas! for poor Pendleton! it proved a sorry day to him, though its morn was so bright and cloudless. Here his temptations to pilfer were very strong—here he could pilfer to considerable extent without detection; a sixpence at first, then a quarter, a half, a whole, and after a while, being much in want of spending money, he ventured on fives and tens. Having become quite popular with

the young men, he joined a club, who were in the habit of meeting after stores were shut, for the purpose of regaling themselves with oysters, wine, &c., intermingled with whist, cigars, and other exercises as usual on such occasions. Here was a demand for the fives and the tens, and here they were used to considerable extent. At the store they were finally missed; Pendleton, and one or two others were suspected, charged, and plead guilty. The matter was, however, hushed up, but poor Pendleton was sent away in disgrace. Some year or two afterward, I heard of him as hostler at a little village inn, where they sold rum. The course of sin is always downward, unless arested by Divine grace. Young Pendleton was finally led to commit a very disgraceful act, and to escape arrest took passage in a ship for California. Arrived in Sacramento city, he joined that terrible horde of gamblers, by which he was robbed of all his ill-gotten wealth. Nothing was now left for him but to wander forth without a home, without friends, and without money.

One morning, in a broken shed, on a pallet of straw, a human form was discovered. It was prostrate, stiff, and cold. The vital spark had fled, and the spirit was before its God. Thus ended the life of Henry Pendleton. And thus perished a mother's pride, and a mother's hopes; which, but for her own careless hand, might have been the stay of her declining years, and a gem in the diadem of Heaven.

S. S. G.

He that spareth his rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes.

My son, if thine heart be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine.

The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.

Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest: yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul.—*Bible.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

BEREAVEMENT—AND THE GOOD RESOLUTION.

It was the autumn after my brother's return, in good health and spirits, from his second voyage, that my dear mother's health began to fail. At first, we had no serious apprehensions concerning her disease. She appeared weak and languid; but the physician who attended her said, that there was nothing alarming in her case. This opinion was given the very day that Robert bade us farewell to go on his third voyage, so that he was relieved from that distressing anxiety which he must otherwise have felt on leaving home.

My father journeyed with her for some weeks, and on her return she seemed stronger, and more able to exert herself without fatigue. I had, during her absence, acted for the first time as sole housekeeper, but she soon claimed a share in my cares and labors. The latter were not very arduous, for Hepsy, now past eighteen, was a strong, capable, and, what is more, a willing girl. My father, always thoughtful and judicious, suggested soon after my mother's return that I should take the entire charge of house-keeping. He said that such an arrangement would be beneficial to me, that it would help to teach me habits of punctuality and order, and give me that practical knowledge of domestic duties which every woman should possess. Besides, he was sure that it would be a great relief to my mother, and at his solicitation she consented to make the experiment. So the next morning saw me reinstalled as housekeeper; not, however, without some misgivings, now that my father was at home to observe my superintendence. He was very neat and orderly himself, and somewhat apt to notice any deficiency of these habits in others. He always wanted everything well done; often saying, that anything "that was worth doing at all, was worth doing well;" and although he was very far from being an epicure, yet he had a great dislike to smoked, burned, or half-cooked dishes. And my dear mother's provident care, and admirable management, had hitherto almost entirely preserved him from these petty annoyances of life. And she used to say, that she had been much assisted in

her efforts, for this purpose, by the "help" which, when her children were small, she was fortunate enough to obtain. And indeed Judith, who lived in our family eleven years, was a pattern of order and neatness. She was one of the best appliers of the good old maxims, "A place for everything, and everything in its place," "A time for everything, and everything in its time," that I ever met with. When she left us to be married, we all sincerely sorrowed for her loss, for she was as kind and obliging as she was neat and orderly.

On the whole, I entered upon my new duties with considerable cheerfulness and alacrity, for I knew that my mother's safe counsel would be at hand on every emergency. Besides, she had faithfully instructed me in this department of female labor; and although I had not acquired the knowledge which can only be derived from constant practice, yet I possessed enough to feel some confidence in my own ability to succeed. There were several failures during the two or three first weeks. A few dishes were over or under-done, and once or twice some missing articles of my father's wardrobe were found in Henry's drawers. He made, however, every necessary allowance for his young housekeeper, and my mother's approving words encouraged me in my efforts to persevere. Alas! I little knew how soon those approving words were to be lost to me forever!

Her health had continued better for several months, when her former illness returned, and she seemed much weaker than before. Still, however, we did not apprehend any danger. We flattered ourselves that there was no fixed disease, and that she would gain strength again, as she had done before. She was as cheerful as usual—as calm and as watchful for the comfort and happiness of every member in the family. She conversed with me much upon religious subjects, and was evidently extremely anxious that I should then consecrate myself to the service of God. She had always been deeply solicitous for the spiritual welfare of her children, but now she seemed even more earnest than usual in urging the claims of personal piety.

A letter came from my brother Robert—a letter which filled my mother's heart with joy and thankfulness, and which moved my father, even to tears. It contained tidings of the writer's hopeful conversion to God. It was written with a touching pathos, and with a depth and earnestness of feeling which we hardly knew before

that our wanderer possessed. I have it before me now, and have stopped my pen to read it. It is evidently written with a heart full of true humility and deep devotion. Every line plainly shows, that the writer had trusted himself and his interests to the Saviour; that without his mediation he was fully satisfied he could hope neither for pardon nor peace; and that he was resolved, through his abundant grace, henceforth to serve him faithfully. I cannot forbear copying a short paragraph, in which he speaks of our mother's counsels and prayers.

"Yes, my dear mother, your religious teachings, your prayers with and for your stubborn son, were the instruments in the hand of God of leading me to himself. O, why did I not regard your affectionate warnings in the days of my childhood! O, why did I not then gladden your heart, by consecrating to my best Friend the life which he had given me. I cannot but mourn bitterly over the perverseness and hardness of heart which kept me so long estranged from my Creator and Preserver. O, how much I would give to see you now, to thank you and my dear father, again and again, for your affectionate, faithful counsels. It seems as if I can never be grateful enough for your watchful care, your Christian instructions, and prayers. It is a great blessing to have pious parents, and I try to thank God for it every day of my life."

This is but a brief extract from the letter, which gave rise to so much joy and gratitude in the hearts of both my parents. My mother said, that one such letter in a lifetime was enough to repay, manifold, the most self-denying and faithful disciple of Jesus for all his imperfect services. And I well remember my father's grateful prayer on the evening of the day on which the welcome tidings were received; and his voice faltered as he gave thanks for a boon so rich—a blessing of which, as he expressed it, he was so unworthy. Then it grew stronger, and his words flowed eloquently, as though he would pour out his full heart in gratitude to God. And he closed with one earnest and fervent petition, that his other children might be made partakers of that hope, "which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast." Alas! for the hardness of the human heart, that appeals so powerful could be resisted.

My dear mother seemed to revive after receiving such blessed tidings from her son; but it was only for a short period. She soon faltered again, and more decided symptoms of disease made their

appearance. Her difficulty of breathing, the burning spot upon her cheek, and the hollow sounding cough, all told a fearful tale. My father's anxiety became intense. The physician gravely shook his head, and pronounced the present symptoms alarming. O, these dreary words! how heavily they fell upon my heart! My father groaned when they reached his ears; and then leaning his head upon his hands, sat for a long time without either speaking or moving. When he rose to return to my mother's room, I was struck by his extreme paleness. He laid his hand upon my head, and said: "I shall not tell her to-night. To-morrow"—and then, as if unable to speak another word, he left the room. As yet, all the family, excepting my father and myself, were ignorant of the physician's opinion. My father had followed him down stairs for the purpose of learning it; and I, thinking that this was his purpose, had immediately joined him. I could not bring myself to tell Henry and Elsy then. It seemed as if repeating it would only make it the more sure. It was evening, too, and the morning I thought would be quite soon enough for such sorrowful tidings to reach their ears.

I passed a sleepless night. I could not endure the thought of losing my mother. Life appeared utterly valueless without her. I seemed, for the first time, to awaken to a true sense of her worth. A thousand instances of her patient kindness, her untiring care, her unwearied affection, and her generous self-denial for the good of her children, all passed in review before me. And how little had I thought of them—how poorly requited them! I longed to have her live, that I might manifest more of my love and gratitude than I had ever yet done.

The morning came—bright and beautiful—and with it hope came also. It is a rare thing for the young entirely to despond. Their natural buoyancy of spirits, and the little which they have usually experienced of life's disappointments and sorrows, lead them to look more upon the "brighter side of the picture," than those whose experience has better taught them the uncertainty of all below. Hope is their natural, and almost inseparable companion, and they cling to it all the more closely when threatened by the first grievous affliction. Our beloved invalid looked better in the morning. She welcomed my first appearance in her room with a bright and happy smile. Her words were cheerful, too, and I could not help thinking that we

had been needlessly alarmed. She seemed unusually well throughout the day. I told Henry and Elsy what the physician had said the evening before. But my own hopefulness led me to express much doubt of the correctness of his opinion, and, consequently, they received the information with much less sorrow than they would otherwise have done. Indeed, they were more incredulous than myself. Elsy, especially, appeared to consider it hardly possible that our dear mother was in danger of dying from her present illness. "Why," said she, "what can make the doctor think so? I am sure she isn't very sick. She sits up almost all day, and she walks about in the garden, and all round the neighborhood."

My father said nothing to favor our hopes. He was unusually silent, seldom speaking except to my mother. After dinner I found an opportunity of asking him, if he intended telling her what the physician had said. I was surprised to hear that he had already done so. She had suspected something from his manner the evening before, and made inquiries, which he could not well evade. She received the information with great calmness and resignation—said she had long thought that her symptoms were consumptive, and that she should live but a short time. She said, that if it pleased God, she should like to live to see all her children walking in newness of life. Then she could depart in peace and joy. O! how my hopes sunk, when I found that my mother's opinion was in harmony with that of the physician. And my father, too, evidently feared the worst.

Three months after this time, my dear mother's remains were committed to the silent tomb. I had hoped and feared alternately, until death, with his stern visage, came to decide the matter. She was as gentle, as uncomplaining, and as cheerful in sickness as in health. Never was there a more patient sufferer; never one, I think, more disposed to acquiesce in the righteousness and wisdom of her Heavenly Father's ways. Her greatest concern seemed to be, lest any of her children should neglect to seek the salvation of their souls. Even in the last hour of her life, she tenderly and earnestly entreated us to delay no longer striving to enter in at the straight gate. Her death was peaceful and happy. She had lived the life of a Christian, and she did not fear, but rather rejoiced to die.

But her gain was our exceeding loss. O, those first weeks and months of bereavement! how slowly and drearily they passed away. Our home

had lost its sunshine, and our hearts the beloved one on whom they could so sweetly repose. Her dear and lamented image haunted all our familiar scenes. Every hour in the day we missed the gentle ministry of her constant and devoted love. It appeared to me that I had no joy on earth, now that my dear mother had gone from me. How wearisome were all my former pursuits! I seemed to act mechanically when pursuing any household occupation, or when engaged in any other necessary employment. I sadly missed the ready and affectionate sympathy, which had so cheered and encouraged my labors, and without it life seemed a burden. I scarcely made any atttempt to console my father, although I knew from his sad countenance, and dejected manner, that grief was busy at his heart.

I was roused from this state of apathy by reading some passages in my lamented mother's journal. They were expressive of her earnest desire, that her children might be brought to the knowledge of God. They seemed to speak to me, as with a voice from the grave. I recalled all her early religious instructions, and I resolved that I would at least try to obtain that peace which she had been so anxious that we should all possess, and I began to pray for the influence of the Holy Spirit; and after a hard struggle, I trust I was enabled, through Divine aid, to consecrate myself to the service of my Maker. But I have never ceased to regret living so long in sin. If I had but given my heart to God in the days of my childhood, how much of remorse and sorrow might I have escaped.

We all sorrowed much in the anticipation of what Robert's sorrow would be, when he should return to his bereaved home. "Poor Robert," Elsy would say, "how sad he will feel, when he knows that he can never see our dear mother again;" and the starting tear in Henry's eye, would evince his sympathy in his brother's anticipated grief.

The vessel arrived, but it conveyed to us no beloved son or brother. On his return voyage, Robert had sickened with fever, had died, and found a grave on a solitary island. He had breathed his last in the triumphs of faith, and had, by several weeks, preceeded our dear mother on the returnless journey.

We were now indeed a broken family; but we seemed to cleave together all the more closely, because of the affliction which had cast its deep shade over our beloved home. For several months after the

decease of our lamented ones, I could not divest myself of a gloomy presentiment of coming ill to some one of the survivors. Often when my father left the house for his daily business, the fear would arise that he might never return. And if Henry and Elsy looked a little paler than usual, or were attacked by a slight cold, I was tortured by anxiety lest they too should die. In such cases, I seemed to have lost all power of *reasoning*—I could only *feel*. In time, however, I was enabled to cast all my care upon the Lord, with a firm conviction, that all his appointments were in infinite wisdom and mercy. He never afflicts willingly, nor grieves the children of men.

Years had passed away since the death of our beloved mother and brother; Henry and myself were married and settled in life, but Elsy still continued with my father at the quiet homestead. I wrote, entreating a visit from them both; a longer visit than I had yet been able to induce them to make us. I pleaded strongly for it, and to my great joy a letter from them soon reached me, signifying their intention to be with me in the course of a few days.

This visit was indeed a welcome treat both to my husband and myself. And it was long remembered by us as an occasion of grateful joy, for during its continuance my sister Elsy, as I have every reason to believe, gave her heart to God. I was one morning busily employed in my own room, when Elsy entered with a small Bible in her hand. This Bible had been my mother's, and many passages in it had been marked by her pencil. I noticed that my sister's step was slower than usual, and that her countenance wore a thoughtful and solemn expression. She drew a chair beside me, and seating herself, said, "I have formed a new resolution this morning, and I have come to you for sympathy and help to keep it. Then opening the Bible, at a place where her finger had rested, she showed me the passage: "Seek the Lord, while he may be found," and over against it I saw pencilled, "yes, I will seek him, nothing shall hinder me."

"I have written these words," she said; "I felt as if I could no longer delay recording such a resolution. My dear mother's pious counsels, her strong and earnest entreaties that I should yield my heart to the Saviour, and lead a religious life, have been of late the chief subject of my thoughts. On the last New Year's day that I passed with her, she said at the close of an affectionate warning: 'Resolve,

my dear child, to seek the Lord. Let nothing hinder you; there is nothing in this transient and sinful world, worthy to hinder such a work. These words have haunted me day after day."

"Sometimes they seemed to come from her still and lonely grave, and then again they seemed a warning from the bright world, where I know her blessed spirit lives. This morning, I resolved by the help of God to follow her counsel, to make it my daily business to seek the Lord, and I want you to teach me, my dear sister, how best to keep this resolution."

O, what cheering words were these to my heart! I could hardly command my voice to speak in reply. I had been so anxious for the spiritual welfare of this beloved sister, and now as I trusted, she would really seek and find the favor of God. My thoughts went up in mingled thankfulness and petition to that Divine Spirit, whose work is so gracious, and so effectual.

When emotion permitted my speaking, I entreated Elsy to let nothing tempt her to break the resolution which she had formed, and assured her of my willing help, so far as I could help, in her efforts to enter into the kingdom of Heaven. Through the grace of God her resolution was kept, and it was not long before she experienced that peace which passeth understanding. My dear father seemed overcome with gratitude and joy at the conversion of his youngest born. He said he could say with one of old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for my eyes have seen thy salvation."

The succeeding summer Elsy made an open profession of her faith in Christ, and united herself with the church in her native town. This event took place about a year after our brother Henry had joined a church in a town several miles distant from his early home.

Thus God has followed our family with grace and mercy, and brought us all, as I trust, to a knowledge of himself. My dear father lived to a good old age, the powers of his mind to all appearance unimpaired, and his heart clinging more and more closely to the God of his youth, as he drew nearer his eternal home.

On Elsy's marriage, she removed from her native town to a new settlement in one of our western States, and for many years the house where our earliest days were so happily passed was inhabited

by strangers. Then I came in my loneliness to tenant it once again.

It is a melancholy task for one in the decline of life to review the events of early days. Few have passed from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, without experiencing the pressure of some heavy affliction, the remembrance of which never fails to cast a dark shadow over their earthly path. And fewer still can look back even upon the spring-time of life, without some feelings of remorseful regret. Omissions of duty, wrong thoughts, and words and deeds, are sadly and gloomily recalled. The slightest act of disobedience, or ingratitude toward parents, whose beloved forms have long since been removed from our sight; cold or unkind words addressed to brothers and sisters, who have gone to their last long home, are remembered with a distinctness and sorrow, which seems rather to increase than diminish as the survivor draws near the threshhold of the grave. O, those impatient words, and those deeds of unkindness toward the lamented dead! How much does their recollection mar the soul's peace and happiness. And there are few who can look back upon the days of their childhood with the pleasant, grateful thought, that then they began to love and serve their Creator. The early lives of many have been passed in the forgetfulness and neglect of Him, who gave them life and every other blessing. And the memory of this alienation of heart from their best Friend, even when they trust it has been forgiven, awakens many a sorrowful emotion.

It has not been my design to describe the scenes and events of my mature life. I have noted some of the events of my early days; not because they were more remarkable than ordinary, but because they may possibly convey some useful lesson to the reader. A Christian mother's influence has been, under God, the guiding star of my life. And, although the seed which she scattered with a careful hand did not, in the early years of sowing, spring up to bear much fruit, yet the harvest came at last; a harvest of no scant and temporary character, but one exceedingly abundant, and I trust lasting as eternity

THE COVENANT. Gen. ix. 9.

The Sacrifice is offer'd,
The precious blood is shed;
Jesus, the sacred Victim,
Is risen from the dead.
Upon the throne in glory,
Behold, the Father smiles;
And, through the great atonement,
The lost world reconciles!

His Covenant established
In Christ's redeeming blood;
Now all who seek and trust Him
May be the sons of God.
The Spirit's lovely graces
And joys to them are given;
With glorious dwelling places
Of happiness in Heaven.

Come, then, receive the blessing,
Ye souls for whom He died;
His heart is full of mercy—
Your wants shall be supplied.
Come, parents, with your children,
Before Him humbly fall;
His covenant is gracious,
And ample for you all.

J. N. B.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

BY "COUSIN ROBERT."

"As the present generation of women are, so will the next generation of men be," is an aphorism that should claim the serious attention of every lover of their species.

Woman in all the relations of life exerts an influence of great magnitude upon men in forming their characters and minds. As a companion or associate she moulds their characters to an assimilation with her own. If she is intelligent and virtuous, if she is pious and refined, she will have an elevating, moral, and refining influence upon all with whom she associates. All that is noble in the character of man is attributable to the influence of woman. Man forms his character from female influence.

As a sister she has, in kind, an influence over a brother that no other person has. How often is it, that in his waywardness, he will listen to no advice, nor yield to any influence, while that of a kind and affectionate sister will reach and soften the callous heart, and her advice save an almost abandoned brother. A sister's influence is one of the dispensations of a merciful God, who knows the secrets of all minds, and can counteract by living means, the purposes of a depraved heart: often after the admonitions and exhortations of a kind father, and the tears and entreaties of a Christian mother have been unavailing in reclaiming a wicked son, has the influence of a pious sister stopped the prodigal—caused him to repent, and by the grace of God been the means of leading him to the Lamb of God whose blood cleanseth from all sin. Where the sister is easy and graceful in her manners, modest and unassuming in her demeanor, intelligent and truly pious, the brother will rarely ever be otherwise than virtuous and refined.

Woman,—as a wife presiding with dignity, and discharging with cheerfulness the responsible and often onerous duties of her station; elegantly neat in her dress and household arrangements; modest, but firm in her actions and principles; amiable in disposition, winning in her manners; intelligent and chaste in conversation; and by her piety and prudent management, making her home delightful; such a wife's influence is not confined to her own household and fireside,

but it adds a lustre to the female character, and goes out as an example to others, and becomes progressive in its effects for good. I am so deeply impressed with the vast importance of female influence in giving tone to the feelings, and sentiments, and characters of men for good or evil, that I feel, if we would have our men virtuous, noble, high-minded, and refined, women must be virtuous, intelligent, and refined. Place them in the position God intended they should occupy. Give them all the advantages of a moral and intellectual education, that they may thereby be fitted and qualified to fill that station in society, and away with the ephemeral and superficial education (which is too common,) that only makes them fine dolls and pretty playthings; which does not prepare them for any of the duties for which they were made; but in a great measure wholly unfits them for the sober and stern realities of life. By education, intellectual and moral, exalt and elevate woman in the scale of being, and such is her influence that she will exalt and elevate man.

Whilst the minister of God proclaims salvation to a dying world through the merits of a crucified Saviour, from the sacred desk, a pious woman by her example will teach the same glorious truths, showing thereby that there is a beauty and reality in the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The pious mother, with her little children around her becomes the preacher, and upon the tender tablets of their young hearts she impresses the simple but soul-saving truths of the Gospel which can never be eradicated.

What sight does this world afford more lovely than an accomplished daughter, with piety and graceful dignity filling her place in society. Ennobling and refining those with whom she associates by her modesty, easy, dignified, and elegant manners and conversation, amiable, cheerful, and pleasant, she gains the esteem of all who know her, and the admiration of all with whom she associates. Mothers, I am aware that you cannot give your daughters minds or intellect, but you can polish, or you can deface that which is given them. You can mould that mind for evil, or you can bias it for good. You can write upon their hearts the sentiments that you would desire them afterwards to be governed by, or you can by your actions or by a false tenderness, write sentiments of disobedience to parental authority, contention and vice. You may sow the seeds of virtue, and by carefully watching the little bud, by nurturing and cultivating it, you may see it become a tree bearing rich and precious

fruit, or you may permit these tender plants to take their own bent; and it will soon become a howling waste, overgrown by noxious and poisonous weeds; alas! how many mothers, in their desire to have their daughters fashionable, are sowing the seeds of vanity and dissimulation which have a tendency to destroy everything that is amiable and excellent in their characters, and are thereby unfitting them for the duties of wives and mothers, which they are expected to perform in after life. A superficial education and a "tinsel show" is the whole ambition of many mothers in the education of their daughters. How many seem to forget that their daughters have minds to improve, and immortal souls to save or lose, while all their thoughts, time, and means are spent in decorating their persons, and in giving grace to their forms; never seeming once to reflect that the graces of the mind are infinitely superior to those of the body.

Dress your daughters in the most fashionable style, and decorate their persons with the most costly jewels and ornaments, and among sensible men they willl not be esteemed as highly as when dressed in unaffected, elegant simplicity. A well improved mind and true piety, will give to your daughters lasting happiness, while fashionable dress, jewels, and ornaments, at best, perish with the using.

Mothers, do you reflect on the moral influence you possess over your daughters, and that you will be held accountable for the manner in which you use this gift? Bury not, I beseech you, your Lord's money; but put it out to usury, and you will obtain all the usury—and the principal—in obedient, amiable, and pious daughters. I am aware that yours is often a difficult duty, requiring constant care and unremitting watching, and that you need all the helps that can be given you. Take the Bible for your guide, and humbly look to God for help, and persevere "in all long suffering," enforcing obedience by gentleness, governing by kindness, remembering that your daughters are rational beings. Early inculcate on their minds the glorious truths and principles of the Gospel of our blessed Redeemer. Learn them that virtue and modesty are the cardinal ornaments of the female character. And if in your power, give them a *solid, thorough, and complete* moral and intellectual education.

MY ANGEL MOTHER.

The moral influence of the good is perpetuated by Biographical sketches and Obituary notices, else to name the worth of departed saints through the medium of the pen would be no virtue. And who can estimate the vast influence of the memoirs of Dr. Payson and Ann H. Judson. The increase of piety, and the good principles that have been implanted in the minds of the young by the perusal of these two books, the judgment day alone can reveal. Even so has the obituary notice of some obscure saint had a controlling influence.

My precious mother recently bade adieu to earth, and has entered her eternal home above, and, notwithstanding she was a stranger to the great majority who will read this, a brief sketch of her life, I trust, will be perused with profit.

The home of Sarah Wilcox was Granby, Conn. Meekness, simplicity of manners, blended with uncommon energy, and kindness of heart, (the essential ingredients of perfection of character,) were in childhood, as in after life, her prominent traits. From time to time she was subject to serious impressions; but so sweet to her were the pleasures and gaiety of childhood and youth, that the Spirit's influence was twice withdrawn successively; but God in great mercy left her not, and she became a true and decided Christian, openly professing Christ, which profession she ever adorned; pure evangelical piety was manifest, and characterized her deportment through life.

Some two or three years after her marriage she became "a pioneer mother" to the far west, now the Sciota section of Ohio, then a wild, uncivilized country; yet not like Mrs. Lemen, (mentioned in another page,) to enjoy years of domestic life; but in a few weeks to receive the chastening rod of her Heavenly Father. Having selected what seemed to them a luxuriant soil, her husband, child, and herself were seized with sickness, without a friend to afford aid or pity. She saw her lifeless husband carried from her humble dwelling, and knew, that sick as she was, unless she made an effort to remove, her little daughter would be left alone with strangers. No stage, canal, or railroad, was then at hand for the accommoda-

tion of travelers—no better conveyance than a lumber-box wagon, drawn by a span of horses. Her first and only effort could be, to hire a man to drive her back to her native town. Unfortunately she was surrounded only by those on whom the Gospel had never shed its rays. At an exorbitant price a driver was procured, who having proceeded a few miles with his sick charge, and while they were resting at an inn, robbed her of a large amount of her money, and was no more seen. Under such circumstances, wretched indeed would be the situation of a woman even in health—but add to this the torturing influence of sickness; yet, while a mother's tender eye was constantly watching her child of two years pining away with disease, suffering with ague-fever, and entirely unassisted, she drove her team over hills, and through dales, back to Connecticut. (Excursions to Ohio in 1812 and 1853, are very unlike.)

The following year Mr. M., of Lewis Co., N. Y., being an emigrant to that new country, made proposals of marriage to her, and she became his wife. There she endured the toils and hardships incidental to a new settlement. She had much to do with the "old-fashioned piano, and the big house organ;" their music was heard until a late hour of the night, and not her own family alone enjoyed its benefits. Her children have preserved a large store of "sheeting, kersey, birds-eye," and other varieties, in memory of those days and their precious manufacturer; who has now gone from her unparalleled labors *for her family and the poor*, to enjoy her rest in Heaven.

The design of J. M. P., in writing the Pioner Mother, was evidently to illustrate to us what our fathers and mothers have endured, that we might enjoy our present wealth and prosperous revenues, political, social, intellectual and religious. A lesson that needs to be often rehearsed to many of the effeminate youth of this golden age. Our children should be familiar with the history of the past, and realize that the change which fifty years has produced in our country, has not come by chance; but by the prayers, the toil, and sweat of our fathers and mothers, whose names we should honor.

S. M. B.

HOW WE KNOW AN ANIMAL FROM A VEGETABLE.

Ion. I know an Animal from a Vegetable now, mamma—because it has only one mouth, and it has *two organs more* than a Vegetable.

It has one mouth, the organ for *procuring* its food;

A stomach, the organ for *preparing* its food; and

A heart, the organ for *circulating* its food, when it has been made into blood.

M. Then let us look for the next difference. Animals, you know, can move about on the earth. Most of them are very fond of motion—they will often creep, or run, or fly, or swim for a long time, without feeling tired; so that they are constantly *exercising* their bodies. Now, when a carpenter is constantly using his *tools*—exercising them—what will happen?

Ion. They will wear out.

M. So will "organs" wear out, in time. You are constantly moving about, Ion, and exercising the organs of your body, so it wears out, and wastes away. Now, why is it that your blood, instead of just going "up and down," like the trees' sap, is circulated by your heart through every little corner of your body?

W. Oh, I see, mamma! To *mend* it where it is wasted, that is, to make new flesh—"keep it in repair"—that's what I mean.

Ion. But the *old* particles of flesh, which are wasted; how are they carried away from my body?

M. This is also done by your blood, partly. I must tell you. Last week, when you ran all the way home from school, you exercised your body too much. Then your heart beat very fast, and the blood circulated too quickly.

Ion. Yes, I felt my heart beating.

M. And when your blood circulated quickly, the "waste" was carried away quickly. I saw some of it coming away in a liquid state. It came in little drops through the pores of your skin. Some of them trickled down your forehead, and we called them "perspiration." But some of this waste came from your body in a different manner. I saw some particles coming away in a *fluid* state. You opened your mouth, and it came out so quickly that you could hardly speak.

Ion. That was my *breath* coming out of my mouth! But, mamma, I thought that breath was made of *air*.

M. Not entirely. Breath consists of particles of the air, and particles of the waste of your body mixed together.

I think you can easily understand how it is made. You see this dark vein in your arm? It has a dark look because it contains blood which is nearly black.

L. I thought that blood was always *red*, mamma—what makes it black?

M. It has this dark color because it is full of particles of the "waste" which it has collected from your body. It will flow on through many other veins, until it reaches your heart. Your heart will then pump it into *another organ*, where it will meet with the air which is flowing down your windpipe. As soon as this air gets down to the black blood in this *organ*, it makes it clean and red again.

This is done by carrying away all the waste from it. Some of the particles of the air mix with the dark particles of the waste, and make breath, as I told you.

Ion. Thank you, mamma! Now I know what breath is made of —but what is the name of *that organ* where the air meets with the black blood?

M. It is called "*the Lungs.*"

W. But the plants, mamma! They do not want any lungs, because they have not any waste, I suppose. They do not go out for a walk, or take exercise.

M. The *leaves* of plants are something like lungs. Their sap is *thin* like water, when it goes up to the leaves; but these leaves expose it to the air, and it is thus *altered;* for when it comes down the tree, it is much thicker.

L. Then that will make another difference.

4th difference.—*Most* ANIMALS *have organs for purifying the blood, called Lungs.*

VEGETABLES *have not—but they have organs something like lungs, called Leaves.*

M. We will now find another difference. Come here, Willie, and let me pinch you!

W. Oh! mamma. I'd rather not, thank you! I'll pinch myself—there!

M. Well, what has happened, Willie?

W. It happened that there was a *pain*—a sharp feeling, just here—in my arm.

M. Now, take the edge of your thumb nail, and pinch it. Now pinch some of the hairs in your head! There was no pain then, I'm sure. Why is it that there is no pain in those parts as well as your arm?

W. I don't know, mamma. Please tell me!

L. Well, underneath the skin of your arm, and in nearly all parts of your body, there are thousands of very fine threads, which are like a beautiful network. These threads are called *Nerves*, and, directly you touch a nerve, you feel a pain, or, as we call it, a *sensation*. You cannot, however, find any nerve in your nails, or in the hair of your head, except at the *roots*.

W. Then, *that* is the reason why we do not feel any pain! But we do feel a pain when we pull out hairs from our heads by their *roots*.

M. Some of your organs have curious nerves. One organ has nerves which can feel smells, or *perceive* smells, we say.

W. That is my nose—but do those nerves *feel* the smell themselves? I thought that *I* always smelt the flowers myself!

M. That is right, Willie. You *use* these nerves, and they convey the smell to you.

W. Do they bring it to *me*, mamma? Then, where am I?

M. That I will tell you in our next lesson. We are learning about *Nerves* now. Another organ has nerves which can convey *sounds*.

Another organ—your tongue, has nerves, which you use to perceive tastes. Your eye has different nerves, which perceives the colors of things—their shape and size. These organs, with peculiar nerves, you know, are called *Senses*. We shall learn more about them another time.

Ion. But Vegetables have not any nerves, or any senses; so that will make another difference.

5th difference.—ANIMALS *can feel, for they have nerves, some of which form organs called the Senses, but*——

VEGETABLES *cannot feel, and have not any nerves.*

Pleasant Pages.

NURSERY DAGUERREOTYPES.

Taken from Life.

BY MRS. EMILY JUDSON.

Milk-white, blue-eyed, gentle Bella,
Her slight figure stooping over,
Lifts her tiny mock umbrella,
From mock storms her head to cover—
Sweet, fair, fragile, lily-Bella.

Henry, Henny, Hank, or Harry,
With a manly boast and swagger,
Brave as some small, trowsered fairy,
Flourishes his whale-bone dagger—
Sturdy, sterling, Captain Harry.

Soft-cheeked, pearly Mary-baby,
With her rattle slantwise swerving,
Hums and flutters like a May-bee,
Luscious smiles her red lips curving—
Witching, winsome, love-eyed baby.

'Mid them struts a five-year woman,
Full of wise importance, very,
And deep love for all that's human
Couched beneath her eye-lids merry—
Grave, glad Emmy—child and woman.

Look upon the picture, Anna,
Catch it quick, the lines are fleeting;
Look and guess the honey'd manna,
That keeps mothers' hearts a-beating—
Mothers, are God's angels, Anna;

Sent to fashion heirs of glory,
Bearing on their balmy bosoms,
Through our wilds so grim and hoary,
These immortal human blossoms—
Mother-life is woman's glory.

STEP-MOTHERS.

This subject is one of vast importance, and challenges far more attention and sympathy than is usually bestowed upon it. As it is one properly belonging to the domestic circle, we ask the attention of our readers to a few thoughts upon it.

With very many, a step-mother is regarded as a kind of monster in human shape, devoid of even the common feelings of humanity; one who ruthlessly crowds herself into the sacred enclosure of a family, to do sacrilege to the tenderest ties, and whose presence is more to be dreaded than that of the grim messenger, who caused the vacancy there which she enters to occupy. With such, the name of step-mother always means cold and heartless neglect, if not severe cruelty; and how often it is said even by otherwise kind and judicious persons, in reply to some tale of the unkindness and indifference of such an individual, "it is no more than may be expected from step-mothers." Others consider them as a kind of necessary evil, or at best as an expedient introduced into a desolate family, which may mechanically perform the offices of wife and mother if carefully watched and guarded; but to possess the warm affections which prompt to their spontaneous performance, she cannot.

With views like these how often is the tender mother distressed at the thought of leaving her babes to such a dark uncertain fate; and in near prospect of death the idea that they may be subjected to the control of a step-mother causes her a more severe struggle of feeling than anything else. Such sentiments are instilled into the minds of children, which grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength, that if ever brought into this relation, their strong prejudices and excited imaginations prepare them to construe every action, and consider every reproof and restraint of her who occupies the mother's place, as so many cruelties giving additional reasons why they should not love or respect her. That there are some who fully bear the character thus ascribed to them we do not deny; but they are as unworthy the name, as the position they have assumed. A family bereft of the mother is an object of pity, and she who consents to become the *wife*, does violence to the most tender relations and sacred obligations, if she refuses as completely to take the place of the *mother*.

The children may be bad—may be unlovely and uninteresting, but if she is not prepared to take them by the hand—yes, to take them to her bosom, to bear with their faults, while she endeavors with parental kindness and faithfulness to overcome them, let her never consent to take the station. She takes thorns in her bosom, which while goading her own flesh, she scatters in the pathway of others. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." To take the place of wife and mother in a family which death has bereft of so bright a treasure, is no light thing. There are double responsibilities resting on such, and they cannot be thrown aside at will. The assurance from the father that she need not be troubled with the children, or her own assertion that she will not be accountable for their management, does not relieve her in the least from the duty. As she voluntarily takes the place which was wont to be occupied by another, she not only claims all its privileges, but endorses all its obligations, for which Heaven will hold her accountable. And if departed spirits do take cognizance of things on earth, what can be an object of more intense interest to the mother than her children; and who that has any sensibility can think that perhaps the spirit of her who so late was the wife and mother is looking on the scene, and yet spurn from her heart any of that precious charge, or fail to do all in her power for their best good?

There is still another class who laud *her* as a *good* step-mother who treats her children with great tenderness, who imposes upon them no restraint, and allows them every indulgence they ask. Hence this is considered as the point of perfection by many occupying that relation; they think this the most peaceable course, and that in no other way can they insure the love of the children, and the confidence of their friends. How often is the remark made by such mothers, "if Henry were my own child, I should not allow him to do such and such things," or, "if Mary were my own daughter I should restrain her more, but it will not answer for me to do so now." But is not such a course quite as hazardous to the lasting happiness of the family, and to their final good, as the other?

Again, step-mothers are regarded by many with benignity, and permitted to pursue their way without suspicion, if they have no children of their own, but the introduction of the *own* child, is regarded as the casting out from affection and sympathy of all the rest. But this cannot be the case where the relation has been formed

and sustained from right motives and feelings. And we contend that not till then is the step-mother fully prepared to perform her duty to the others in a proper manner. Not till then has the fountain of a mother's love been stirred; not till then does she know its depth and tenderness. We do not respond to the sentiment we have so many times heard fall from the lips of step and foster-parents, that they know no difference between such children and their own. We feel that such individuals have never analyzed or tested their feelings: for if so, where is the peculiarity of the mother's love? They may love as much, but from a different cause. As such a mother looks upon the child she bore, and her heart yearns for his happiness and well-being, she fully realizes how another felt for those whose care she has assumed; and how can she trifle with such a solemn trust! How can she treat with unkindness those dependent beings whom she has received as from the hand of death? Or how can she allow them to commit sin and bring upon themselves disgrace and destruction? No, if she has the *heart* of a *mother she cannot.* Though a different chord may vibrate at sight of the two, yet her compassion and sense of accountability will prompt the same tones of gentleness and love. She will guard with the same vigilance, control with the same firmness, and watch over both with the same untiring faithfulness. What if her motives are sometimes impugned and her kindness ill-requited, let her persevere in the performance of right, and she shall not labor in vain.

The step-mother who does this, is not performing a thankless task, for she dispels the dark shades which death left in his track. She fills the void which he left desolate, not as a rival, but a comforter. She is made in a peculiar manner a blessing; and as she makes the home of the bereaved family smile once more,—as she takes the motherless children to her bosom, who have been scattered among strangers, and bids them confide in her, and rejoice again in a mother's love—as she soothes their sorrows, and restrains their waywardness, may she not feel that it is a privilege to be made the means of conferring so much happiness?

Popular opinion almost enshrines those who for a stipulated reward assume the care of orphans: and shall we withhold our admiration, our praise, or regard with jealous eyes those, who will link their destiny for life with such?—who take upon them cheerfully the anxious cares, the wakeful watchings, and weighty responsibilities of mother-orphans?

We might argue the value of this relation, and the respect and kind regard due to it, from the Providential demand made for it by the removal of so many wives and mothers by death. What would become of the thousands and thousands of motherless children, if no loving arms were thrown around them—if no kind voice ever again answered to that sweet word, Mother? If they could never again find a mother's heart, into which they could pour all their sorrows, sure of true sympathy and comfort? or a mother's ear to which they could tell *all* their griefs and fears, sure of the cheering smile? never again find a mother's bosom on which to repose the aching head and feel the balm of love dispelling pain? And how cheerless would be the home from which its light had been so mysteriously taken. The father might be spared to bless it at intervals with his presence; yet after his daily toils and struggles with a cold heartless world, as he returns to his sanctuary of love, and no fond smiles or cheering words greet him but those of his motherless babes, a pang of desolation seizes his heart, and lonely echoes answer "desolation!" Perhaps only the hands of hirelings minister to the wants of his children, while they and his once gladsome dwelling bear sad marks of neglect. Their buoyant natures are soured by unkindness, or warped by mistaken indulgence, and he feels that none,

> —"upon their tender hearts,
> Can like a mother write:"

no hand but hers

> "Can touch the springs that rule the soul."

Is it then the dictate of compassion or justice, to brand that father as a heartless man, who seeks to alleviate his cares and sorrows, and bless his children with one to fill the place of her who was taken from them—as having forgotten her to whom he first pledged his love, and as doing violence to the vows he then made.

That there are bad step-mothers we do not deny, and there are many bad mothers too. But in proportion as the position of the mother is respected, and its importance and relative bearings upon the future understood, may we not expect that number to lessen? Let the relation of *step-mothers* be sustained by those fully qualified to discharge its duties, and honored by the respect and gratitude of all who in any way are made the recipients of its benefits. And shall we not have abundant cause to regard those as benefactors who consent to assume its responsibilities? MRS. M. G. CLARKE.



PRECIOUS MEMORIES.

"FRIEND after friend departs," and, as we advance along the pathway of life we find the work of review increasing on our hands, and that of anticipation—as regards this life—lessening. Those who were lately by our side, and with whom all the tender associations of life were closely entwined, have departed to another world, our minds follow them, but, vainly struggling to conceive their mode of existence, and the detail of their employments, we fall back on that which comes within the range of our capacities—the memory of the past. What a privilege then to be able to recall, and hold in fond review the whole course of a lovely, disinterested Christian life. How precious to be able to exclaim with reference to our own dear departed ones, "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you." Such a privilege is the writer at this moment enjoying, and

shall a mercy so signal call forth no expressions of gratitude? Shall we be thankful for blessings only when in full possession of them? A brother is called unexpectedly away from the midst of life and usefulness. The most tender ties of filial, conjugal, parental and fraternal love are suddenly rent asunder. But, for the departed we cannot mourn. We doubt not he is taken to the enjoyment of such bliss that the full consciousness that these ties, dear as they are, are *forever* broken, has not power to produce one sigh. This is the richest consolation. Yet our earthly nature mourns over the wreck of its hopes and joys. We pine for the voice, the smile, the love, the care and sweet companionship of the departed. Here let memory perform her grateful office. Let her recall, and count over her hoarded treasures. It is not merely while the miser sees, and handles his gold that he feels himself rich. His mind dwells on the garnered stores, and he reckons them his. So let us count the precious memories of the past, and enjoy the wealth of these treasures. I look over the childhood of the departed, a period of which I could say to my brothers,

> Now is my little all of bliss
> In our blest circle found,
> And every halcyon day and hour
> With your bright presence crowned.

and I see the gentle, unselfish boy, all love and mildness, and as memory brings back one incident after another, all is delightful to dwell upon. Those early years left no traces of sorrow on the brows of others; as I review them I seem to be enjoying a pleasing dream, but, "It is not all a dream," for that childhood even left its influence on me, and the circle around me, and that is still a real and present blessing. I pass on to a youth without a blemish. A youth strongly marked by rectitude, frankness, and the exercise of disinterested affection, and before its freshness had passed away the grace of God had wrought effectually on that character, and all its lovely traits were consecrated to His service; and now, what a precious treasure is the memory of that period, and the subsequent years of humble devotedness to the religion of Jesus Christ! How sweet to recall the daily life and mark the influence of grace inwrought through all its texture! Here we gather strength for our own remaining journey, and here we find the *assurance* that our dear one has gone to be with Jesus, for He said to those who love

him, and *keep his commandments*, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also."

How blessed to trace the influence of such a character upon the world, and behold the wave which that influence set in motion widening, and still to widen while time shall last. O may these memorials "be ever fresh and fragrant," and instead of repining let us be grateful for the blessing we so long enjoyed, nay, still enjoy. Let us be grateful that the departed one was so soon fitted for that higher abode where all excellence is forever treasured. There, with perfected and enlarged capacities, he has commenced the duties of an immortal existence, loved and guided by the same infinite grace and wisdom which directed his pathway on earth. Into that blessed rest may we, too, enjoy an "abundant entrance," "through Him who hath loved us, and given himself for us."

L. L. H.

THE BIBLE THE MOTHER'S STUDY.

It is a generally admitted truth, that the magnitude and responsibility of the mother's work can hardly be over-estimated. And none see this truth more clearly, or feel it more deeply, than the mother herself. She is fully prepared to admit all that can be urged, of the extent and power of her influence over her children; and is oftentimes painfully conscious of her own inadequacy to meet those duties, whose effects are so far-reaching and momentous.

With such convictions, many a mother has received her first-born, while trembling fears have mingled strangely with the new and thrilling sense of joy which that immortal gift awakened in her heart. Then, with an earnest spirit, she has consecrated herself to her new duties, and prayerfully sought guidance and strength from the Fountain of all wisdom. Years pass away, and other little ones are added to her family circle. Meanwhile she has endeavored to be constantly a learner in her new vocation. She has read, and observed, and reflected. She has sought to derive profit by lessons of experience.

She has striven to rule her own spirit, and in patience to possess her soul. But even such a mother, unless she be gifted with a peculiarly hopeful spirit, has her seasons of doubt and despondency in regard to the training of her children. There are times when all her wise theories elude her grasp, as she tries to bring them to a practical bearing, and when in her hours of retirement she contrasts her ideal of what her children should be with what they really are, she is sometimes ready with a sinking spirit to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

To the mother who is thus *conscientiously* endeavoring to train her children, we would suggest a few thoughts upon the excellence and adaptedness of the Bible as her study. Not that we suppose she undervalues the teachings of the word of God, for we feel assured that she seeks to obey its precepts, and to strengthen her faith in its promises. But aside from the *direct* teachings of the scriptures, which so explicitly point out the duties of the parental relation, there are principles of government revealed therein, from which we may derive rich lessons of wisdom, and abundant matter for hopeful encouragement.

The principles to which we allude are those which are developed in the government of God, as He reveals Himself, the Father of His creatures. The first great principle which arrests our attention is that of *absolute authority*. This so evidently underlies the whole of the sacred word, forming the basis of its commands and warnings, its precepts and expostulations, that it is needless to cite particular passages as illustrations of so all-pervading a principle. Whether God reveal His will by audible communications to the Hebrew lawgivers, or by visions of the prophets, or by the inspiration of apostles, it is always the voice of a Sovereign, of one who has the independent and unlimited right to direct and control. And it always supposes on the part of the beings addressed, the duty of unhesitating and unqualified submission. This right to govern on the one hand, and duty of submission on the other, springs directly from the relation existing between the Creator and the creature. Now God has imparted to the parent this right of sovereignty over the child. He places a being, ignorant, helpless, and dependent, in the hands of one, whom years and experience qualify to be its guide and director, and in the very nature of the relation, as well as by the direct teachings of revelation, invests the office of the parent with an absolute

authority. At the same time we notice how this authority is guarded from abuse, by implanting in the heart of the parent a deep and undying love for his offspring, and by making all its requirements subject to the law of God.

Now the mother who would train her children aright, must recognize as a fundamental principle of family government, her own authority. She must first and above all teach her children submission. "But, ah!" says the mother, "notwithstanding all that has been said of the moulding power of maternal influence, I have learned that my children are not quite 'as clay in the hands of the potter.' They have an individuality, a will of their own; and although the outward act of obedience be rendered, it is not always accompanied with any real internal submission of the will." It is unquestionably true, that while, from fear of punishment, or any other cause, the child may conform his actions to the wishes of the mother, his own will may be reigning in secret, chafing against its fetters, and longing to burst the restraints by which it is bound. He may submit, but it is as the serf submits to the tyrant, with a spirit burning to throw off his forced allegiance to the will of another. Now this is manifestly not the kind of submission which the mother desires, and she is often perplexed and disheartened as she encounters the practical difficulty of influencing and truly governing a human will.

But in this perplexity the word of God is "a light to her path." She may there learn that the submission which the Great Parent requires of His children is, that their wills shall be in harmony with His own; and that the method he adopts to answer this obedience, is not to crush, nor break, nor destroy the action of the will, but in allowing the most perfect freedom of mental action to each individual. He requires that his deliberate choice shall be, to be guided by the will of God; that whatever may be his personal inclinations, they shall be calmly surrendered, and he shall freely determine to do the will of his Father in heaven. This kind of submission plainly supposes that the person who exercises it, has his will under the control of other faculties of the mind. His judgment is so convinced of the wisdom of God's requirements, or his affections so enkindled by the proofs of His goodness, that it becomes his chief pleasure to subject himself to the direction of that Infinite Being, who, he is assured, will cause all things to work together for his good.

Let the mother aim at this kind of submission in her child. Let

her remember that the will is not a principle to be broken and crushed, but a faculty to be trained; and let her teach him to govern and control it, by bringing into exercise the judgment, the reason, and the affections. Let her not suppose that as her boy emerges from infancy to childhood, she can at any time displace the action of his will by the exercise of her own, but fully aware of the fact that this great mainspring of human action is daily strengthening, let her seek so to direct its exercise, that it may become a virtuous and healthy principle. Let her seek to assimilate his thoughts and desires to her own, so that his will may unconsciously act in harmony with hers; and above all, let her strive to acquire and maintain that character which may inspire his confidence and love. With all this, the dignity of the mother's authority must ever be upheld. Instances will doubtless occur, where she will fail of securing this ready submission, which she must then enforce by her authority, for though obedience be but external, it is far better than open disobedience.

This manner of training the will is not a speedy, nor an easy work; but if begun early, it will become more and more practicable as years advance; and in its blessed fruits will amply repay the toil it may cost. And to the mother it is an encouraging thought, that although the process of laying the foundations of character be slow and toilsome, yet the superstructure may yet prove her "work of what sort it is." The future life of her child shall declare it, when his energetic and well-governed character shall make him an ornament and a blessing; when the submission which in childhood he rendered to the mother's authority becomes transferred to a higher power, and the will of the strong man is subject to the will of God.

The Bible also reveals the *principle of trial* as entering largely into the economy of God's government. It is the application of this principle in individual instances, as recorded in the scriptures, that we would here notice, as furnishing a lesson of great importance in family government. The trial of Abraham in the offering up of Isaac, presents the strongest test, and the most illustrious triumph of faith and obedience that the world has ever seen; yet in its contemplation we would not forget the long years of trial that preceded it. The call to go into a strange country, "not knowing whither he went;" the promise that this should be for an everlasting inheritance, when after long dwelling therein he had not so much as a burial place for his dead; the assurance that his posterity should be as the sands

upon the sea-shore, when there was no human probability that he should ever embrace a son; how searching must have been the test, how constant and protracted the trial of believing such promises, and obeying such commands. Yet if God had revealed the future to Abraham, as it now lays outspread before us in the wondrous past; if He had condescended to explain all that was seemingly strange and inconsistent, where would have been the merit of obedience? How clearly was it the design of God that his character should be tried, that it should be subjected to the most rigid tests of time and circumstance. And it was through the perfecting influence of those long years of trial, that that crowning act of obedience was rendered, which has made Mount Moriah a beacon-light to all succeeding ages.

The career of Joseph likewise presents illustrations of the same principle. Exposed during childhood and early youth to the envy and hatred of those from whom he might naturally expect sympathy and love; sold as a slave; sent forth as a homeless wanderer from a father, to whom, as the whole history reveals, his heart ever clung with deepest affection; and more than all, imprisoned on the charge of a crime, from which his whole nature recoiled in utter detestation and horror, how must the soul of the young Hebrew have been tried within him. And from these trials he came forth with a character fitted to become the ruler of a mighty nation, and the preserver of God's chosen people.

The early life of David was also fraught with trials. The young shepherd whose spirit had melted beneath the entrancing strains of his own harp, upon the lonely plains of Bethlehem, became "the Lord's anointed," as chosen king of the Hebrews, and henceforth an object of the jealousy and hatred of Saul. How were his trials multiplied and perpetuated during his long years of wandering, when his life was untiringly sought by his insatiate enemy. What deep waters must have passed over his soul in the wilderness of Ziph, the cave of Adullam, and the strong holds of Engedi. Yet here were matured that strong faith and confidence, which inspired the exulting strains, "In God is my salvation and my glory, the rock of my strength and my refuge is in God."

Instances of like nature abound in the scriptures, whose careful study will clearly show, how the principle of trial was used as a means of strengthening and perfecting those characters which have

been models to all succeeding generations. And the practical lesson which the mother may derive from this study, is, that this very element of trial must not be rejected in the education of her children. Let her not feel that the path of obedience must always be made perfectly plain and inviting, nor hold herself responsible to render the reasons of her requirements. Her directions may often appear harsh and unreasonable to her inexperienced child, and with tears and entreaties he may beg for the repeal. But let not the mother, sympathizing in his disappointment, retract her decisions. This very disappointment is necessary for the perfect formation of his character. Entering, as he is, upon a life abounding with trials, "it is good for him to bear the yoke in his youth." Not that we would deter the mother from seeking the happiness of her children, for we believe this should be her unwearied aim, and as a means of securing their permanent happiness, we would urge the adoption of a wholesome discipline, necessarily involving trial and disappointment. The troubles of childhood are trifles to the mature, but not the less essentially trials to the child. They move the spirit as deeply, and test it as rigidly as do the stirring scenes of life's great drama in after years. The mother's work is not to remove these trials from her child, even were it possible. Her tenderness and love will strongly impel her to smooth every roughness from his path, and shield him from every temptation and danger. But here her reason and judgment, taught by the unerring word of God, must rule over her affections. She must teach him to endure disappointment; to resist temptation; to conquer difficulty; to bear trouble. This will require on her part, a firmness of purpose, a strength of spirit, that must be obtained by help from on high. But let her not be disheartened. If she fulfil her high trust, guided by the sure principles of revealed truth, she shall yet rejoice in her labor. She shall see the son of her love rise to manhood, armed with the most fitting panoply for life's great conflict, and the daughter of her bosom come forth to woman's sacred mission as gold well refined, repelling all tarnish from the unholy, while ever reflecting the beautiful and true, and hiding an armory of spiritual strength, beneath "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

Mrs. M. T. Richards.

THE BIBLE THE MOTHER'S RULE,

IN ITS

PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT.

THE principle of rewards and punishments is also a prominent feature in the government of God. The common truth, that virtue brings its own reward, and vice its own punishment, is most clearly exemplified in the lives of all whose history is recorded in the Scriptures. But God does not leave his children to make out this great truth in their own experience, without extending to them, from time to time, certain helps which may enable them to walk in the path of righteousness. These helps consist of rewards and punishments, directly and specifically following efforts of virtue and piety, or acts of disobedience and sin. When the pious Hannah offered up the son of her vows, to the service of the Lord, He graciously acknowledged the sacrifice. He had respect to the tenderness of a mother's love, who put her weaned child from her bosom, that he might become a servant in the temple of God. He witnessed the deep yearnings of her heart, as from time to time her fingers wrought "the little coat" for her absent one, and when she brought her yearly gift, and gazed upon her boy in his bright and beautiful childhood, He knew the struggle it cost her to return to her desolate home, leaving behind her first-born, her only one. And because of this triumph of devotion to Him, over the strong pleadings of a mother's heart, because of her inviolate performance of her sacred vows, "God remembered Hannah," and again and again gladdened her heart by the smiles of infancy, until her soul thrilled to the words, "my mother," from the lips of two sons and three daughters.

The thoughtful attention which the Shunamite woman bestowed upon Elisha, likewise received its specific reward. Her position was manifestly one of wealth and influence, yet her arrangements for the accommodation of the homeless prophet, were meekly and unostentatiously made, evidently springing from a desire to serve him because he was a servant of God. And it was this motive that rendered her conduct approved by Him, who counteth the honor done unto his faithful servant, as done unto himself. "Behold thou hast been careful for us with all this care," said Elisha, "what is to be done for thee?" and according to the promise of the Lord by his prophet, in due time she folded to her heart the immortal gift she had most earnestly coveted. The piety of Ruth in leaving the land of her nativity and casting her lot with the chosen people of God, was eminently rewarded in her whole subsequent history. The moral courage of Esther in identifying herself with her doomed and persecuted people, and her fastings and prayers for their deliverance, were graciously rewarded by her being made the instrument of their safety and protection. The inflexible integrity of Daniel, in stedfastly disregarding an unrighteous decree, and the firm resolution of his three companions in captivity, not to join in idol worship, were rewarded by the miraculous interposition of God in their behalf. And the spirit of penitence and devotion manifested by the erring one who brought her simple offering to the feet of her Saviour, was not left unrewarded. As, bowing low before Him, she heard the reproaches and aspersions of those about her, while falling tears mingled fast with the fragrant ointment which she poured upon his feet, how must her soul have melted in gratitude and love, as she heard his gracious words. "Wherever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."

How direct also was the punishment of the denying disciple, when after his thrice repeated sin, "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter." That look, awakening at once the emotions of love, self-abasement, contrition, and remorse, so overwhelmed him in sorrow, that the heart-stricken man went out and wept bitterly. Gehazi, for the sin of deception, went out from the presence of Elisha, "a leper as white as snow." And Moses, who with so meek and long suffering a spirit, had guided the rebellious and murmuring Israelites, through their forty years' pilgrimage, became angry at the waters of Meribah.

The punishment followed the offence. He stood upon Pisgah, and gazed upon the glorious land of promise, knowing that for his sin his feet were for ever forbidden to press those bright fields, whither his steps had been so long tending.

Illustrations of this principle, as exercised in the government of God, might be indefinitely multiplied. And in the administration of family government, which is more essentially than any other like the divine, the same principle should be adopted. It should be observed, however, that in speaking of rewards in the family, we do not refer exclusively to the frequent bestowal of gifts, or the providing of different species of entertainment. These are well, with proper restrictions, and the mother who seeks the happiness of her children, will be delighted at times thus to contribute to their enjoyment. But there is a reward, more precious to the heart of childhood than the costliest gift, or the brightest gala-day; it is *the warm expression of a parent's approbation.* Every effort of virtuous principle, every struggle to resist temptation, every brave endurance of disappointment or pain, every exercise of unselfish feeling, should meet with this reward. To the strong man, firm in the independence of his own spirit, virtue may bring its own sufficient recompense. But it is far otherwise with children. Their characters are unformed, clinging, and dependent. Their efforts to do right, often in opposition to the strong impulses and ardent feelings of childhood, need a helping hand, and nothing, short of the grace of God, can be so strong and enduring a help in these efforts as a mother's approval. Children, especially of a modest and retiring disposition, need this influence. There are some, and we think their number not so rare as is often supposed, to whom approval and love is as their necessary food. Yet often, modest in the extreme, they do not deem themselves worthy of the boon which their spirits so earnestly crave, and so sensitive, that even when conscious of deserved reward, they shrinkingly lock up every manifestation of feeling in a seemingly cold and passionless reserve. In this hungering and thirsting of spirit, they pine and languish, their characters are misappreciated, their efforts misinterpreted and blamed. They are pronounced incorrigibly dull, and coldly unsusceptible. As years advance, they may, in a degree, emerge from this restraint and obscurity, but if, as is often the case, this sensitiveness of spirit be accompanied by a frail physical constitution, its possessor goes early to that blessed home,

where at length the unutterable longings of the spirit are satisfied in fullness of love and bliss. But under the influence of reward, the reward of approbation and sympathy, more precious than any other, these very characters would fast expand into conscious vigor, strength, and joy.

It is, therefore, of paramount importance that every mother should diligently study the individual character of her children, to ascertain what are the incentives and supports which each requires. Those of the temperament we have described, manifestly need the genial influence of reward, more than those of a fearless and self-relying character. But we believe it to be both beneficial and necessary to all. It is easy, likewise, by judiciously discriminating between different actions in their nature and source, to guard the child against the danger of supposing that he is to do right merely for the sake of reward. And for this reason we think that gifts ought never to be bestowed for the performance of moral actions. We would not give a child a book or toy, because he refrained from a falsehood, or refused a tempting but forbidden gratification, but we would most warmly express our deep sympathy and delighted approbation for his effort. This would strengthen the virtuous principle within him, and enable him more easily to do right in future. On the other hand, for actions not strictly moral in their nature, tangible rewards may sometimes be given with good effect. A coveted gift may be promised to a girl habitually careless, for strictly attending to a certain assigned care of her clothes for a stated length of time, or to a boy proverbially tardy, for a like unfailing conformity to appointed hours, and by thus combining a pleasant association with the performance of a disagreeable duty, the requisite habit of order or punctuality may be established.

But with regard to punishments, the converse of this distinction should be observed. For though moral virtues should receive no tangible reward, moral delinquencies should be followed by a signal and decided punishment. And the more trivial faults of habit, as carelessness, indolence, or want of punctuality, though they require the constant watchcare of the mother in their correction, should not be punished as at all on a par with strictly moral failings, as such punishment tends to confound in the mind of the child the grand distinction between right and wrong, and moreover is decidedly unjust. It should ever be an axiom with the mother, that punishment should

be apportioned as strictly as possible to the moral quality of the action, which always lies in the intention. With this a first principle in her family government, she will not be led astray by excited feelings, to inflict punishment for errors resulting from carelessness or forgetfulness, which would be overlooked in any but a child, or what is worse still, but we fear sometimes the case, for occurrences of the purest accident.

There is probably no duty which the mother is called to perform, so trying to her feelings, as the infliction of punishment. And many a one, shrinking from the duty, when the first grave offence of her child demanded it at her hands, has multiplied tenfold its subsequent necessity. We have known cases, in which a signal punishment for a child's first falsehood, has been sufficient for a life time, and a character of beautiful veracity has been henceforth established. And instances will occur to every one, in which the omission of this punishment has perpetuated the sin of lying, till it became a settled habit, destroying all confidence in the character so ruinously neglected. It will greatly increase the moral power of punishment in any given instance, if the child can be made to feel and acknowledge its justice. The punishment of David for causing the death of Uriah presents a forcible illustration of this point. By the parable of the prophet his sin was pictured vividly before him, in its real deformity and guilt. He looked steadily at it, unveiled by the distorting mists of prejudice, unprotected by the invulnerable shield of selfishness. And when the prophet fastened the king's unqualified condemnation of so aggravated a crime, upon his own head, he had not a word to offer in extenuation or self-defence. The mother may often adopt this method of making her child perceive his guilt. Let him look at his sin as he would regard it in another, and she thus divests it of many of the excuses and palliations which his self-love has thrown around it. Let not then the mother, as she values the present and future welfare of her child, weakly shrink from this painful duty, but faithfully meet it when first demanded, and she may be assured that she will be called but seldom to its discharge, and if she be tempted to feel that *one* deliberate falsehood, in a child habitually truthful, may be passed by, or *one* act of wilful disobedience, in a child usually docile, may be disregarded, let her remember Moses, who by his usually quiet and forbearing spirit, gained the

appellation of the "meekest man," yet for one act of anger was forbidden to enter the land of promise.

There is yet one more principle developed in the divine government, which we briefly notice, as affording encouragement to the mother in her arduous work—it is that of *long-suffering*. Numerous scriptural illustrations of this truth will occur to every one, and we doubt not that every mother can find most forcible proofs of the long-suffering of her heavenly Father in her own experience. If then God be not discouraged with her, shall she be discouraged with her children? Shall she despairingly say, "I have labored in vain, and spent my strength for naught," if ten, or fifteen, or even twenty years have passed, without accomplishing those results in her children which she would fain behold? Nay, verily, let her still labor on with a long-suffering spirit, even if she endure the grievous affliction of seeing her children walking openly in the paths of sin. Even in darkness, let her stay herself upon God, and trust that he will yet hear her prayers, behold her tears, and turn the hearts of her beloved ones, as the rivers of water are turned.

We would also mention the *love of God*, not as a distinct principle of his government, but as the spirit which pervades every principle, the light which makes all bright with glory and beauty. It is this which prompts the long-suffering of the Lord, and dictates the warnings of punishment equally with the promises of reward. It lines with golden light every cloud of adversity and trial, and breathes its full, rich under tone, in every command of authority.

So all pervading, all sustaining must be the mother's love, giving energy to every principle, and efficiency to every act of government. Like the ever-shining sun, it must still burn on, not only while her children, "walking in wisdom's ways," may rejoice in its beams, but when their errors and sins shall hide its light from their view, by the frown of deserved punishment, and the tears of disappointment and sorrow.

Mrs. M. T. Richards.

THE BIBLE FURNISHES THE MOTHER MATERIALS FOR INTELLECTUAL TRAINING.

In our two preceding numbers, we have endeavored to show the excellence and adaptedness of the study of the Bible, as revealing a system of government which the mother may adopt as her model and guide. But her children are not only to be governed but instructed. They are beings demanding intellectual training and religious culture. In the latter of these great departments of her work, the Bible is, of course, her sole directory. In the former, though its assistance be more incidental in its nature, yet it is by no means to be overlooked or misappreciated. And it is because we intend in a subsequent article to notice the undeniable authority of the Bible with regard to religious training, that at present we feel justified in referring to it as a grand and most important auxiliary in the work of intellectual education.

All who have had the care of children are aware that they early need some kind of mental aliment. Such knowledge as they may gain by the senses of the various objects by which they are surrounded, first supplies this necessity. But the human mind ever grasping even in earliest childhood soon requires more, and an additional supply is furnished by the act of vividly conceiving and revolving the various ideas and images it has previously treasured. Hence arises the delight of play. The little girl so intently engaged with her doll, is experiencing a delight purely mental. She moves in an entirely imaginary sphere, a little world of her own. She is busily conceiving and assuming the cares and anxieties of the mother, and at the same time transferring to her flaxen-haired treasure, the various peculiarities of childhood with a strength and vividness which to her mind has all the charm of reality. The desire for stories which every mother knows is so universal and insatiable, springs from the same source. The pleasure which the child derives from these stories lies in the mental activity awakened by vividly conceiving of the subjects and events narrated to him. The imaginary "Henry" or "Willie," to whose sayings and doings he has so often been an eager listener, becomes a frequent companion

of his thoughts, the hero of a drama, whose shifting scenes are often busily enacted in his mind. It will be found that the conceptive faculty thus exercised, as says Isaac Taylor, is one that is earliest developed and is continually at work in childhood. With this, therefore, lies the very commencement of the process of intellectual training; and the result to be secured, that of giving scope and vigor to its action, affects most materially and permanently the whole mental character. It is the work of the mother to supply the requisite material for the active and healthful exercise of the conceptive faculty. Her resources for this are abundant: descriptions of scenes or events which her child may or may not have witnessed; sketches, even the rudest outlines of animals, trees, or any tangible object, and what is usually most called for, and most available, narrations of individual characters, known as "stories." Now it is here we would plead the excellence of the Bible, as affording to the mother an unfailing treasury, whence she may draw continually, without fear of exhausting her resources. It is true that the materials for stories are as multiplied and various as the scenes and incidents of every day life, but aside from all these, and above them all, are the tales which may be told from the Bible. There is in them a life, a truthfulness, a graphic power which will ever remain unequalled. They pass before the child's mind as pictures of life and beauty, and leave their impress indelibly engraven thereon. Let the offering up of Isaac be narrated, and as the tale advances, the flushed cheek and mouth half-parted in suspense, the clasped hands as if in supplication, as the fatal blow is about to be struck, and the joy lighting up the countenance as the forbidding voice is heard from heaven, strongly testify how vividly the whole is conceived, how life-like is the scene transpiring before the mental vision. Tell of the shining ladder, with the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. Paint the scene where the sleeping babe lay cradled upon the banks of the Nile. Unroll the gorgeous panorama of the history of Joseph. Show the waters of the Red Sea forming a wall on the right hand and on the left; the manna; the flowing rock; the burning quaking mount, with the whole multitude retreating in terror afar off, and Moses "drawing near unto the thick darkness where God was," and the mind of the child is furnished with subjects of conception and thought which could be derived from no other source. The marvellousness of the Scripture

records casts its wondrous spell over his whole being, enchaining every faculty to their contemplation. His thoughts become accustomed to stretch beyond the line of his outward vision. His conceptions take hold on things untried and strange. And he is thus acquiring a breadth and amplitude of capacity which will yet stamp its decided impress upon his future mental character. Let the mother then become a diligent student of the Scriptures, that she may be "thoroughly furnished" with Bible stories for the instruction of her child. The advantage she may thus impart to him will be threefold: it will induce a mental activity, it will provide a select supply of intellectual furniture as it were, which the mind is storing for constant use, and it will give the renowned characters of sacred lore a hold upon his veneration and love, which the lapse of years shall rarely be able to displace. All this may be done for young children, but as they advance through the later periods of childhood to youth, the Bible may still be the mother's grand text-book in their instruction.

A systematic and thorough study of the Bible, embracing so much of history, geography, and chronology as is necessary to elucidate its truths, will convey an extensive and available fund of knowledge. The ignorance of biblical history that prevails even among children of Christian parents, and members of the Sabbath School, is truly surprising. In a class of girls from ten to fourteen years of age, the miracle of the flowing rock was ascribed to Christ; Moses was supposed to have lived after David, and Paul to have preached in the time of Isaiah. But these children were not uninformed upon other subjects. They could have rapidly given the long list of the kings of England in their order, and narrated correctly many great facts in the history of their native land. And we fear that these may be taken as fair specimens of a large class of our children and youth. Detached portions of sacred truth they may gather at the Sabbath School, but as they have no systematized idea of Bible history by which these portions may be referred to the time and order of their occurrence, they remain in the mind in chaotic confusion, an inextricable labyrinth to many a poor child, who, old enough to blush for his ignorance, darkly and vainly endeavors to grope his way for an answer to a simple question. And the cause of this ignorance is, that children are not taught the Bible at home. The Sabbath School, though a most valuable

auxiliary to parental instruction, can never supply its place. And we unhesitatingly say, that the children of those Christian parents, who are willing in any degree to transfer their responsibilities to the Sabbath School teacher, are losers rather than gainers by this institution. Without it, they might have the benefits of religious and biblical instruction at home; with it, although they may enjoy the labors of the most pious and gifted teacher for a stated time every Sabbath, this cannot compensate for the loss of fireside training, made deep and lasting by all the sacred associations of home, and ordained and blessed by the God of families.

In this matter of Bible instruction, parents themselves are to be the teachers. The mother may commit her child to others in all matters of worldly science, but this is her untransferable province. And while she gratefully receives the aid of the Sabbath School teacher, and the assistance of Christian friends, she must never forget that she is the principal teacher. It is a joy for a mother, upon whom rests all this responsibility, if it can be said of her, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures," but even if she is conscious of a want of thorough qualification for her work, let her now make her Bible her chief study, and she shall not fail of success.

With regard to the manner of teaching, it must not be supposed that the mere reading of a certain portion of the Scriptures daily will be sufficient for the instruction of children. It must be unfolded, amplified and illustrated. Suppose the portion selected for daily study be the Epistle to the Ephesians. Let the children first be made acquainted with the writer, Paul. Tell them of his talents, his renown, his persecution of the Christians, his wonderful conversion. Next take them to Ephesus, as it existed in the days of Paul. Show its natural position upon the map, and describe its climate and scenery, its magnificent palaces and temples, and its thronging thousands bowing down in idolatry to the great goddess Diana. Tell of the first and second visit of Paul to the city, the few believers in Jesus that he found there, and the large Christian church he subsequently gathered. Tell of their love to him, and their passionate tears when he left them. Show them Paul a prisoner at Rome, and depict the coming of the messenger from the Ephesian church, bringing to him good tidings of "their faith in the Lord Jesus, and love unto all the saints." By this time your young

auditors will have become deeply interested in Paul, and will most warmly sympathize in the love that was borne him by the infant church gathered from among the idolaters of Ephesus. And now will they commence with minds awake and active to read the letter which Paul sent to the Ephesians. And wherever afterwards one of these children shall listen to this portion of Scripture, be it in the daily school-room, at the family altar, or in the sanctuary, it will not be tedious and uninteresting, but will come home as something which Paul wrote to the Ephesians. There will be a nucleus in the mind about which its truths will gather, and as years advance there shall continually unfold before his spirit in length, and breadth, and depth, and height, till from the strong sleep of sin, he may be roused by its sublime doctrines "as by the sound of a trumpet."

This method of teaching the Bible, by detailing the scenes and circumstances of its history, by developing the different characters of its actors, and ever keeping in the mind, as far as possible, a correct idea of the time and relative order of its events, will be found a most important means of intellectual training. It will awaken an interest in numerous sources of collateral information; characterized by the minuteness and detail of home instruction, in distinction from the more mechanical routine of school education; it will induce a habit of looking beyond the surface of things, and a mental activity which shall delight in its own independent search after truth; and it will give to the child an amount and variety of knowledge, considered merely as such, which cannot be derived from any other single study.

But the time is coming when the little ones that cluster around the hearth-stone, shall advance to youth, with a love for intellectual pursuits, and a rapidly forming taste to enjoy the bright creations of genius. Even then the Bible may be the mother's library. As she sympathizes with her children in their enjoyment of the beautiful, the lofty, and the true, let her bring forward for their admiration, the melodious strains of David, the startling grandeur of Job, the rapt-burning fervor of Ezekiel, "The Ode of Habakkuk on its wings of shadowing fire," and the sustained and unrivalled sublimity of that "mighty orb of song," the divine Isaiah. Here is the most perfect of all poetry. Its conceptions tower far above the region of human thought, and are clothed in drapery as strange

in its unearthly beauty as the gorgeous panorama of dreams. It lays its mighty hand on all things animate and inanimate, storms and winds and waters, fire and hail, the whirlwind and the flashing lightning. It descends into the depths of the earth, and mounts to the stars of God, utters its voice from the sacred pavilion of darkness, on the wings of the morning flies to the utmost parts of the sea, and swells its vast and universal song as a tribute to the glory of the God of Israel. A taste nourished by such poetry will be pure, correct, and refined. It will be better prepared to appreciate whatever is worthy of admiration, either in nature or art, and fitted to protect its possessor from the blighting influence of a demoralizing literature. It will also inspire a reverence for the Scriptures, as the unapproachable model, whose lofty heights have never been reached by the strongest wing of human genius.

But the effect of a knowledge of the Bible upon intellectual character is, as we have before said, but a collateral result. It should ever be regarded as the means to a grand end, the instrument by which a renovation is to be effected in the moral nature. Let the mother then faithfully impart to her child this knowledge. Its first fruits may be but as the green and luxuriant foliage of a barren tree. But it is a tree on which the influences of heavenly grace shall descend "as showers on the mown grass," and the Sun of Righteousness will shine thereon with light and life in his beams. Thus shall it bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

Mrs. M. T. Richards.

THE BIBLE THE MOTHER SOLE GUIDE IN RELIGIOUS CULTURE

Every Christian mother will allow that the religious training of her children, is by far the most important and responsible department of her great work. Both physical and intellectual education derive the chief element of their worth from their subsidiary relation to moral and religious development. If, then, the mother need the assistance of the Bible in that which is less, how much more does she need it in that which is greater. If she find its treasures of wisdom of great importance in the mental instruction of her children, where its assistance is as one among many sources of knowledge, how much more deeply and earnestly should she study the Sacred Word, to guide her in their religious training, in which it is her sole directory, her chart, and compass, and polar star.

From the Bible alone can the mother fully learn the spiritual nature, wants, and destiny of her children. Here the great doctrine of their immortality, darkly felt after by unaided reason, is brought to light; and the sad truth is revealed that the soul, depraved and fallen, rests under a condemnation, which will render that immortality a curse rather than a blessing. Here is taught the necessity of a new and spiritual birth, and the utter inefficiency of human agency to produce this marvellous change; and here alone are portrayed the two great goals of the race of human probation, a blissful Paradise on the one hand, on the other, a fearful banishment from the presence of a holy God.

The mother who would look upon her child as an immortal being, in the clear, startling light of these momentous truths, must herself draw them from the treasury of the Scriptures. It is not sufficient that she has heard that these are their teachings, knows that they are involved in the articles of faith of her religious profession, and has a general belief in their reality. To obtain a living, abiding, practical conviction that these things are indeed so, let her take her Bible as a direct communication from the infinite God, and praying for the illumination of that Spirit which alone can lead

towards all truth, diligently ponder its teachings. In the entire history of the race, from the day when Eve yielded to the tempter, when the blood of Abel cried unto the Lord from the ground, when Noah and his household only were saved from the universal deluge, when Lot went forth alone from the doomed cities of the plain, to the hour when the Revelator closed the inspired volume upon the isle of Patmos, is written the same sad truth of universal depravity and guilt. It is revealed in the aggravated idolatries of the chosen people, and in the fearful picture of the heathen world, drawn by the great apostle of the Gentiles. It is reiterated by Moses, and Solomon, by Isaiah, and Paul, and most emphatically asserted by the Great Teacher. She who derives her views of this doctrine directly from the Scriptures, will look upon her child as a depraved being, in whose heart the seeds of evil wait but the development of time and circumstance to bring forth their evil fruits. She will know that his nature is alienated from the love of God, and that there is not only evil to be feared from without, but a sad inheritance of evil to be subdued within. The same may be said of the absolute need of an atonement, of the necessity of regeneration, the agency of the Holy Spirit, the doctrine of future retribution, and all other cardinal truths of the Bible. If frequently dwelt upon in the clear light of revealed truth, they will become deep and permanent convictions of the mind.

The mother who has thus acquainted herself with these truths will know the spiritual wants of her children. She will feel that they are dead in trespasses and sins, and already under the condemnation of a violated law; and that she who hath given them natural birth, has no power to renew them unto that spiritual birth, which is not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. But with this view of the utter spiritual destitution of her children, and her own inefficiency to produce the great change which must be wrought in their natures, she is not disheartened, neither does she fold her hands in powerless inaction. The same Bible which has made known the wants, reveals the infinite fulness and richness of the supply provided for those wants. The long observance of the types and shadows of the Mosaic Economy, the smoking altar, the veiled Holy of Holies, the sprinkled blood before the mercy seat; with the finished work which their great Antitype wrought out on Calvary, all proclaim the truth, that "without shedding of blood

there is no remission of sins." And the visions of prophets pointing forward, and the words of Apostles pointing backward to that Great Sacrifice, reveal its blessed counterpart, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." The words of Christ assure her, that she herself can do nothing, but tell her also of the Comforter, the Spirit of all truth, who shall breathe his life-giving energy upon the souls of her children, and they shall be created anew in the image of Him who hath redeemed them. And the promises, which ensure the gift of this Spirit to those who diligently seek it, are so full of hope and blessedness, that they make the lame man to leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb to sing.

She, who has learned from her own individual examination of the Scriptures, the fearful depth and extent of the necessities of her children as depraved beings, the blessedness of the inheritance promised to them as ransomed beings, and her own responsibility as an instrument in the hand of God, in securing to them this inheritance, will work for their salvation "with fear and trembling," but, at the same time with hope and faith, knowing that God shall work in them "both to will and to do of His own good pleasure."

We would also urge the study of the great doctrines of the Bible that the mother may become qualified for the religious teacher of her children. Her success in this matter, will depend greatly on the extent and clearness of her own knowledge. If her views of religious truth be vague, wavering, and unsettled, the quick penetration of her children will not fail to discover it; and if, on the other hand, she be established and settled in her principles, she will speak as knowing whereof she affirms, and her words will fall upon their hearts, with authority and power. She will give to the little ones "the sincere milk of the Word that they may grow thereby," and as they advance in years and understanding, she will furnish the strong meat of revealed truth, that by reason of its use, they may "have their senses exercised to discern both good and evil." She will thus lay the foundations of their religious character broad and deep, and rear the fair structure in symmetry and strength, unassailable by all the refinements of a false philosophy, and all the assaults of skepticism and infidelity. And with such teaching, from under her vine and fig-tree, may go forth a Jonathan Edwards, to build high the impregnable ramparts of truth, against the strong tides of error, or a

Martin Luther, whose hands shall shake with giant strength, the massive pillars of popery.

The unconscious influence exerted by the daily life, so indispensably necessary to the success of the religious teacher, will be superadded to the direct instructions of the mother who is a diligent student of the Scriptures. The contemplation of the glorious themes of the Bible will kindle a fire upon the altar of her heart, which shall shine forth in her daily life and conversation. Her children shall know and rejoice in its light, and while it gives tenfold power to her teachings, it will draw their minds with resistless force to the blessed truths, whose influence is cast about her as a garment. She will also be animated by the spirit of earnest tenderness that breathes in every word of the Divine Redeemer; and while she softens not the voice of Sinai, nor abbreviates the full spirituality of its commands, nor lessens its penalties, she also speaks, with a heart full of warm exultation in the glory of the atonement, of the unutterable love that flows from Calvary; and the hearts of her children shall be attracted and melted by the wondrous power of the cross, the wisdom and power of God unto their salvation.

It is admitted that Bible truth is the instrumentality which the Holy Spirit employs in the renewal of the soul; and we submit, if it be not a serious question, not only for the mothers, but the fathers of our churches, whether the continued spiritual drought that has so long desolated Zion, may not be traced to the neglect of the parental instruction of children in the truths of the Bible, as one of its great causes. Can we expect a full harvest to spring from sparsely scattered seed? Have we not, in this respect, greatly degenerated since the days of expository sermons, and fireside teachings of that admirable compend of biblical truth, the Shorter Catechism? Where shall the church look for the supporters of her institutions, for pillars "rooted and grounded in the faith," if not to the hearth-stone of Christian parents? And when these shall be aroused to a full sense of their momentous responsibilities, and faithfully, earnestly, and prayerfully teach their children the law of the Lord, then indeed shall Zion lift up her hands, and rejoice on every side. Her waste and desolate places shall be too narrow by reason of her inhabitants; and she shall say "Who hath begotten me these?" "Sing O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains; for the Lord hath comforted his people."

"But," says the mother, "I acknowledge the importance of a thorough and earnest study of the Bible, that I may be qualified to become the guide and director of my children; but alas, I have not the requisite time to devote to it." Yet, O mother, though thou mayest often be weary with toil to furnish thy little ones with daily bread, forget not for them the bread of life which cometh down from heaven, of which, if they eat, they shall never hunger. While thy fingers diligently make the garments wherewithal they shall be clothed, neglect not to seek for them the white robes of righteousness, which shall cover and adorn their souls. Let their fare be humble, their apparel plain, their dwelling lowly, that thou mayest redeem time from the cares and labors of this mortal pilgrimage, to guide them along the straight and narrow way which leadeth unto eternal life. In this path the Bible alone can be their guide. Let it be thy care to provide them with the whole armor of truth, that they may walk safely through the wilderness of this world, and come off more than conquerors, through Him that hath loved them. Fear not, for the fruit of thy diligent labor, shall be thy exceeding great reward. Thy sons and thy daughters shall be translated from the kingdom of darkness into the marvellous light of the kingdom of grace; and thy praise shall mingle with the songs of the angels, rejoicing that they are made partakers of a spiritual birth, and sealed to the everlasting inheritance of the children of God.

CHRISTIAN DUTY IN THE CHOICE OF A COMPANION FOR LIFE.

In the present intercourse of society, we have reason to fear that there is too much indifference among professed Christians, to the great principle by which they should be actuated in the choice of their associates. This is apparent in all kinds of association, but in none is it so much to be deprecated as in the choice of a companion for life.

If we look over our land how many do we find who seem to have cast in their lot among the children of God, while at the same time they have formed the most sacred alliance with the children of this world. We say *seem*, because in some instances facts are not in accordance with present appearances. When the alliance was formed both were in an unconverted state, but since that time, one has been adopted into the family of the Lord. This, however, is the exception, not the general rule; for few, we imagine, can be found so hardened as to resist the kind expostulations, and earnest entreaties of a bosom friend who has just tasted the joys of salvation.

That the intermarriage of Christians and unbelievers is an evil, no one can reasonably doubt. May it not be one cause of the religious apathy that seems to have settled down upon our churches like an incubus resisting the best efforts to cast it off? Is it not a kind of attempt to worship God and mammon—to identify religion with the world, which the Great Head of the Church must ever regard with displeasure, and visit with judgment? What brought the flood upon the earth, but the wickedness resulting from the unhallowed union of the sons of God with the daughters of men? What too, but the influence of their ungodly husbands caused the daughters of Lot to disregard the solemn entreaties of their father, and, as a consequence to be overwhelmed in the destruction of the cities of the plain? Even Solomon, we know, much as he delighted in the ways of the Lord in his youth, was in after years led into idolatry by his strange wives.

We would not be severe upon those who have already contracted such marriages. We would drop the tear of pity in their behalf, rather than visit them with reproach. They are experiencing only the natural results of their thoughtless disobedience, both in impaired moral influence, and diminished personal happiness; and all they

can now do is, to make the best of their circumstances. To this end let them be faithful in the discharge of every Christian duty, and God may over-rule the very evil of the past, for his own glory and the conversion of the loved one.

Our remarks are especially designed for those who have not yet assumed the conjugal relation. To them we would utter a note of warning that may be effectually heeded.

Many a professed Christian, no doubt, while contemplating a proposal of marriage with an impenitent person, has read with hope the words of the Apostle, "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" as if it not only gave them a license to form such an alliance, but an encouragement so to do, in prospect of the good that might thereby accrue. But, alas! for the hopes of such, this passage is not addressed to the Christian who deliberately seeks an impenitent companion, but to one converted after marriage; for in the same chapter in allusion to a Christian widow, he says, "She is at liberty to be married to whom she will: *only in the Lord.*" Again the apostle enjoins in distinct terms "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Well, therefore, does the author of Proverbial Philosophy say, "Seek a good wife of thy God." God should be alike honored and consulted in this important matter, and surely he who does this will not select a companion from among God's enemies.

The same author again says,

> "Let her be a child of God, that she bring a blessing to thy house.
> A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its train;
> Let her be an heir of heaven: so shall she help thee on thy way:
> For those who are one in faith, fight double handed against evil."

A Christian in any situation of life will be sure to meet with hindrances enough in a heavenward course, without in any way courting them, or placing them in his own pathway. Yet how can we otherwise interpret his conduct, if he unite his destiny to an unbeliever? In what way can he more effectually "tempt Satan to tempt him," or furnish the adversary of souls with so decided an advantage over him?

Then there is the effect upon the unconverted also to be considered. There are weak points in the character of the best Christian which, in the intimacy of the marriage relation, will not fail to attract notice. These the unconverted companion will be likely to take

advantage of in advancing his schemes of worldly pleasure; and, being unable to make proper allowances for failures in Christian duty, his respect for religion may be diminished and his heart may be hardened in sin, even by the example of one who would sincerely mourn over such a result.

Here another view presents itself. As human beings we cannot repose confidence in those who are intimate with our enemies. How then can we expect that God will look with favor upon one who places next to Him in affection, a being whose whole life has been but a series of disobedience to His commands, of trifling with His love, and of grieving His Holy Spirit? Even our impenitent fellow beings cannot fail to look upon such, as traitors to the cause they profess to serve. And shall God be less discriminating than they?

Moreover when God is not the supreme object of affection, the dearest earthly friend is most surely enthroned in the heart as an idol. And would you, dear Christian, be willing to occupy your loved Saviour's place in the heart of another? Would you render your companion and yourself liable to the judgments denounced against idols and their worshippers? You do this, if you marry not in the Lord.

Nor must we overlook the bearing of our subject upon your present happiness. It may be, that from earliest infancy you have felt the sacred influence of the family altar: but, be this as it may, as a genuine disciple of Christ, you are deeply sensible of the blessings connected with it. Are you willing to deprive yourself of those blessings? Shall no incense of prayer and praise, so acceptable in the sight of God, ascend morning and evening from your domestic circle? Must there be no sweet Christian sympathy existing between you and the object of your choicest earthly affection? Link yourself to an unbeliever, and it will be even so. The blessing will not come, and at best the incense that may be offered, will ascend from a lone heart; and, though perfectly united in everything else, a want of sympathy here will "leave an aching void the world can never fill."

> "The triple nature of humanity must be bound by a triple chain,
> For soul, and mind, and body—godliness, esteem, and affection."

And the stronger the first of these chains is, the more enduring will the others prove; for godliness is the surest of all foundations

for esteem and affection, without which there can be no real domestic happiness.

Nor on entering the marriage relation should we regard simply our own individual welfare, but also that of those who may be entrusted to our care. We should seek a companion who will aid in training our children for the service of the Lord. This aid we can hope to receive only from a true servant of God. Even where there is no direct opposition to religious instruction on the part of the impenitent parent, its hallowed influence may in a great measure be neutralized by a cold indifference to it. Hence it is, that, while we frequently see whole families early brought to Christ through the united efforts of pious parents, this result is so rarely witnessed through the efforts of one alone.

We should also think of eternity in forming this tie for life. How happy must that union be when those, who together humbly followed the Saviour amid the trials and temptations of earth, shall meet to unite their voices in songs of praise to God and the Lamb forever; and how sad must that parting be, when one, loved with the purest earthly affection, must leave the presence of God, and dwell in darkness forever, uttering with the voice so long listened to with pleasure, only ceaseless sounds of lamentation.

Let us then as Christians awake to duty in regard to this subject. As parents, let us endeavor to bring up those entrusted to our care in such a manner that, with the blessing of God, they may be constrained to yield their first and holiest love to the Saviour, and bestow their purest earthly love where they see the most perfect reflection of his image. As sons and daughters, let us form an alliance with no one who will not be likely to assist us in transmitting to the children God may give us, the sacred influence of a deep and ardent piety, and thus secure the blessing that God has promised to bestow, from generation to generation, upon the children of those who love him and keep his commandments.

J. A. W.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
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